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ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 977

AUGUST 18, 1888

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



STRAND

190

LONDON

PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC

AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

No. 977.—VOL. XXXVIII.
Registered as a Newspaper

ÉDITION
DE LUXE

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1888

TWO EXTRA
SUPPLEMENTS [By Post Ninepence Halfpenny] PRICE NINEPENCE



ATALANTA



LAST MAN IN



A LITTLE PRACTISING



A WORD OF ADVICE



DISCOBOLA



SHALL WE HAVE ANOTHER?



THE WICKET KEEPER



A CATCH

A LADIES' CRICKET MATCH—HARROW *versus* PINNER
PLAYED AT THE HARROW SCHOOL GROUNDS
DRAWN BY GEORGE DU MAURIER

Topics of the Week

MR. PARNELL.—Had Mr. Parnell appealed to a court of justice a year ago, he would have been applauded by all the world, for it would have been obvious that he had no aim but to establish the truth with regard to the charges brought against him. It cannot be said that this is obviously his aim now. It seems more probable that his object is simply to embarrass the Commission of Judges, and to prevent them, if possible, from doing satisfactorily, or from doing at all, the work with which they have been entrusted by Parliament. Assuming that this is his purpose, some journals have enthusiastically praised his cleverness. Whether he is acting cleverly remains to be seen; but in the mean time it is certain that his peculiar tactics are regarded with a good deal of suspicion by the vast majority of English people. There is, indeed, one explanation which, if it could be accepted, would justify the course Mr. Parnell has adopted. It is conceivable that he has been searching for evidence as to the origin of the letters he declares to be forged, and that he has only within the last few days succeeded in clearing up the mystery. This would account for his delay in raising an action against the *Times*, and for the apparent suddenness of his decision to claim the protection of the law. For his own sake it may be hoped that this is the true state of the case; but his manner of dealing with the affair has been so extraordinary that no one can be blamed for hesitating to adopt a theory which cannot, as yet at any rate, be definitely proved. Now that the accusations are to be properly investigated, the *Times* intends to refrain for the present from discussing the subject. This example ought to be generally followed. Politicians never had a better opportunity of proving the truth of the old saying that, if speech is silvern, silence is golden.

THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES.—As we observed last week, mimic war is so unlike real war, that it is doubtful whether the recent operations have afforded much trustworthy evidence as to what would be likely to happen if this country were engaged in a conflict with a first-class Naval Power. Such experience as has been offered in this respect by the breaking of the blockade, and the consequent ravaging of our Eastern coasts, tends to uphold the views of the chronic alarmists, who will now insist with more pertinacity than ever on a great increase in our naval strength. More ships and more men, however, imply a large increase to the existing heavy burden of taxation, and, as foreign Powers will assuredly try to keep abreast with us in the race, our relative naval potentiality will at the end of a given period be no greater than it is now, while the tax-gatherer's demands will have become intolerable. We repeat that the recent manœuvres afford no justification for such a course as this, because in actual war the conditions would be entirely different. The real value of the manœuvres lies altogether in another direction, and, regarded from that point of view, they are well worth the money they cost. They enable our sailors to rehearse, as closely as is possible under very diverse conditions, the work which they would have to do if war were declared, and this is a far more imperative matter now than it would have been fifty years ago. The old "wooden walls" were very simple fighting-machines; whereas, our modern men-of-war are most complex and delicate monsters, exposed too to formidable foes under water as well as on the surface. Moreover, the Manœuvres test the sea-going and fighting qualities of our Fleet in a more efficient way than any other method short of actual warfare. It is found, for example, that some of the battle-ships are unable to attain the rate of speed expected from them; that some of the torpedo-boats are unseaworthy; that other vessels, if hard-pressed, give way in their boiler-tubes; and that it is very difficult to coal ironclads at sea. These are not very cheerful items of news for the tax-payer, yet it does not follow that the Admiralty is to blame. Like all naval administrators, they are groping in darkness, and, as nothing less than a great war would bestow on them the full illumination of practical experience, let us be thankful for the glimmer of light afforded by the Naval Manœuvres.

THE PROVINCES AND THE RACE TO EDINBURGH.—The battle of the trains still continues. Lord Colville of Culross recently assured the shareholders of the Great Northern Railway Company that the East Coast did not intend to surrender without a struggle the advantages which it had so long possessed as the shortest and quickest route to Scotland. A day or two later, accordingly, the ten o'clock express from King's Cross was still further accelerated, and now runs to Edinburgh in seven hours and three-quarters. But the West Coast promptly replied with a similar increase of speed, and once again the battle is drawn. This time, we hope, no further advance will be made. It is within the power, doubtless, of engines and engineers to do the distance in even shorter time than at present, but the game is really not worth the candle, or, to be more accurate, the coal. Already one breakdown has occurred, and the next may result in something more than delay. Besides which, there is much pertinence in the complaint of a provincial traveller who has written upon the subject. These new trains are far

from being an advantage to him and his kind: on the contrary, they are a positive inconvenience. For one thing, the new trains run such a long distance without a stop that they are practically useless to the country passenger who used to join their predecessors at Rugby or Grantham. For another, the necessity of procuring a clear line for these flying expresses means that innumerable slow stopping trains are rendered still slower by the shunting which they have to undergo. It is no benefit to the passenger who takes under these circumstances two hours to traverse the thirty miles from one market town to another to be told that if he were a Londoner he could outdo Dick Turpin by riding to York in three hours and a half. Happily for these malcontents, however, their troubles are nearly at an end. August is more than half over, and after August the new expresses will probably be taken off.

VON MOLTKE.—Field-Marshal von Moltke has withdrawn from the office of Chief of the Staff of the German army. Count von Waldersee, whom he has carefully trained in his methods, will no doubt be an efficient successor; but many a day will pass before Germany has a soldier whose fame will equal that of the great commander whom age has compelled to lay down the vast burden of responsibility he has borne so long, and with such splendid success. Von Moltke will live in history side by side with William I. and Prince Bismarck as one of the Founders of the German Empire. Bismarck's brilliant diplomacy would have been of little avail had not Prussia in 1866, and Germany in 1870, possessed magnificently-disciplined forces, and had they not been directed by a man of the highest military genius. It has often been said that Moltke gained some of his greatest triumphs by violating military maxims, the disregard of which usually leads to terrible disaster. This is true enough, but it does not prove that he ever acted rashly. Both in the war with Austria and in the war with France he knew exactly the strength and the weakness of the enemy with whom he had to deal. Even when he seemed to be running frightful risks, therefore, he was in reality carrying out plans in strict accordance with facts; and the results in the end invariably justified his calculations. A more scientific General never led great armies to victory; and it is for this characteristic quality that he will probably always be chiefly remembered. In the comparatively easy post to which he has retired—that of Chief or President of the National Defence Commission—he will still be able to do good service; but his indirect influence will be infinitely more important than any he can henceforth exercise directly. It is his spirit that will continue to control the army he has so powerfully and so steadily organised.

SWEATERS.—The House of Lords' Committee on this subject have for a while suspended their labours, and have issued a brief report recommending that they should be empowered to extend their investigations to other places besides the East End of London. No objection will probably be made to this extension, but it is doubtful whether it is absolutely necessary. Everybody knows by this time that the so-called "sweating system" exists, not only in London, but all over the country, as well as on the Continent and in America. Some difficulty appears to have been felt as to the proper definition of the term "sweating system," and various witnesses examined by the Committee gave diverse and even contradictory interpretations. It seems to us that the most thoughtful definition was that given by the Archbishop of York in his address at the close of the Lambeth Conference. "An attempt to brigade and organise in workshops a number of helpless creatures whose labour was so little worth that if it were not organised it would earn no wage at all." Whether they accept it or not in its entirety, the public will do well to bear this definition in mind. The average newspaper student, after perusing some of the painful evidence which has been given before the Committee, is apt to jump to the conclusion that the sweating system is responsible for the wretchedness of the workers. The truth is rather the other way. It is because the workers are wretched that the sweating system flourishes. For this reason we doubt, even if the Committee accumulate mountains of evidence, whether they will find any legislative cure for the evils which they have so vividly set forth. Something no doubt might be done if we were boldly to revert to the social system of the Middle Ages; that is to say, the State might curtail individual liberty (of which many persons nowadays have more than they can conveniently manage), and might fix the rate of wages; and, as a necessary corollary to this, regulate foreign immigration, and reimpose protective duties. Short of this, it is difficult to see what good legislation can do so long as the public (while pretending to bewail the horrors of sweating) encourages competition by buying everything at the lowest possible price. Of course, in some minor matters certain improvements may be effected. We have not much belief in inspectors, who are often poorly paid, and, therefore, liable to be "squared" by interested parties; still an efficient system of inspectorship might make the workshops and those who labour in them more wholesome. But the only real remedy, apart from the trenchant legislation above indicated, is to raise the condition of the workers themselves. This can best be effected by the inculcation of thrift, temperance, willingness to learn, and readiness to oblige. Persons possessed of these virtues will rarely become the slaves of the sweating-mill.

ENGLAND v. AUSTRALIA.—Wickets have been so treacherous, and Turner and Ferris are such destructive bowlers, that no one could have felt confident that the match which began at the Oval on Monday would not end, like the first match at Lord's, in disaster for England. But the Fates were propitious, the fine weather began just in time to allow of a perfect pitch being prepared, and the result was victory for the old country. The match was not without its surprises, however. Few could have foreseen that the Australians with the advantage of first innings would have been put out for such a small score as 80. Briggs certainly bowled wonderfully well, but the secret of his success was probably the fact that the Colonists after such a series of matches on slow wickets mistook the pace of the ground. Their poor fielding, moreover, infinitely below the standard which Australian teams have taught us to expect, was, perhaps, in some measure due to the same cause. On the contrary, the English fielding was almost throughout admirably smart and clean, and Lohmann's catches were a treat to behold. His innings, too, was a beautiful display of fine free hitting, but the honours in batting of course belong to Abel and Barnes, whose long stand, begun just when the game seemed going against England, was the turning-point of the match. The only matter for regret perhaps is the evidence which the composition of the home eleven affords of the want of rising amateur talent. In 1880, there were only three players in the English team; this year there were only three amateurs, and no one of them has been before the public for less than ten years, while "W. G." has had nearly a quarter of a century of first-class cricket. Where are the young ones? The result of the match will cause increased interest to be taken in the "decider," which is to be played at the end of the month at Manchester.

WORKMEN'S DEMANDS.—A good many people try to believe that the strikes in Paris are due entirely to the influence of the Anarchists. And no doubt the Anarchists have made the most of the opportunity for the promotion of their own cause. But, if the workmen had not been of opinion that they had solid grievances, it would certainly not have been easy for any class of revolutionary politicians to induce them to put themselves to serious inconvenience. The men on strike are evidently thoroughly convinced that they are not adequately paid for their labour; and what gives the movement deep significance is the fact that a like conviction now prevails among the working classes in almost all civilised countries. Even in America, which used to be regarded as the Land of Promise for workmen, there are signs that the struggle between Capital and Labour may by and by become acute. The Order of the Knights of Labour is, indeed, losing ground. The number of members had fallen from upwards of a million in 1885 to 348,692 upon the 1st of July last, and of the latter number 76,366 were behind with their subscriptions. The meaning of this, however, is not that the discontent of the American working classes is diminishing, but that it is becoming more intense; for the Federation of Labour, a much more radical association, is gaining strength daily, and has at present more than 700,000 members. The demands of the working class both in America and in Europe are rising, not because "the masses" are poorer than they were, but because they have a keener appreciation of material advantages, and because they have learned that by acting together they may hope to secure benefits which, if every one fought simply for his own hand, would be wholly beyond their reach. Sooner or later employers will probably have to recognise that the force with which they have to deal is irresistible, and that the only policy which can enable them to avert disaster is one of compromise and conciliation.

SOUTH AFRICAN RAILWAYS.—Last week, when writing on the present condition of the Transvaal, we took occasion to note the jealousy of British influence existing among the more old-fashioned of the Boers, in spite of the fact that the present prosperity of their State is altogether owing to the invasion of British gold-seekers. These sentiments are further illustrated by a debate which took place the other day in the Cape Parliament. A Bill was before the House for extending the existing Cape railway system from Kimberley to the Vaal River, and from Colesberg to the Orange River; in other words, for bringing steam communication right up to the borders of the Orange Free State, which is next-door-neighbour to the Transvaal. It was proposed, by way of propitiating the Boers, to abandon these extensions if the Transvaal Government would grant free trade in Cape colonial products, but ultimately, we are glad to say, this and other amendments were rejected, and the Bill was passed in its original form. This practically means that the Delagoa Bay Railway (which is still incomplete) will not have a monopoly of access to the Transvaal, but that the Southern colonies will have lines of their own reaching to the Boer States, and that therefore much of the trade with the two Dutch States will still remain in British or British-African hands. Touching the Delagoa Bay Railway, the Boers have been dreadfully afraid that the devouring British Government were going to buy the Portuguese section of it. We wish such a bargain could be carried out, for then British energy would be substituted for Portuguese *laissez-faire*, and in the long run nobody would benefit more than the Transvaalers themselves. But, unfortunately, there is little prospect of such an arrangement,

Sir Hercules Robinson having informed President Krüger that the British Government have no intention of buying up or opposing the railway in question, provided that the Transvaal Government levies the same duties on commodities brought by the Delagoa Bay route as on those arriving by the other colonial routes. And to this proviso the Boers have agreed.

PHOTOGRAPHERS AND THE CUSTOM HOUSE.—The progress of science, while constantly revealing to us new aids to our comfort and pleasure, is not without its corresponding disadvantages. The invention of photography, for example, has not been an unmixed boon to the community at large. Artists could very well have done without it, and so could the gentry whose *cartes de visite* fill the albums of Scotland Yard. A recent advance in their art, moreover, has indirectly inconvenienced photographers themselves by bringing them into collision with the officers of Her Majesty's Custom House. By the introduction of the "dry-plate" system innumerable travellers have been enabled on their travels to provide themselves with sun-pictures of their favourite views without the necessity of "developing" them on the spot. On the contrary, they can bring home the negatives and "develop" them at their leisure. But at the port of entry the custom-house officer intervenes. He insists on examining the box containing the precious plates, thrusts his hand among its contents, admits the light, and, hey presto! the work of weeks is ruined. Such, at least, was the experience of the amateur photographer who lately poured forth his woes in the *Times*. Another member of the craft, however, has since explained how such disasters can easily be avoided. As a general rule, he says, the officials are fully alive to the necessity of taking especial care of sensitive plates and films, and will generally pass packages of photographic plates which do not excite suspicion. If, however, examination is thought necessary it can easily be conducted in a dark cupboard, or even a "large loose black bag impervious to light." On the whole this last system seems the more desirable way out of the difficulty, for though declaring that "neither tobacco nor spirits could be passed in the guise of such parcels"—a fact of which, remembering the ingenuity of smugglers, we are not so certain—the correspondent admits that "in regard to dynamite the same can hardly be said." The dark room be it, then, by all means.

A HOLIDAY FOR POOR CHILDREN.—The Chairman and two other members of the London School Board have written to the newspapers to ask subscriptions for the Children's Country Holidays Fund, and we sincerely hope that there may be a generous response to their appeal. In the London day elementary schools there are more than 600,000 children, and of these, as the representatives of the School Board point out, a large proportion continually live under conditions which not only stunt their physical development, but materially lessen their moral power. For children of this class a short holiday in the country is of incalculable importance. It gives them immense enjoyment, and their health benefits largely by the wholesome food and pure air of which they have so scanty a supply during the rest of the year. During the present summer ten thousand children have been sent into the country through the agency of the Fund, and many more might be sent if the necessary money were forthcoming. There are so many kind-hearted people in England, always ready to make sacrifices for a good cause, that we are confident the Society, when the facts are widely known, will obtain without difficulty the support it so urgently needs. To secure a fortnight in the country for one child, all that is wanted is that ten shillings shall be sent to the treasurer, the Hon. A. Lyttelton, 10, Buckingham Street, W.C. If all the parents who have taken their own children away for change of air and scene would subscribe as much as this, they would make the work of the Society easy and successful.

"ENGLISH AS SHE IS WROTE."—So many people in various parts of the world have occasion to speak or write English to whom it is not their mother-tongue, that all sorts of perversions are current. Some of these are very amusing, and an excellent specimen was forwarded the other day to the *Times* from Rawul Pindi. Indeed, India is one of the most favourable fields for fine specimens of this grammatical plant, because all educated natives possess at least a smattering of English, and they all have a passion for grandiloquence and fine writing. But it is to be feared that some of the best examples of Baboo-English are not due to the innocent efforts of native composers, but are inspired by the wicked waggery of some Anglo-Saxon joker. When a half-educated native submits to the Sahib some attempt of this sort, there is such a temptation to improve his errors in the wrong direction. Such, however, is the spread of the English language both in India and on the European Continent, that ere long, it is to be feared, "English as she is wrote" will become a fond memory of the past. Now-a-days, in all the beaten Continental tracks, notices in English, for the benefit of the great travelling family of John and Jonathan, are to be found in all public places, but they are, sad to say, almost always as grammatically and prosaically correct as if they were *affichés* at Charing Cross. Years ago it was very different, and, especially in Germany and German

Switzerland, one came across deliciously quaint announcements, intended for the information of English travellers, and evidently composed by some local authority proud of his acquaintance with the tongue of Milton and Wordsworth. The German idioms were solicitously followed. Travellers were affectionately addressed, for example, as "Gentlemen-Wanderers," and the participle was brought in, after good old German fashion, at the end of the sentence.

FOOLHARDINESS AS A PROFESSION.—Many lessons might be drawn from the fate which Larry Donovan, otherwise known as the "Jubilee Jumper" and the "Champion of Champions," encountered last week. It is useless, however, to insist upon those which affect the public at large. The morbid persons who love to see a man drop from a balloon, or put his head into a lion's mouth, or leap from a suspension-bridge with the secret, if not expressed, expectation that one day their craving for sensationalism will be rewarded by the sight of a fatal accident, are not likely to desist because in one instance their desire has been fulfilled. But it is just possible, though improbable, we admit, that some of the other professors of foolhardiness may be warned by the fate that has befallen one of their number. "A man must live" will be, no doubt, the reply; but to that it may be rejoined that the sort of existence which depends upon the fact that one may die at any moment is hardly to be described as "living" at all. What possible benefit, moreover, can accrue to the public from such feats as those of Larry Donovan? The lion-tamer's antics do at least illustrate to some extent the power which man has over the lower animals; poor Webb's Channel swim was at any rate a proof of what skill and courage and strength combined may achieve; while the exploits of Professor Baldwin have a certain scientific as well as merely a sensational interest. But such feats as those of the "Jubilee Jumper" prove nothing more in their performer than the possession of a certain amount of brute courage. They had not even the merit of attractiveness, for before his death his admirers had fallen off, and he had sunk into misery. His was a wasted life; but it will not have been altogether useless if only its final catastrophe should be sufficient to deter any others from adopting foolhardiness as a profession.



FOR ANNOUNCEMENTS of the GLASGOW, IRISH, ANGLO-DANISH, and the ITALIAN EXHIBITIONS see page 188.

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Sole Lessee—MR. HENRY IRVING.
EVERY EVENING (except Saturday) at 8 15.
MR. RICHARD MANFIELD as
DR. JERKYL and MR. HYDE
MORNING PERFORMANCE EVERY SATURDAY at 2. Box Office (Mr. J. Hurst) open daily from 10 to 5.

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EVERY NIGHT AT EIGHT.
DAY PERFORMANCES
EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, and SATURDAY
AFTERNOON AT THREE.
THE SPARKLING and DELIGHTFUL ENTERTAINMENT
of the world-famed

MOORE AND BURGESS MINSTRELS,
with its Magnificent Choir of Singers, its Unrivalled Orchestra, and Phalanx of Comedians and Dancers.
ENJOYS A PROUD PRE-EMINENCE OVER ALL OTHER LONDON AMUSEMENTS.
Twenty-second year at St. James's Hall in one continuous and unbroken season. Visitors to London during the term of the Italian Exhibition should secure tickets and places immediately on their arrival. Great success of the Eminent American Musician, Mr. Eddie Quinn, who will give his remarkable performance on the American Sleigh Bells, and the new and beautiful Silver Tubes. A new and Screaming Farce called *BAKED TO A CINDER*. Tickets and Places can be obtained at Austin's Office, St. James's Hall, one month in advance.

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New Pictures Painted by the following Artists:
L. ALMA-TADEMA. E. LONG. R.A. R.W. MACBETH. A.R.A.
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THE VALE OF TEARS.—Doré's LAST GREAT PICTURE, completed a few days before he died. Now on VIEW at the DORÉ GALLERY, 35, New Bond Street, with "CHRIST LEAVING THE PRÆTORIUM," and his other Great Pictures. From 10 to 6 Daily. One Shilling.

JEPHTHA'S VOW. By EDWIN LONG, R.A. THREE NEW PICTURES.—JEPHTHA'S RETURN. 1. ON THE MOUNTAINS. 2. THE MARTYR.—are NOW ON VIEW with his celebrated ANNO DOMINI, ZEUXIS at CROTONA, &c. at THE GALLERIES, 164, New Bond Street, from 10 to 6. Admission 1s.

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A POLO MATCH GEORGE EARL.
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WHERE MANY BRANCHES MEET F. SLOCOMBE.
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CRUISES TO THE BALTIC and the MEDITERRANEAN.

—The Steam Yacht *Victoria*, 1,804 tons register, 1,500 horse power, R. D. LUNHAM Commander, will be despatched from Tilbury Docks August 30, for 30 days' cruise to the Baltic, and October 15 for six weeks' cruise to the Mediterranean. The *Victoria* is always on view between her cruises, has the electric light, bells, and all modern improvements. Apply MANAGER, S.Y. "VICTORIA" Office, Carlton Chambers, 4, Regent Street, London, S.W.

SUMMER TOURS IN SCOTLAND, GLASGOW, and the HIGHLANDS.

(Royal Route via Crinan and the Caledonian Canals.)
The Royal Mail Steamer "COLUMB" with passengers only, sails from GLASGOW DAILY at 7 p.m. from GREENOCK at 9 a.m. in connection with Express Trains from the South to Oban, Fort-William, Inverness, Lochave, Skye, Garloch, Staffa, Iona, Glencoe, Stornoway, &c. Official Guide, 3d. Illustrated, 6d. and 1s. at Railway Bookstalls.
Time Bills with Map and Fares free from the owner, DAVID MACBRAYNE, 119, Hope Street, Glasgow.

STEAMERS to NORWAY, the BALTIC, the ORKNEY, and the SHETLAND ISLANDS.—Delightful and popular twelve days trips to the West Coast and Fjords of Norway from Leith and Aberdeen every Saturday during August by the magnificent steamships "ST. SUNNIVA" and "ST. ROGNVALD." Both vessels are lighted by electricity, are provided with all modern requisites for the comfort of passengers, and make the passage between Leith and Aberdeen and Leith five times a week: to Shetland in 15 hours; to Orkney in 11 hours by the fast and comfortable steamers "ST. MAGNUS," "ST. CLAIR," "ST. NICHOLAS," and "QUEEN." Particulars of sailing (and Handbook of Norway Trips, price 3d.), may be had from John A. Clinkie, 102, Cross, W.C.; Thomas Cook and Son, Ludgate Circus, and all Branch Offices; MacIver and Son, Tower Buildings, Water Street, Liverpool; Wordie and Co., West Nile Street, Glasgow; George Houston, 16, Waterloo Place, Edinburgh; and 64, Constitution Street, Leith; Charles Merrylikes, Northern Steam Wharf, Aberdeen.

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ST. LEONARDS
HASTINGS
WORTHING
LITTLEHAMPTON
BOGNOR
HAYLING ISLAND
PORTSMOUTH
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Frequent Trains from Victoria and London Bridge.
Trains in connection from Kensington (Addison Road) and West Brompton.
Return Tickets from London available for eight days.
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FOR Full Particulars see Time Book or Tourist Programme to be obtained at Victoria, London Bridge, or any other Station, and at the following Branch Offices, where Tickets may also be obtained:—West End General Office, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square; Hays Agency, Cornhill; and Cook's Ludgate Circus Office.
By Order A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

FIRST CLASS TRIP ROUND THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

—SATURDAY, August 18. A First Class Special Fast Train will leave Victoria 9.30 a.m., Clapham Junction 9.35 a.m., for Portsmouth, connecting there with a Special Steamer for a trip round the Isle of Wight, returning in time for the Up Special Fast Train at 6.40 p.m. Fare, First Class Train and Steamer, 12s. 6d. Tickets may be taken at the Victoria Station, or at the General Inquiry and Booking Offices, 28, Regent Circus, Piccadilly; and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, on and from the preceding Monday.
By Order A. SARLE, Secretary and General Manager.

NOTICE.—With this Number is issued an EXTRA SUPPLEMENT of FOUR PAGES, entitled "THE YELLOWSTONE PARK ILLUSTRATED, II."

NOTICE.

THE WEIGHT OF THIS NUMBER being greater than the usual issues, the following are the rates of postage. Papers should be posted for abroad before August 25.

UNITED KINGDOM ½d.

	Thin.	Thick.		Thin.	Thick.
Australia	-	ad.	Japan	-	ad.
Brazil	-	ad.	Mexico	-	ad.
Canada	-	ad.	Natal	-	ad.
Cape	-	ad.	Newfoundland	-	ad.
China	-	ad.	New Zealand	-	ad.
Europe (all parts)	-	ad.	United States	-	ad.
India	-	ad.	West Indies	-	ad.



A LADIES' CRICKET MATCH

This match was played at Harrow, on the 3rd inst., between the ladies' elevens of Harrow and Pinner, and resulted in a victory for the Pinner team. In a former match, for which this was the return, the Harrovian ladies had gained the day. On this occasion, the hitting on the part of some of the batswomen was particularly vigorous, while the fielding was highly to be commended.

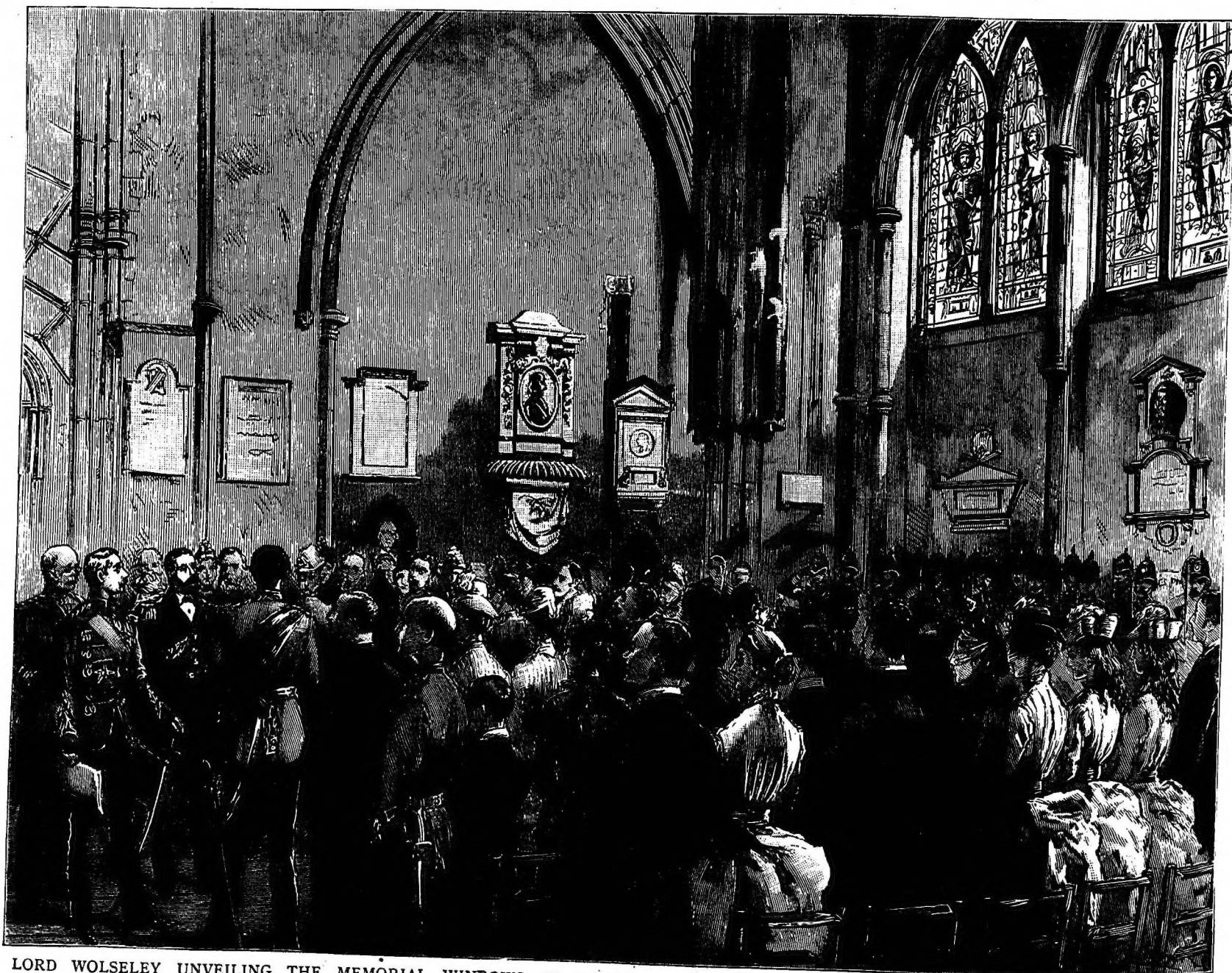


CRITICS

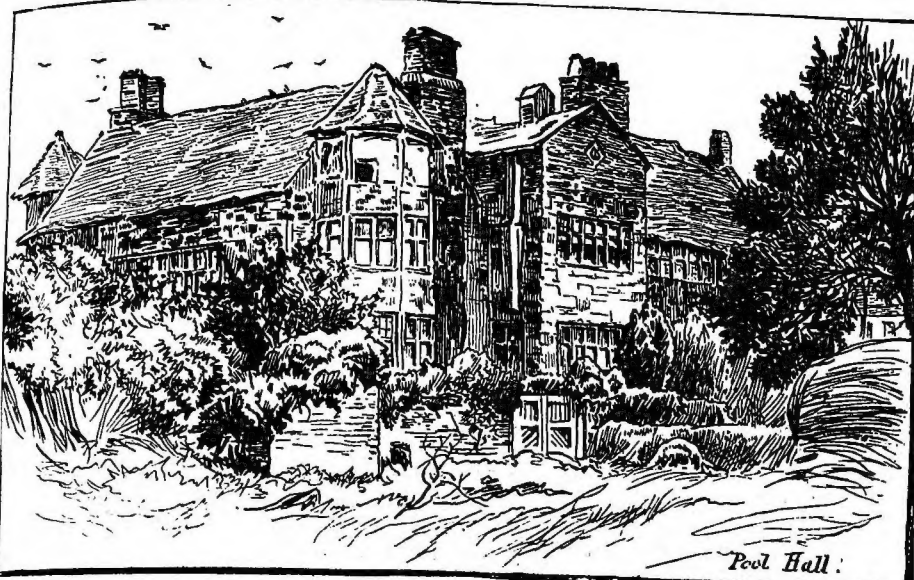
mended for its smartness, the players returning the ball with great promptitude. The bowling, both round and underhand, was good—the underhand, however, being much the best. The whole scene presented a very pretty and picturesque appearance, and the example of the Harrow and Pinner ladies might be followed in other parts of England with advantage. A lady cricketer is in no way ungraceful, while there cannot be two opinions as to the healthiness of the exercise induced by the game, for either women or men.



THE FIRE AT THE DE BEERS MINE, KIMBERLEY, SOUTH AFRICA, JULY 11



LORD WOLSELEY UNVEILING THE MEMORIAL WINDOWS IN ROCHESTER CATHEDRAL TO GENERAL GORDON AND THE OFFICERS AND MEN OF THE ROYAL ENGINEERS WHO FELL IN THE WATERLOO, PENINSULAR, AND SOUDAN CAMPAIGNS



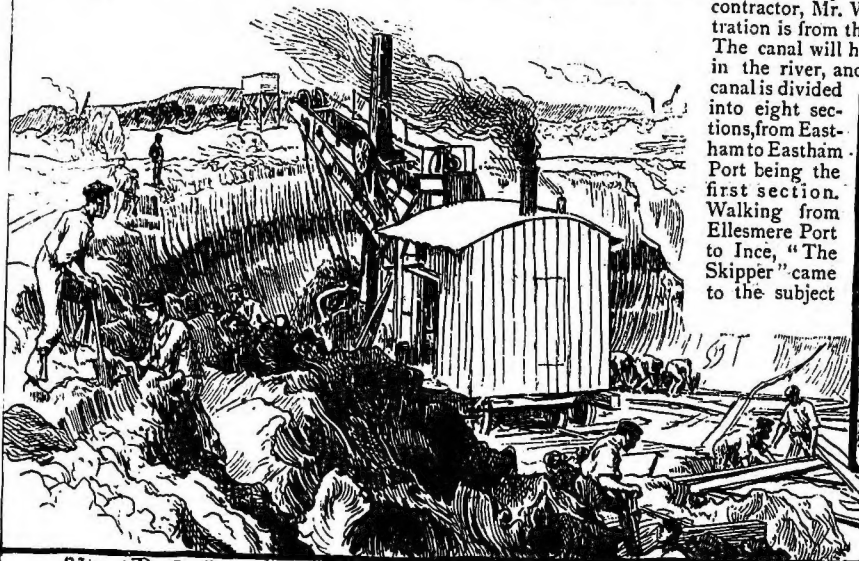
Pool Hall.

sixteenth century, part of the farm-buildings being rebuilt in the seventeenth. Close to Pool Hall Brook a portion of a Roman causeway has been uncovered by the navvies. It is at a depth of fifteen feet below the surface, and on the top of this soil trees were removed thirty feet in diameter. Pool Hall Brook will be carried under the canal through a culvert sixty feet deep. This cutting is nearly all through the solid rock. In it alone there are over half a million tons of rock to be excavated. Regaining the track after his visit to Pool Hall, "The Skipper" made for Ellesmere Port. This is the subject of the second illustration. Ellesmere Port is a small place with dock, warehouses, and signs of an increase of traffic already through the Ship Canal, as the



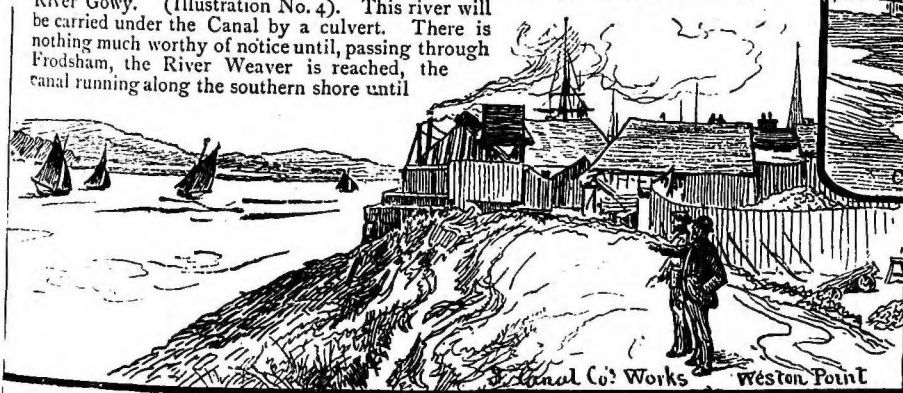
Ellesmere Port.

WALKING ALONG THE TRACK FROM THE ROCK CUTTING (described in the latter part of our last chapter) towards Ellesmere Port, and mounting the embankment, "The Skipper" saw across a field the roofs of a quaint farmhouse; and, being gifted with a fine fund of curiosity, walked across the field and came to Pool Hall, the subject of the first illustration. This old place dates from the sixteenth century, part of a Roman causeway has been uncovered by the navvies. It is at a depth of fifteen feet below the surface, and on the top of this soil trees were removed thirty feet in diameter. Pool Hall Brook will be carried under the canal through a culvert sixty feet deep. This cutting is nearly all through the solid rock. In it alone there are over half a million tons of rock to be excavated. Regaining the track after his visit to Pool Hall, "The Skipper" made for Ellesmere Port. This is the subject of the second illustration. Ellesmere Port is a small place with dock, warehouses, and signs of an increase of traffic already through the Ship Canal, as the



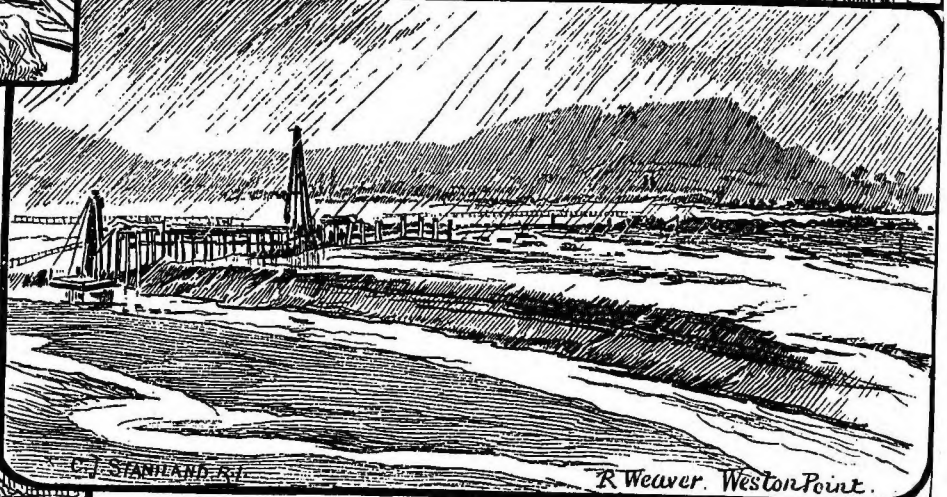
Slip of Peat. between Ellesmere Port & Ince.

of the third sketch. Here an "American navy" was working in the peat, some tons of which had slipped, pushing waggons and rails away quietly in a sweeping curve without overturning the waggons. When "The Skipper" made his sketch the navvies were busy as bees, shovelling the peat into waggons and relaying the rails for a fresh start. On again by Stanlow Point—where are navvies' huts, mission-rooms, &c. (there is one for each section, supported by the contractor), and where the missionary made an appeal to "The Skipper" for books, papers, &c., to be sent to the mission for the use of the navvies—and on to the pile bridge, built to carry the track-line over the River Gowy. (Illustration No. 4). This river will be carried under the Canal by a culvert. There is nothing much worthy of notice until, passing through Frodsham, the River Weaver is reached, the canal running along the southern shore until



Canal Co's Works Weston Point

Pile bridge over R Gowy. Ince Light in distance.



R Weaver. Weston Point.

it comes to the mouth of the river. At this point a large basin will be built. (Illustration No. 5). From here the Canal will run along the Weston Point Dock's wall, and from there, eastward, still keeping to the south shore of the Mersey, up to Runcorn. The sixth illustration shows part of the company's offices, works, &c., at Weston Point, the embankment in the foreground forming the one side of Canal, the other being built out in the Mersey. The fishing-boats in sketch are tacking out of the mouth of the River Weaver into the Mersey. At Weston Point there are two large docks and two basins, and vessels of 800 tons can come up the river to these docks at high tides. The second section of the works extends from Ellesmere Port to Ince; the third from Ince to Runcorn. But beyond Weston Point in this direction nothing much had been done when "The Skipper" was there in June. The fourth section of the Canal extends from Runcorn to Norton, commencing a little below the entrance to the Bridgewater Docks on the Liverpool side of Runcorn Bridge, and extends to Norton Woods, a distance of five miles. There is a greater amount of cutting to be done here than on any of the other sections. The route of the Canal from Weston Point, will be along the estuary, cutting through "No Man's Land," and keeping close to the land up to Runcorn Bridge, and passing under the first arch of it, into the old Quay Docks, and from that point will keep the land throughout the remaining portion of the section, crossing the Latchford Canal three times. At the point where the Canal enters the estuary, will be built a large wall, which will be upwards of two miles in length. There are large excavations at Norton Wood; but, as all the excavations are more or less on the same pattern, the sketch of the Eastham Ferry one is a good type of the others, "The Skipper" (after running on an engine over a jolting track through the cutting) decided to leave it without sketching and get on to "Big Field," near Moore, where the offices and works of the Company, on this section, are situated. The buildings here are mostly offices, engine-sheds, store-rooms, joiners' shop, and stabling. A large number of the men corn and Halton Hill, in the neighbourhood of the works. In company with agent of the section, "The Skipper" then walked to Haystack Bridge, where a of the work is being carried out, perhaps the most difficult. Crossing a trestle-bridge, built over the Latchford Canal, and not shown in the sketch No. 7 (being out of the picture to the right), we came to a point where an untoward event had happened the previous evening. The tip-line (which crosses a peat

The buildings here are mostly offices, live at Run-the contractor's difficult section

to Runcorn. But beyond Weston Point in this direction nothing much had been done when "The Skipper" was there in June. The fourth section of the Canal extends from Runcorn to Norton, commencing a little below the entrance to the Bridgewater Docks on the Liverpool side of Runcorn Bridge, and extends to Norton Woods, a distance of five miles. There is a greater amount of cutting to be done here than on any of the other sections. The route of the Canal from Weston Point, will be along the estuary, cutting through "No Man's Land," and keeping close to the land up to Runcorn Bridge, and passing under the first arch of it, into the old Quay Docks, and from that point will keep the land throughout the remaining portion of the section, crossing the Latchford Canal three times. At the point where the Canal enters the estuary, will be built a large wall, which will be upwards of two miles in length. There are large excavations at Norton Wood; but, as all the excavations are more or less on the same pattern, the sketch of the Eastham Ferry one is a good type of the others, "The Skipper" (after running on an engine over a jolting track through the cutting) decided to leave it without sketching and get on to "Big Field," near Moore, where the offices and works of the Company, on this section, are situated. The buildings here are mostly offices, engine-sheds, store-rooms, joiners' shop, and stabling. A large number of the men corn and Halton Hill, in the neighbourhood of the works. In company with agent of the section, "The Skipper" then walked to Haystack Bridge, where a of the work is being carried out, perhaps the most difficult. Crossing a trestle-bridge, built over the Latchford Canal, and not shown in the sketch No. 7 (being out of the picture to the right), we came to a point where an untoward event had happened the previous evening. The tip-line (which crosses a peat



Haystack Bridge. Big Field, n. Moore.

between Runcorn & Warrington.

* Tip Line sunk in Peat Bog. Peat squeezed up thro water in lifting.

bog) and is marked by a X in illustration, had sunk, and the peat squeezed up in the form of a large bubble in cutting marked with (X) in illustration. The telegraph posts had been stored up, and the engineers were taking levels to see if the peat was stationary or still moving. In Part III. "The Skipper" will proceed through Warburton, Irlam, and Barton to Salford.

CHAS. J. STANILAND, R.I.

GREAT FIRE IN THE DE BEERS MINE

THE De Beers Diamond Mine is at Kimberley, South Africa. Some years ago the dynamite magazine of this mine exploded, causing great destruction, but a still worse disaster occurred between 6 and 7 P.M. on Wednesday, July 11th, when the night-shift of workmen was relieving the day-shift. The fire-bell rang out the alarm that the mine was on fire, and soon a crowd of many thousands of persons of every nationality assembled at the edge of the mine, in which it was rumoured that eight hundred persons were entombed without means of exit. The presence of the fire was first indicated to those above by the breaking (through the heat) of the rope of the skip, which was employed in hauling up the men of the day-shift. The skip with its occupants fell to the bottom of the shaft, where, without doubt, they were either burnt or suffocated. The fire first broke out in the Friggens shaft, leading to the seven hundred-foot level, and as the general manager of the mine (although all means of communication was cut off) was still able to talk by telephone to the men below, he advised that they should try and gain the three hundred and eighty-foot level, as they might then be able to reach the open mine at its lowest depth. By this time the fire was spreading rapidly, and huge volumes of smoke were belching forth from Shaft No. 1. Into Shaft No. 2, to prevent the fire reaching it, copious streams of water were poured from the fire-engines. It was not until daybreak that the rescue party gained an entrance to the mine through an opening to a long-disused tunnel, and worked with a will till they reached the imprisoned natives and white men. Heart-rending scenes were witnessed. The foot of the main shaft was piled with bodies, which were also thickly strewn in other parts of the mine. But, providentially, a fresh breeze had been blowing all day, which caused a strong draught in the tunnels and shafts. Otherwise, not a soul would have been saved alive. All day long the toilers worked, and before nightfall they had succeeded in recovering about four hundred and eight natives alive, and forty-three white men. Some one hundred and seventy-eight natives perished, and twenty-five white men. Among the latter was Mr. Clarence Lindsay, son of Major James Lindsay, of Sunderland. He was formerly engineer of the Usworth Colliery, Northumberland, and had only recently left England to take up the position of Mine Manager at the De Beers Mine. There were many instances of daring and heroic courage both on the part of Europeans and natives. The latter generally showed great coolness. Three of the natives have received medals and rewards for carrying to places of safety white men who had become insensible. A Government inquiry is investigating the cause of the disaster, and a fund was at once opened to administer to the wants of those who were made widows and orphans by the calamity. The damage done to the mine is estimated at about 20,000*l.*; but it was expected that in a few days work would be resumed.—Our engraving is from a sketch by Mr. Joseph S. Dunn, Transvaal Hotel, Kimberley.

ROYAL ENGINEERS' MEMORIAL AT ROCHESTER

ON the morning of August 9th, Lord Wolseley, in the unavoidable absence of the Duke of Cambridge, unveiled eleven windows in Rochester Cathedral, which have just been filled with stained glass by the officers of the Corps of Royal Engineers in memory of their comrades who fell in the Peninsular and Waterloo campaigns, and of General Gordon and the other Engineers who perished in the Soudan. The windows are in the south transept, the upper lights being commemorative of the heroes of the Peninsula and Waterloo, the lower of Egypt and the Soudan. The subjects represented are incidents in the lives of various military saints. After a short service, in which the organ was accompanied by the Engineers' fine band, General Sir Gerald Graham called upon Lord Wolseley to unveil the windows, whereupon the guard of honour presented arms, and the two ensigns which hid the windows from view were drawn back. Lord Wolseley then delivered a brief and stirring address, in which he especially eulogised the character and services of the late General Gordon. His lordship and the principal guests were afterwards entertained at luncheon by the officers of the Engineers' Corps in their mess-room.

THE MANCHESTER SHIP CANAL, II.

See page 177.

EDISON'S LOUD-SPEAKING PHONOGRAPH

AND

THE ANIMALS' INSTITUTE

See page 180.

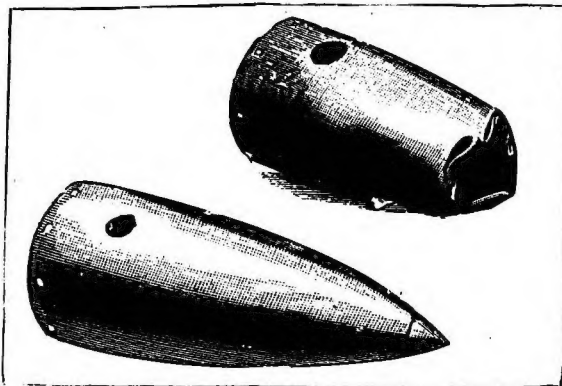
THE NAVAL MANŒUVRES

GREAT deeds have been done during the last few days, and incalculable damage has (fortunately only in theory) been inflicted on our seaports. Liverpool has been captured, and on the East coast all the shipping has been destroyed in the harbours which lie between the Forth and the Humber. The explanation of these disasters is that the blockading vessels were not strong enough to prevent the enemy from eluding the blockade. The conclusion arrived at by the correspondent of the *Daily News* is as follows:—"Great Britain's fleet, large though it is, is not large enough to undertake a war, even though that war be simply defensive. It could not blockade the ships of France in the harbours of Brest, Cherbourg, and Toulon. Any French ship possessing speed could escape, and ravage the coasts of England; and Britain would, for a time at least, be at the mercy of those Uhlans of the ocean. The lesson teaches us that we must build a great many more faster cruisers, and that some of these fast cruisers should be ironclads."

Our artist's sketches this week refer to the vessels occupying or watching Lough Swilly, and it must be admitted that the weather was greatly in favour of blockade-runners. The nights were very dark, the rain poured down in deluges, and the wind often blew with almost the strength of a gale. Under these circumstances, keeping a look-out was both difficult and unpleasant. The alarms made by the scouts almost equalled a firework display at the Crystal Palace; and, if a suspicious light was seen approaching, the men hurried up, in obedience to the lieutenant's summons from the bridge, and lined the nettings with their rifles ready, while the machine and quick-firing guns were prepared, in expectation of a torpedo-attack. On Sunday, July 29th, the *Rodney* weighed, and proceeded out single-handed to tackle the blockading squadron, among which were the *Agincourt*, *Inflexible*, *Neptune*, and *Belleisle*. Being Sunday her arrival was unexpected; and, having the support of the theoretical forts, she gave all the ironclads of the "A" Squadron a good peppering before retiring to the entrance of the Lough, and anchoring there. During this engagement the *Rodney* made a fine show, according to the report of a spectator on board the *Agincourt*. On came the huge barbette ship, throwing the water high up on either side of her stem, and leaving a long white furrow in her

wake. Smoke was streaming from her funnels, her men were clustered round the machine-guns in her fighting-tops; and she looked as if she were about to run the gauntlet of the whole fleet." On the following night the blockading fleet was attacked by half the torpedo-boats belonging to the "B" Squadron. The attempt was not successful, as a torpedo discharged at the port-beam of the *Neptune* went off too soon, thus allowing the vessel to escape, and two others failed in their attacks on the *Iron Duke* and *Agincourt*.—Our sketch of the *Rodney* represents her breaking the blockade on the night of August 4th.

During the naval manœuvres, copper heads have been fitted to torpedoes, in place of the proper steel ones, so that the torpedo may be actually fired as in a real action, while the only damage done is the crushing in of the head on its striking any object. The accompanying engraving, from a photograph taken by Mr. W. R. Parsons,



Assistant-Engineer, H.M.S. *Hercules*, represents the head of a Whitehead torpedo which was fired, on the night of the 31st ult., from No. 78 Torpedo-boat, Lieutenant-Commander Campbell, of Rear-Admiral Sir George Tryon's Squadron, and struck H.M.S. *Active*, one of the enemy's cruisers, on the starboard side. Had this occurred in actual warfare, the cruiser, having no watertight compartments, would have been sunk.

THE THREE YOUNG AND THE THREE OLD MAIDS OF LEE

THESE *tableaux vivants* formed part of an entertainment organised at the Rink Hall, on June 21st and 22nd, by Mrs. Hart for the benefit of the funds of three charities, "Lady Dufferin's Medical Mission to the Women of India," the Miller Memorial Hospital, and the fund established by Mrs. Hart herself some years ago to enable patients to remain in the Blackheath and Charlton Hospital who are unable to pay the weekly fee. Our illustrations are from photographs by Mr. Henry Wayland, of Blackheath, and represent two of the *tableaux vivants*—one group showing the fair Maids of Lee in the prime of their youth and beauty, scoring each lover as he comes along, for, as set forth in Mr. F. E. Weatherly's well-known verses,

Others pick and choose, and why not we?
We can very well wait, said the Maids of Lee.

The second *tableau* shows the reverse of the picture. The three young and fair ones have grown into three old and ugly maids. No longer now do suitors sue and sigh. Each or all of them would jump at the smallest chance of a wooer, and

He need not woo on his bended knee.
For they all are as willing as willing can be.

These *tableaux* were so successful that Mrs. Hart has promised to reproduce them, in December, for the benefit of the Barnham Street and Sards Rents Missions, which are sadly in want of funds for building purposes.

THE LATE CAPTAIN DALRYMPLE

CAPTAIN DALRYMPLE, late of the Gold Coast Constabulary, was treacherously murdered at Tavie in the Cressee country on May 11th, while executing a political mission as mediator between the King of Kiepi and the people of Tavie. John Scott Dalrymple was the eldest son of Alexander Dalrymple, Esq., and was born at St. Vincent on March 6th, 1856. He served on the Gold Coast from March 1886, during a portion of which time he discharged civil duties as District Commissioner at Cape Coast with considerable success. According to a despatch dated Accra, June 5th, the remains of the late Captain Dalrymple were buried at Christiansburg with military honours.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Van der Weyde, 182, Regent Street, W.

THE LATE ADMIRAL CODRINGTON

REAR-ADMIRAL WILLIAM CODRINGTON, C.B., was the son of the Rev. T. S. Codrington, of Wroughton, Wilts. He was born in 1832, entered the Royal Navy in 1847, became Captain 1869, and Rear-Admiral 1886. He served as mate of the *Eurydice* in the White Sea during the Russian War. He was Private Secretary to the First Lord of the Admiralty 1876-80; a Naval aide-de-camp to the Queen from 1883-1886; was Captain Superintendent of Sheerness Dockyard 1883-85; Director of Naval Ordnance December, 1882, to April, 1883; he was a member of the Parliamentary Committee on the Building and Repair of Ships, 1884; Junior Naval Lord of the Admiralty, June, 1885, to February, 1886, and Admiral Superintendent of Chatham Dockyard, April, 1886, to November, 1887. In 1879, he married Mary, daughter of the late Aubrey Leach, Esq. He died at Shrublands, Tunbridge Wells, on Sunday, July 29th.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Lombardi, 13, Pall Mall, East, S.W.

TERCENTENARY OF ST. BEES' GRAMMAR SCHOOL

ON August 1st was celebrated the tercentenary of St. Bees' Grammar School, Cumberland, which was founded by Archbishop Grindall, a native of Hensingham. There was a large and fashionable gathering, including the Governors, the gentry of the district, and a number of "Old Boys" from various parts of the country. The day's programme comprised Morning Service in the parish church, with a sermon by the Archbishop of York, distribution of prizes by the Bishop of Carlisle, luncheon in the School Hall, the Rev. J. R. Magrath, D.D., Provost of Queen's College, Oxford, presiding, laying foundation-stone of new swimming bath, athletic sports on the cricket-field for the Grammar School boys, distribution of prizes for athletic sports, concert and addresses in the school-room, and a display of fireworks, supper for Old and Present Boys, &c. The programme was long and varied, but the weather was fine, and everything passed off satisfactorily. We publish portraits of Dr. Magrath, and of the Rev. W. T. Newbold, the head master of the school, who is Fellow and late Scholar of St. John's College, Cambridge. As the founder of the school, Archbishop Grindall, was Provost of Queen's, the reigning Provost always takes an important part in the proceedings, and the College is also represented by two other Governors. We may add that at the distribution of prizes, which took place in a marquee on the cricket-ground, there

were present, among other persons, the Archbishop of York and Miss Thomson, Mr. Jonas Lindow (representing the Justices of the Peace for Cumberland), and Mr. Augustus Helder (representing the Town and Harbour Trustees of Whitehaven).—Our illustrations are from photographs as follows:—The view of the school and Whitehaven; and the Rev. J. R. Magrath, by Gillman and Co., Oxford.

ST. PAUL'S DAY AT BASSEIN

BASSEIN is an old Portuguese seaport settlement, some twenty miles from Bombay. For two centuries the town formed one of the most wealthy Indian possessions of the Portuguese, and several of the ruined fortifications and churches—notably the Cathedral shown in our illustration—still remain. In 1739 Bassein was taken by the Marhattas and in 1780 by the British—finally becoming British territory in 1818. The inhabitants at the present day are chiefly native Roman Catholic Christians, and there are also a great many of the koli (fishermen) caste in the adjoining villages. St. Paul's Day is an important feast among these people, who come from long distances to attend the Mass which is celebrated in the dilapidated cathedral called after the saint.

Being in ruins the church has no roof, so a calico stretcher is suspended, and this is decorated with flags of gaudy colours. The priest enters and a procession is formed such as is given in our sketch. Pews and chairs there are none; but all kneel on the ground, which is somewhat broken and covered with grass.—Our illustrations are from photographs by Mr. A. G. Hudson, of Bombay. After the service the congregation refresh themselves outside the building at a bazaar held for the occasion.

YELLOWSTONE PARK ILLUSTRATED, II.

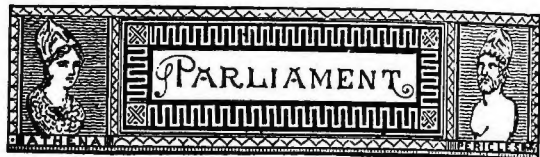
See pp. 189 et seqq.

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

A NEW STORY, by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Sydney P. Hall, is continued on page 197.

PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS, VIII.—L. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

See page 201.



ON Monday a few Members gathered at noon in the House of Commons, and, making their way sadly to the House of Lords, stood disconsolately at the Bar, whilst the Lords Commissioners, in their comical red gowns and absurd cocked hats, announced the Royal Assent to a final batch of Bills, including the appointing a Commission of Judges to inquire into the complicity with crime of Mr. Parnell and some of his colleagues. This was, however, a mere ceremony, what will hold a place in history as one of the most memorable Sessions of the Imperial Parliament having actually come to a close on Saturday, when Lords and Commons sat reviewing the amount of work yet to be accomplished. When both Houses met on Thursday it seemed quite impossible that the adjournment should take place within forty-eight days, not to mention forty-eight hours. Twenty-six Orders of the Day had Mr. Smith, with a light heart, proposed should be dealt with before members might go home. With that view the Standing Order bringing debate to a close at midnight, and peremptorily adjourning the House at one in the morning, was suspended, and as a matter of fact the House sat till half-past three.

One of the main items of business of the sitting was the Indian Budget. But before that, by an arrangement which formed a curious commentary on recent history, the Oaths Bill, in charge of Mr. Bradlaugh, had the foremost and favoured place. Colonel Hughes, a stout supporter of the Ministry, was very urgent that the School Board for London (Elections) Bill, under his care, should be dealt with before the sitting closed. It was a private Bill, as was the Oaths Bill, and Colonel Hughes piteously pleaded, a very small one. But Mr. Smith was inflexible. The Oaths Bill, being in Mr. Bradlaugh's hands, should not only pass, but should take precedence of the Indian Budget, and all other measures. Colonel Hughes must be content with the consciousness of remaining a faithful supporter of the Government. Thus it came to pass, just about the period of the Session when, a few years ago, the majority of the House of Commons used to kick Mr. Bradlaugh down stairs, they now followed him into the Division Lobby, and triumphantly carried by a majority of considerably over two to one the measure for which he has fought since he first presented himself at the table of the House.

The Indian Budget was marked by its usual melancholy characteristics. Brought on at the very last gasp of the session, with room grudgingly found for it as a matter of unwelcome duty, its particulars were set forth in a House which at no time reached the full limits of a quorum. It is pretty certain that even Mr. Gladstone would fail in an attempt to infuse life into the dry bones of the Indian Budget. Sir John Gorst did not even make the attempt. He had so many piles of figures to discourse upon, so many extracts to read, and so many allegations to make. This duty he performed in reasonable time and with conspicuous lucidity. When he sat down, Mr. Bradlaugh, whose elephantine capacity can grapple with Indian affairs with as much ease as it can deal with the minutiae of perpetual pensions, delivered a long address in support of an inquiry, to be composed jointly of Europeans and Natives, into the whole state of affairs in India. Men like Mr. J. M'Lean, Sir Roper Lethbridge, Sir William Plowden, and Sir Richard Temple, who know more about India than is dreamed of at the India Office, were listened to with impatience or indifference as they made their speeches. The inevitable Dr. Tanner brought up the rear, and the having said his say about India in general, and the claims of the Indian Medical Service in particular, there was nothing more to be said, and, just after midnight, the Budget Resolutions were agreed to, the House, as already mentioned, sitting till half-past three in the morning, hastily and perfunctorily forcing through critical stages important measures, which in the flood of talk that has swamped the session have awaited this hurried turn.

On Friday the sitting in both Houses was much briefer, and embodied some important work. In the Lords the second reading of the Parnell Commission Bill was carried, the opportunity being seized by Lord Herschell to present the case of the Liberal party. This he did in an elaborate speech, the evident care bestowed upon which showing how important the crisis was felt to be in the councils of the Front Opposition Bench. The audience did not in point of numbers rise to the occasion. It was known that the Liberal ex-Lord Chancellor was to make a great speech, and his colleagues and Ministers paid him the compliment of being in their places in pretty full force. But elsewhere there were long rows of empty benches. The speech was evidently meant rather for the country than for the House of Lords, and with his resonant voice and his animated gestures, both unusual at the table of the House of Lords, Lord Herschell seemed to be appealing to the uttermost ends of Great Britain. Lord Carnarvon gracefully admitted that

the noble lord "by his great ability and high forensic art had cast a glamour over the cause," which was fortunate enough to gain his espousal. But, as far as the House of Lords was concerned, the speech had precisely that measure of successful effect that was contemplated; that is to say, it had none at all, the Bill being read a second time without members even going through the formality of a division.

In the Commons, where the attendance was in the circumstances unusually large, two evidences were incidentally forthcoming of the manner in which business is done under the high pressure that marks the ultimate days of a Session. It turned out that somewhere between three and half-past three in the morning, a Bill had been read a second time "by mistake," as Mr. W. H. Smith frankly acknowledged. That a measure of whatever quality can by mistake pass the important stage of second reading in the House of Commons is a comforting assurance to receive. Ten minutes later a conversation between Mr. Harrington and the Financial Secretary to the Treasury brought to light the fact that there had appeared in the *Times* report of that morning a question which had not been put at the previous sitting, together with an answer that had not been made. Mr. Jackson explained that, having seen the question on the paper he had had an answer prepared, which, getting mixed up with his other manuscript embodying answers actually given, had been sent to the *Times* and printed, in continuance of the report of the preceding Thursday.

The Local Government Bill came back to the House for the last time for consideration of the Lords' amendments. These, though numerous, were not important. But there was one, with respect to which opposition, at one time looking dangerous, was launched. The Bill as it went to the Upper House had relieved the Corporation of the City of London from the duty of appointing a Recorder, the Common Serjeant, and the Judge of the City of London. The Lords had introduced an amendment retaining the Corporation power to appoint a Recorder in respect of his administrative duties solely, the Crown appointing him for the exercise of judicial functions. This alteration was opposed by the Metropolitan Liberal members, jealous of any retention of power in the hands of the Corporation. What gave special significance to the opposition was the appearance of Sir Henry James on the side of Mr. Firth. Sir Charles Russell also opposed the amendment, which was agreed to by the comparatively narrow majority of 33, the division showing that even at this late hour of Session over 200 members were present.

After this it was felt that the work of the Session was done, and matters went forward with unusual rapidity. Bill after Bill was advanced a stage, till, on the stroke of eleven o'clock, the Commons found themselves with no more work to do, and so went home. On Saturday the Lords completed their labours, reading a third time the Parnell Commission Bill; whilst the Commons talked once more about Ireland, finished a few small Bills, and resolved that, after the formality of Monday's Royal Commission, the Session should stand adjourned till Tuesday, the 6th of November. Thus ended the first part of a Session, memorable by reason of the introduction and successful working of the New Rules of Procedure, which have made possible the accomplishment of much practical and useful work.



POLITICAL.—Parliament was adjourned on Monday until Tuesday, 6th November, when it will reassemble for an Autumn Session. Just before the adjournment it was announced that Mr. Parnell had at last decided to bring an action for libel against the *Times*, but in Scotland, where what his advisers considered to be the requisite steps were taken on Saturday to give the Scotch Court of Session jurisdiction. He claims 50,000l. damages. Mr. T. P. O'Connor, M.P., and Mr. John Redmond, M.P., have also entered separate actions for libel against the *Times* in the Queen's Bench Division of the High Court of Justice. The *Times*, after stating that the friends of the plaintiffs boast that by bringing these actions they intend to drive a coach and four through the Act of Parliament appointing a Special Commission to inquire into "Parnellism and Crime," proceeds to say, "While we shall take such steps as may be expedient to defend ourselves against these attacks, which are plainly intended to distract and divert attention from the larger issues that have been raised, we consider that it is before the Commission we have to make good the charges and allegations that have now been for nearly a year and a-half before the country."—In a letter elicited by a challenge from Mr. Parnell, Mr. Chamberlain gives an account of communications held with the Nationalist chief, through Mr. O'Shea, in 1884-5, when Mr. Gladstone was Prime Minister. The most important of the facts brought out is that in a copy of Mr. Gladstone's Irish Coercion Act of 1882, revised by Mr. Parnell in view of the introduction of a similar measure, the clauses to which he objected had been struck out by his own hand, and that among those to which he did not object were several embodying provisions such as that for the institution of private inquiries into crime, which have since been denounced as tyrannical by the Nationalist leaders.—A letter from Mr. Gladstone, which at one time would have been considered extraordinary, was read at a meeting of his constituents at Dalkeith, held to protest against the imprisonment of Mr. Dillon, M.P., and to demand his liberation. In this epistolary effusion, Mr. Gladstone goes the length of saying that "if Mr. Dillon broke the law he was driven to break it by the gross misconduct of the Government and Parliament of 1886, who obstinately refused to make any provision for the undoubted incapacity of many of the Irish tenants to pay their rents, and thereby forced into existence the Plan of Campaign, which they afterwards made an excuse for the cruel coercion now in force."—Mr. W. H. Cross (C.), eldest son of Viscount Cross, has been elected, without opposition, member for the West Derby division of Liverpool, in succession to Lord Claud Hamilton, resigned.

IRELAND.—The Lord-Lieutenant and Mr. Balfour witnessed on Wednesday, at Dublin, a parade of the Royal Irish Constabulary, including 400 recruits, and spoke in terms of well-merited praise of the constant loyalty and devotion to duty which, under very trying circumstances, the force had displayed.—Mr. O'Kelly, M.P., has been sentenced to four months' imprisonment without hard labour or taking part in a conspiracy to deter persons from giving evidence at an inquiry held under the Crimes Act. Notice of appeal was given, and he was liberated on bail.—The inquest on the late Dr. Ridley drags its slow length along. It has been sufficiently established that his suicide was caused by mental depression arising out of the calumnies circulated respecting his treatment of the late Mr. Mandeville and of Mr. W. O'Brien, M.P., to whose testimony Mr. Lane, M.P., and Mr. Hooper, M.P., have added theirs as to his wish to mitigate the operation of the prison rules. But the proceedings seem to be spun out in order to give volunteer witnesses an opportunity to denounce the treatment of political prisoners.

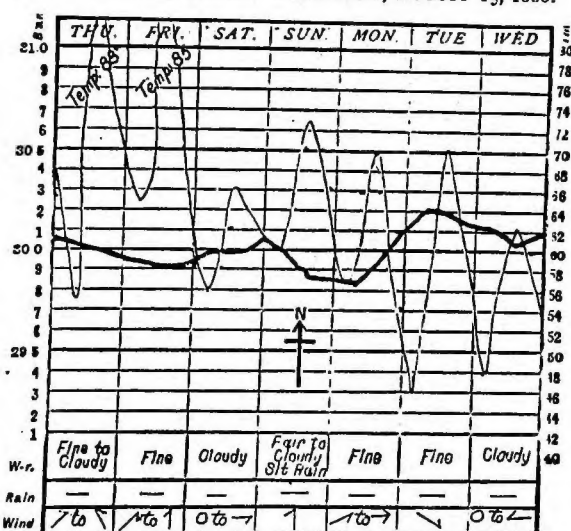
THE VOLUNTEERS.—Four thousand Volunteers, chiefly belonging to metropolitan corps, have been undergoing at Aldershot their usual annual training of a week with the regulars, and have been successfully engaged in instructing and sometimes trying manoeuvres.—The Volunteer Engineers are having their annual practise at

Shoeburyness, where the four prizes in the first Armstrong 40-pounder gun competition were carried off in the following order, by the 5th detachment 3rd Kent (Royal Arsenal), the 5th of the 2nd Essex, the 4th of the 1st N. York (Middlesbrough), and the 8th of the 2nd Middlesex.—In the second Armstrong competition (range 2,000 yards), the four prizes were won in the following order—by the 12th detachment of the 2nd Middlesex, the 9th of the 3rd Kent, the 4th of the 3rd Middlesex, and the 4th of the 3rd Kent.—The Government have declined to allow the volunteers the use of Richmond Park for their annual meeting. Among the sites which are being considered by the National Rifle Association is one, recommended by Sir Henry Fletcher, M.P.—about a mile and a-half from West Brighton Station and a mile from Patcham. It is also proposed that the annual meeting shall be held at Cannock Chase, Staffordshire. This proposal is to be supported at a meeting convoked under influential auspices in the Guildhall, Stafford, to-day (Saturday), which will be attended by the leaders of the volunteer movement in the Midlands and the North.

OUR OBITUARY includes the death, of Lady Arthur Lennox; in his forty-fourth year, of Sir George E. H. Goodricke, Bart., with whose decease the Baronetcy becomes extinct; at the advanced age of ninety-four, of Sir William Westbrook Burton, formerly President of the Legislative Council of New South Wales; of Major-General Lynch, who distinguished himself in some of the severest actions fought during the Indian Mutiny, and after having been Assistant-Adjutant-General at Aldershot was appointed in March last to the command of a division in the Bengal Army; in his sixty-eighth year, of Major-General William Agnew, an active Hampstead magistrate, who had seen much military service in India, where he was latterly Judicial Commissioner of Assam; in his seventy-second year, of the Rev. Edward Burney, who was for forty-two years Head Master of the Royal Naval Academy at Gosport, and who directed the education of Prince Louis of Battenberg; in his eighty-sixth year, of the Rev. Henry B. Wilson, Vicar of Great Staughton, Huntingdonshire, having before been successively Select Preacher, Public Examiner, Professor of Anglo-Saxon, and Bampton Lecturer at Oxford, the contributor to "Essays and Reviews" of a paper on the National Church, for which he was sentenced by the Court of Arches to a year's suspension from his benefice, a judgment reversed on appeal by the Judicial Committee of Privy Council.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING WEDNESDAY, AUGUST 15, 1888.



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Wednesday midnight (15th inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—In the course of the past week the weather has been unsettled, rainy, and rough in the West and North, but over the more Southern and South-Eastern parts of the Kingdom fine, bright skies and dry weather have prevailed. During the first part of the time the weather over our Islands was chiefly under the influence of high pressure systems, with variable breezes, scarcely any rain anywhere, and fine, hot, dry, and seasonable conditions in most parts of the United Kingdom. After Saturday (12th inst.) the barometer fell briskly generally as a depression advanced from the Westward in a North-Easterly direction across the North-West of Ireland to Norway. This caused very unsettled weather at all but the extreme Southern and South-Eastern Stations, rain and high North-Westerly winds being experienced in most places over Ireland and Scotland. The sky was cloudy, or somewhat so, in all places, with a distinct fall in temperature generally. At the close of the week the winds had died down in the North, but had freshened considerably at the Mouth of the Channel, as a depression was working Northwards up the Bay of Biscay, but no very material change in the weather was shown over the greater part of the United Kingdom. The highest temperatures of the week, which occurred on Thursday and Friday (10th and 10th inst.), reached 84° over Central, and 85° over South-Eastern England.

The barometer was highest (30.21 inches) on Tuesday (14th inst.); lowest (29.83 inches) on Monday (13th inst.); range 0.38 inch.
The temperature was highest (85°) on Friday (10th inst.); lowest (46°) on Tuesday (14th inst.); range 39°.
No measurable rain has fallen during this week.

THE "CHARLES MACKAY" FUND.—A Committee of some eighty names, under the presidency of Lord Tennyson, and comprising persons of the highest distinction in the literary, artistic, scientific, and political world, has been formed for the purpose of raising a sum of money to help Dr. Charles Mackay, who is now in his seventy-third year, in reduced circumstances, and broken health, but still bright, cheery, and industrious. For over half a century Dr. Mackay has been an assiduous worker in poetry, prose, philology, and journalism; and his lyrics—especially such as "Cheer, Boys, Cheer," and "A Good Time Coming"—are known wherever the English tongue is spoken or English songs are sung. Subscriptions will be received by the following bankers:—The Bank of Scotland, Lothbury, E.C.; Messrs. Roberts, Lubbock, and Co., Lombard Street, E.C.; Messrs. Drummond, Charing Cross, W.C.; or by the Hon. Sec., L. C. Alexander, L.L.D., Putney, S.W.

MESSRS. C. W. COLE AND W. RALSTON, whose merry conceits have often enlivened the pictorial pages of *The Graphic*, collaborated some time ago in the production of "Tippoo: a Tale of a Tiger," which proved a signal success. They have now once more united their pencils to produce another little book, which comes very apropos just as everybody who aims at slaughtering grouse or hooking salmon is rushing northwards by one of the rival lightning expresses. Their new venture (published in London by Simpkin and Marshall, in Edinburgh and Glasgow by John Menzies) is entitled "Messrs. Kamdene, Barnesburie, and D'Alston's Tour in the North," and contains a great deal of cruel but laughter-provoking satire anent the exploits of three Londoners in the Highlands. How they don the kilt, and how they fare in the pursuit of the salmon and grouse, is excellently set forth both by pen and pencil in these humorous pages.



A FINE YOUNG TIGER, five months old, has been added to the Zoological Gardens. The creature was taken as a cub six weeks old, and has been kept as a family pet till housed in the Gardens.

A RACE BETWEEN BEES AND PIGEONS was recently flown in Northern Germany. Twelve pigeons and twelve bees (four drones and eight working-bees) were taken an hour's distance from their home at Hamm, and freed simultaneously. A drone won the race by arriving 4 secs. in advance of the first pigeon, the three other drones and a second pigeon came next together, and the eight working-bees preceded the remaining ten pigeons by a length.

THE ROYAL BOTANIC SOCIETY has nearly entered upon its Jubilee year, having just held its forty-ninth annual meeting. The Gardens in the Regent's Park are in most flourishing condition, judging from the yearly report. Valuable additions have been made to the collection of plants and flowers, the students' work has increased and improved, and the only matter of complaint is the weather, which greatly interfered with some of the Society's flower-shows during the year.

A BALLOON VOYAGE from London to Vienna was attempted on Monday. Six enterprising travellers, led by the well-known aeronaut Mr. Simmons, started from the Irish Exhibition in the big balloon "Cosmo," which formerly made captive ascents at the Anglo-Danish Exhibition. They were only allowed to take a small quantity of provisions, brandy, water, and wraps. However, the wind proved unfavourable, and the travellers descended at Margate the same evening, abandoning their attempt.

SIR MORELL MACKENZIE'S REPLY TO THE GERMAN PHYSICIANS will appear in a few weeks. His justification will be published simultaneously in English, German, and several other European languages, besides an American edition. All proof-sheets will be read by the Queen before going to Press. The work, it is stated, will contain facsimiles of the late Emperor's handwriting, and other sketches, and will not merely form a personal defence of Sir Morell against the attacks made upon him, but will contain a historical account of his daily intercourse with the Emperor.

THE CHANNEL TUNNEL WORKS continue in good condition, though inactive. Since the works were last inspected, in December, 1886, up to the recent official visit from Major Marindin, the machinery has only been in operation for two days, August 12th and 13th, 1887, so that but eight inches of chalk have been cut out. Thus the tunnel is now about 2,103 yards long. Some of the timber sheathing has the dry rot, but otherwise the works have not suffered, and the tunnel is a little drier than formerly. The pumps are worked twice a week, as nearly 440 gallons of water collect daily.

A ROYAL DIAMOND WEDDING is to be kept on the 29th inst., the sixtieth anniversary of the marriage of the parents of the Austrian Empress. Duke Maximilian of Bavaria married his cousin Princess Ludovica in 1828, and the aged couple will celebrate their eightieth birthdays on the same day. Besides the Austrian Empress the children include the ex-Queen of Naples, the Comtesse de Trani, and the Duchesse d'Alençon. The whole family of children, grandchildren, and great grandchildren are to meet for the anniversary at the Duke's residence, Possenhofen, on Lake Starnberg.

A CHILDREN'S SILVER-WEDDING PRESENT recently sent to the Princess of Wales is one of the most touching gifts offered on the late anniversary. The little patients of the Victoria Hospital at Chelsea gave the Princess a cameo of the Prince of Wales, with a genuine child's address, signed by each of the sixty inmates of the wards. Some were so young that they only put a mark or a blot, the nurse adding their names; others sprawled up and down the page in big round-hand. A charming letter of thanks came back to the donors from their "friend, Alexandra;" but all the little ones had then recovered and left, so that a copy of the letter is to be sent to their homes.

ANTWERP has kept holiday this week, celebrating the twenty-fifth anniversary of the suppression of the Scheldt tolls. These duties, which were levied by Holland, were abolished in 1863, compensation being paid to the Dutch. From this event dates the development of Antwerp to its present condition of commercial prosperity. The most striking feature of the celebration was the Venetian night *fête* on the Scheldt, the river being crowded with illuminated vessels, while cannon boomed and the Cathedral chimes rang continually. Twenty-one groups of ships formed a picturesque allegorical procession, where the craft representing Antwerp commerce were especially good.

THE RARE COINAGE OF THE LATE GERMAN EMPEROR, FREDERICK III., is in enormous demand. Berlin dealers are quite unable to fulfil the orders received from abroad, and some of the larger banking-houses have commissions from America to the total value of 1,000,000l. However, only a limited number were struck of two and five silver marks, and less still of gold pieces, so that the two-mark pieces command a premium of three and four marks, and the five-mark pieces sell for nine marks and more. Higher prices are claimed by the few extra-finished coins struck from the "polished die," which were issued by the Mint more especially for the Imperial family and foreign sovereigns. Speaking of the late Emperor, mourning is being gradually relaxed in Berlin, where the Court theatres open this week.

THE BIG AMERICAN LOG RAFT has successfully completed the journey from Nova Scotia to New York. Towed by two powerful tugs, the raft made the passage in twelve days, the timber arriving in perfect condition, and it is estimated that the owners will pocket from 15,000l. to 20,000l. by their venture. The raft has been building at Port Joggins since November, and consists of 24,000 logs, lashed together by wire ropes and chains, and forming a cigar-shaped vessel 592 feet long, 55 feet wide, and drawing 23 feet of water. It is an improvement in many ways on the sister raft which was lost on the same journey during the winter, so the constructor now intends to despatch a still larger mass. If the timber had been transported in the usual fashion, it would have required forty-five lumber schooners, and cost 6,000l. instead of 900l., the charge of the two tugs. The success of the scheme causes much alarm in the timber coasting trade.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week, when the death's numbered 1,476, against 1,309 during the previous seven days, being a rise of 168, although 203 below the average. The death-rate also went up to 18 per 1,000—the highest return since April. There were 138 deaths from diarrhoea and dysentery (an increase of 17), 51 from measles (a rise of 22), 27 from whooping-cough (an increase of 2), 25 from diphtheria (a rise of 6), 17 from scarlet-fever (a decline of 1), 6 from enteric-fever (a fall of 3), 5 from cholera and choleraic diarrhoea (an increase of 1), and 1 from an ill-defined form of fever (a rise of 1). The fatal cases of diseases of the respiratory organs rose to 183 from 167, but were 4 below the average. Different forms of violence caused 56 deaths, of which 50 resulted from negligence or accident. There were 2,228 births registered, being a decrease of 302, and no less than 454 below the usual return.

MR. EDISON AND HIS NEW PHONOGRAPH

WHEN the first phonograph was invented some years since it was generally felt that, though the machine as then constructed was no better than a toy, and reproduced vocal sounds after the manner of Mr. Punch with a bad cold, it was the germ of an important discovery which Mr. Edison in time would develop into a successful reproducer of the human voice. This in great measure Mr. Edison has done. He has replaced the tinfoil recorder by a ring of more durable material, which will permit of being removed and transmitted by post, a section three inches long being capable of containing a thousand words, or nearly a column of this journal. The ring is placed upon a cylinder which is slowly revolved by means of a battery. The sender of the message speaks through a tube, the modulations of his or her voice being faithfully impressed upon the ring. When the recipient wishes to hear the phonogram he places it upon the cylinder, which revolves as before, and in the phonograph which we illustrate listens to the words of his correspondent by means of tubes which he applies to his ears. Mr. Edison's latest phonograph, however, is so constructed as to admit of the recorded conversation or strains of music being heard by a whole roomfull of persons, if so desired, without any mechanical connection between them and the instrument. Both phonographs have been privately exhibited in England by Mr.

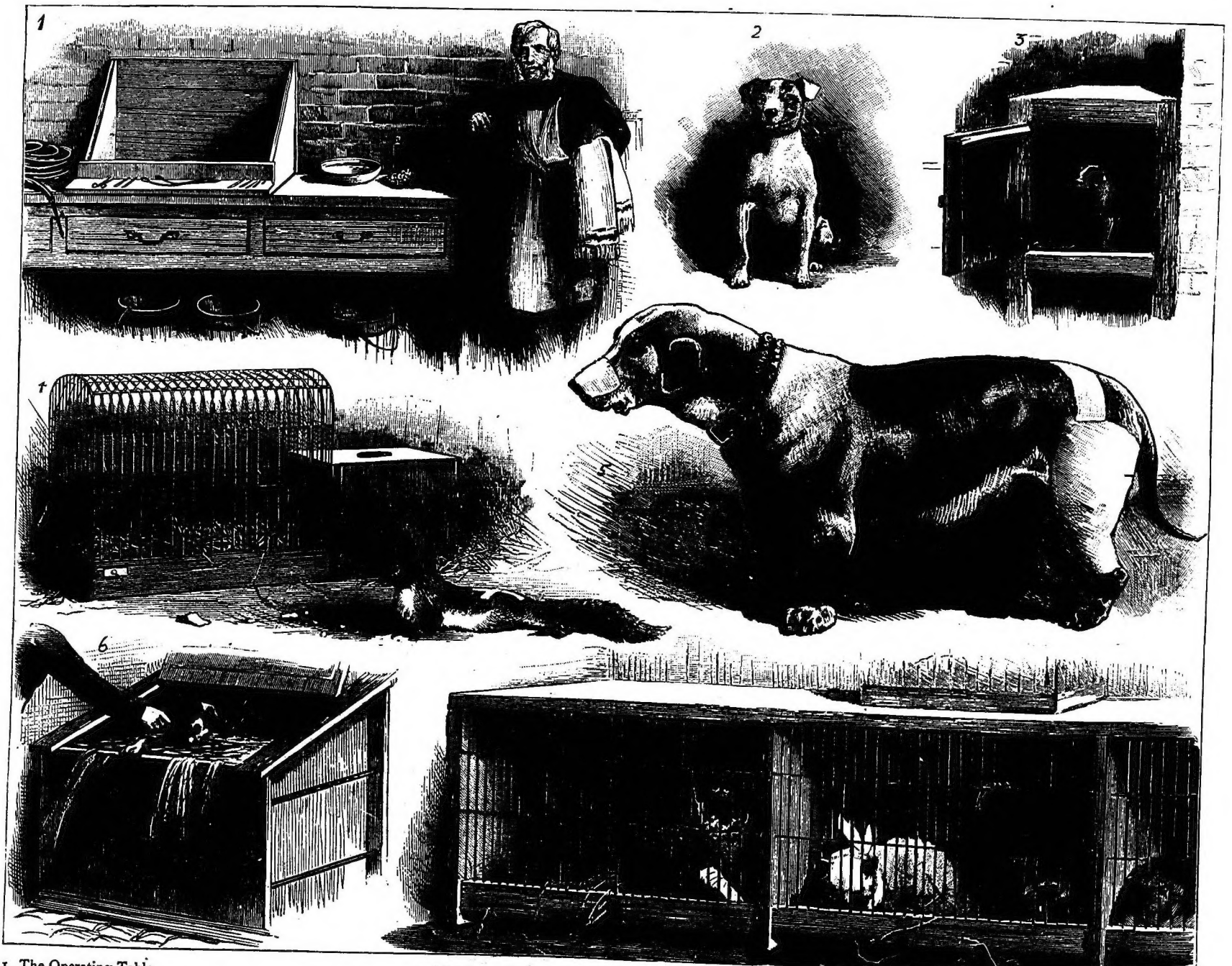


MR. EDISON'S NEW PHONOGRAPH—MR. EDISON IN HIS LABORATORY RECEIVING THE FIRST PHONOGRAM FROM ENGLAND

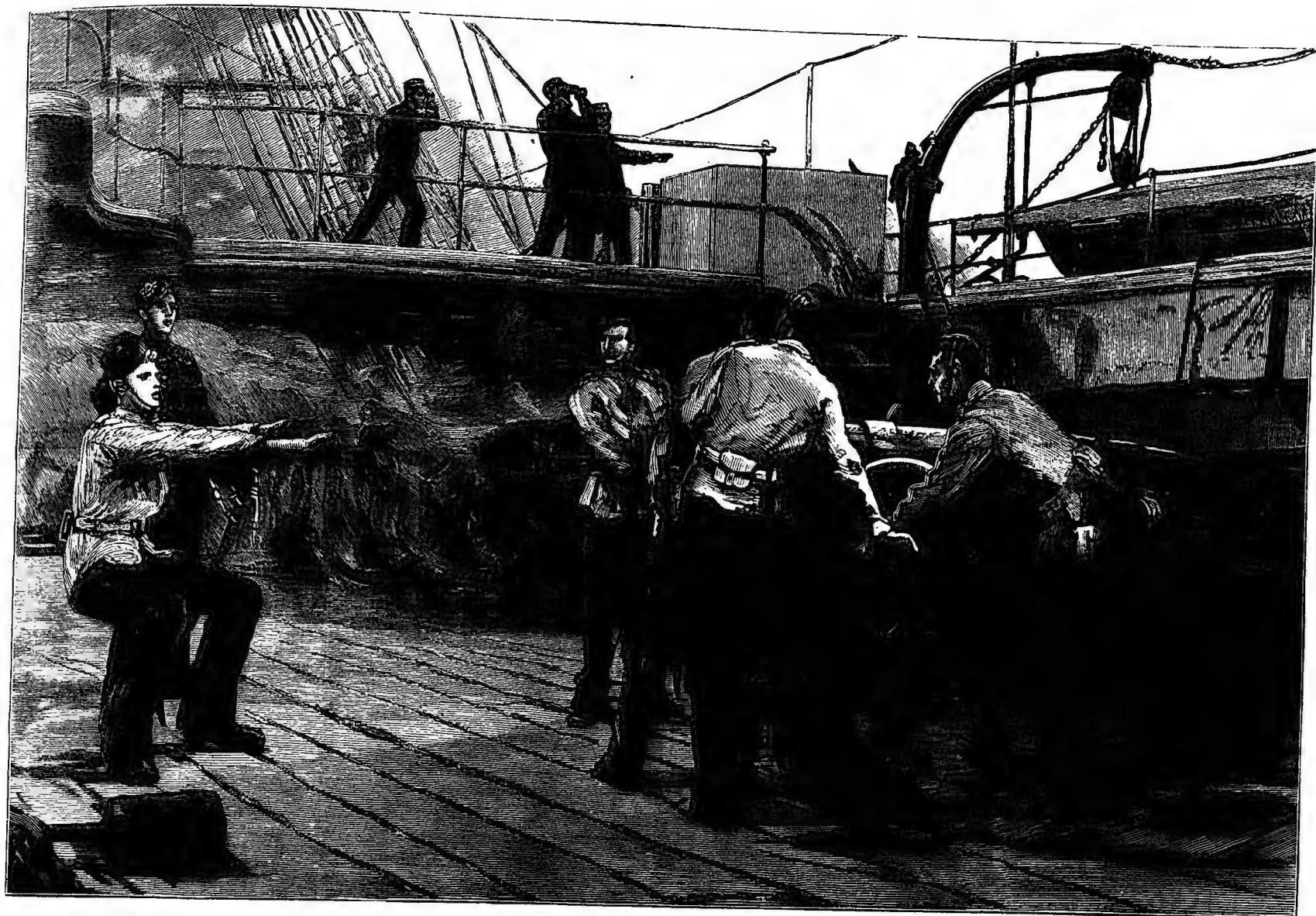
Edison's representative in England, Colonel Gouraud, at Beulah Hill, Norwood, to whom Mr. Edison has addressed several phonograms to be recorded before certain selected guests. In his first he somewhat humorously remarked, "I shall be glad to be spared the labour of reading your writing. Phonograms from you, instead of letters, will be a God-send."—Our illustration is from a photograph taken in Mr. Edison's laboratory in the United States, and depicts him reading his first phonogram from Colonel Gouraud. In truth, the instrument, if it can be manufactured cheaply, will prove of great benefit to people who write bad hands (and especially to their correspondents), to those unable to read or write, and in particular to the blind, who will thus be able easily to enjoy the pleasures of ordinary literature without having to employ a reader. "Rings" of the latest popular works could doubtless be easily provided.

THE ANIMALS' INSTITUTE

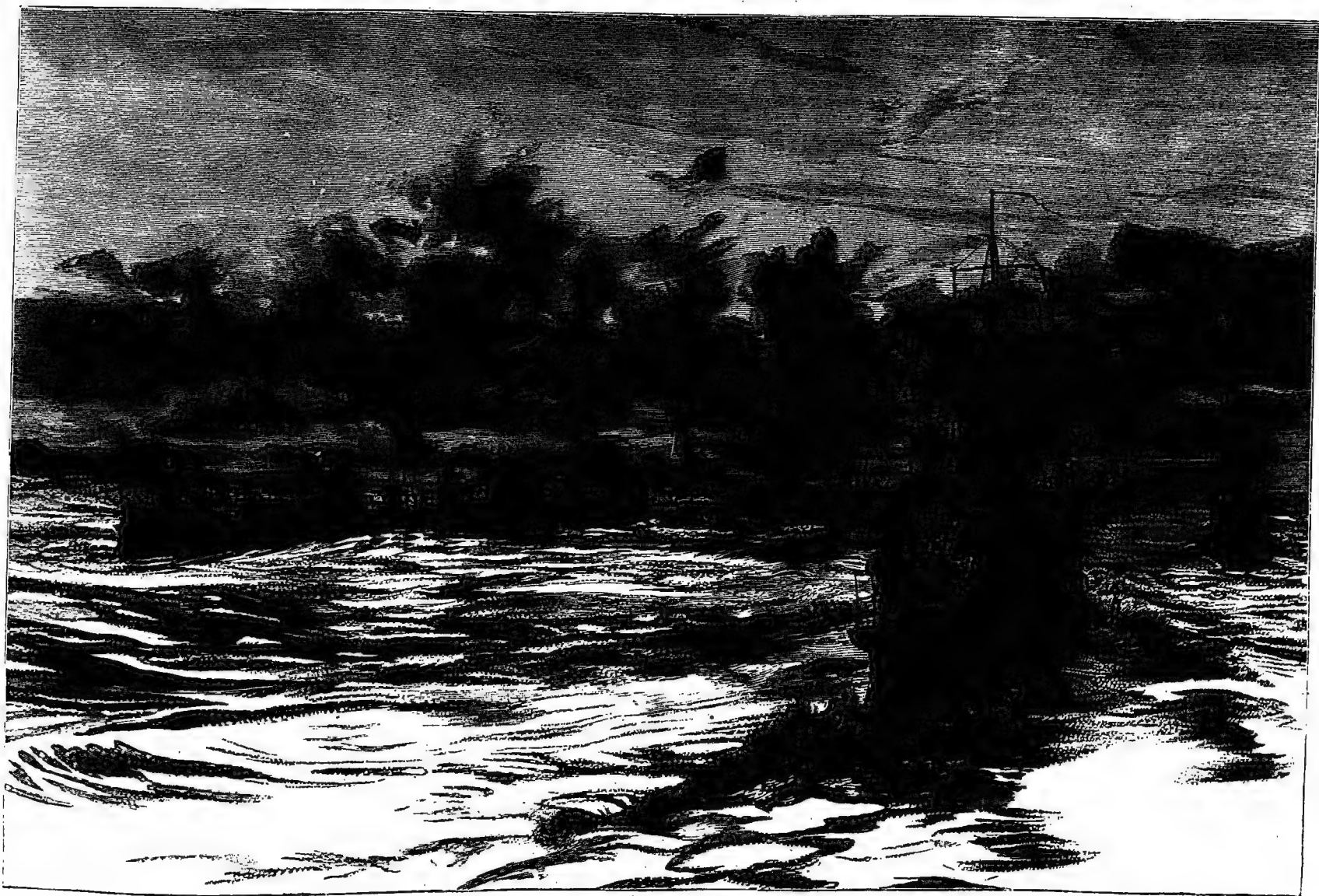
WHEN last year various Hospitals and Charitable Institutions were appealing to the loyalty of the public to worthily celebrate the occasion of Her Majesty's Jubilee by contributing extra subscriptions and donations for the relief of the poor and suffering, it occurred to a number of ladies and gentlemen that nothing had been done for the benefit of animals other than human. As Her Majesty is well known to be fond of the various "friends of man," which contribute so largely to the comfort and pleasure of



1. The Operating Table
2. H.R.H. Princess Louise's Favourite Dog "Vic," a Patient
3. The Anæsthetic Chamber
4. A Squirrel Patient with an Injured Back
5. A Victim of a Hansom Cab—A Crushed Nose and Hip
6. Parasitical Chamber
7. A Good Time for Mice
THE ANIMALS' INSTITUTE—A HOSPITAL FOR HORSES, DOGS, CATS, ETC.



IN THE THICK OF IT



THE DEFENCE OF LOUGH SWILLY AT NIGHT

THE NAVAL MOBILISATION
FROM SKETCHES BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE "B" SQUADRON

all classes, it was determined to found an institution for the succour of injured or invalid animals. Accordingly, with praiseworthy promptitude, the lease of some premises in Wilton Place, S.W., was taken, and a hospital for horses, dogs, cats, and all such as come into the category of "domesticated animals," was established and fitted up with the most approved sanitary arrangements. There gratuitous advice is given to the poor daily, while in-patients are received in urgent or severe cases. In addition to the actual treatment of animals, the objects of the Animals' Institute are to carry out the humane treatment of domesticated animals, the study of comparative pathology (without vivisection), and the general alleviation of pain and suffering. More rational and correct views on the feeding, keeping, management, and working of animals are also to be disseminated by meetings, pamphlets, and especially by lectures by qualified persons, while a room is provided for the latest inventions and improvements for lessening and alleviating pain in surgical cases and accidents. This valuable, humane, and practical institution is supported by voluntary contributions, and some of our animal-loving readers may like to send a subscription to the Honorary Secretary, Miss Beale, 1A, Wilton Place, Belgravia, S.W.



THE new link between WESTERN and EASTERN EUROPE provided by the opening of the through railway to Constantinople brings Eastern affairs forward in a fresh light. Instead of quarrels under the rule of BULGARIA there are general congratulations that under so many difficulties the province has yet succeeded in completing this important work. When in thorough working order it is expected that the journey from London to Constantinople will be accomplished in three days and a half, though at present the transit takes fully a day longer, owing to the defects on the Turkish lines. Even with this delay the railway avoids the wearisome and often tempestuous service by Varna and the Black Sea, while its strategic importance can hardly be over-estimated. Should Russia menace Constantinople, troops could be sent in from Austria in less than forty-eight hours. Thus for many years Russian influence has successfully checked the development of this railway system. Now, however, she not only sees the scheme carried out despite opposition, but by the very Bulgarian Government which she seeks to crush. This final connecting line through Bulgaria from Zaribrod to Vakarel has been completed by native labour and the State funds alone, aided by Prince Ferdinand. He, therefore, spoke of the national success with just pride at the banquet at Sofia, where the guests stopped in the inaugural train from Vienna. TURKEY being in the sulks over the completion of the line she has so strenuously opposed, the Porte was unrepresented, and official AUSTRIA also kept away for fear of offending her neighbours, but SERBIA and ROUMANIA sent delegates, and there were numerous informal Austrian visitors. No sign of the rumoured disagreements between Prince Ferdinand and his Cabinet appeared, the Ministers openly praising their Prince for his attitude during his first year of office. By the by, the first anniversary of his taking the constitutional oath was enthusiastically observed in Sofia on Tuesday. Daily trains will now run from Sofia to Constantinople and back, and the mails will ultimately be sent through by this route instead of by Varna. However, the railway will have to be carefully guarded from the brigands, who are in high feather at their late successes. Though Messrs. Ländler and Bindler have at last been released after many hardships, the band have captured M. Stoianoff, a photographer, and his companion, and demand a ransom of 5,000l. The brigands are strong and well-armed men, led, according to report, by a Russian, and make their headquarters in Macedonia. RUSSIA continues to point to these disorders as an additional reason for re-arranging the Bulgarian question, and announces that she still holds to her original plans on the subject—i.e., the departure of Prince Ferdinand, and the final exclusion of Alexander of Battenberg as candidate for the throne. These plans carried out, she would send a Commission to re-establish diplomatic relations, and would then accept any Prince legally elected, provided he belonged to the Orthodox Church. Much satisfaction is expressed in St. Petersburg with Lord Salisbury's remarks at the Mansion House on Russian policy in Bulgaria—an opinion not entirely echoed by Germany and Austria, who are inclined to see no little irony in the English Premier's observations. Further, while approving of the general outline of the speech, they think Lord Salisbury's views of European peace too optimistic.

However, GERMANY's attention for the moment concentrates less on foreign relations than on the retirement of Marshal von Moltke from his post as Chief of the General Staff. Von Moltke is nearly eighty-eight years old, and would have retired long ago if his old master, the late Emperor William, would have spared him, while during Emperor Frederick's brief reign it was inexpedient to make any important change. But now that William II. is firmly settled, the veteran soldier can resign his appointment to a younger man, taking instead the position of President of the National Defence Commission, where he is still closely connected with the Emperor, and can control the military organisation, though relieved from harassing technicalities. For some time past the Marshal has carefully trained his successor, Count von Waldersee, whose appointment is only criticised on two points—i.e., that he belongs to the war party, and that, with his wife, he wields notable influence in the present Emperor's household. The Marshal's retirement has produced plentiful evidence of his popularity, judging by the regret and affection expressed by the public for the "Great Silent One." Emperor William has been entertaining the King of Portugal with much cordiality, and testing his Potsdam garrison by turning out the troops at a moment's notice.

Though less disorderly the strikes still disturb FRANCE to a considerable extent. The movement seems somewhat half-hearted in the provinces, for the Lyons glass-blowers have gone out in very lukewarm style, and the Amiens weavers have yielded to a compromise with the masters. Calais is the latest place affected, the unemployed workmen attempting a mild edition of the Parisian riots, and the Northern industrial towns are altogether disturbed. In Paris itself the Government firmness of last week, though tardily displayed, has in a great measure distinguished the true labour movement from pure Socialist agitation. The strikers have even discussed terms with the masters, though so far the negotiations have failed because the employers refuse to admit the arbitration of the Municipal Council as too partial. Then the navvies went to M. Floquet, who declared that the Government did not wish to interfere with their rights to discuss the conditions of work, but to prevent disturbance, and hinted that unless work was soon re-commenced the Government would interfere further. The strikers and the Government give very opposite accounts of this interview, but the men gathered sufficient encouragement from the Premier's remarks to parade the workshops afresh, and impress a few more comrades. The existent "sweating" system in Paris renders the whole working classes ready to listen to the fierce denunciations of employers and oppressors in general. True, the Labour Exchange is shut, but the strikers meet in other halls, and declaim vigorously respecting their injuries, and the injustice of the upper classes and the Government. Indeed, M. Floquet is abused on all sides, for while the Moderates condemn his inaction, the Radicals denounce him as a

deserter from their ranks, who forcibly suppresses the very opinions he formerly avowed. The Cabinet anxiously looks forward to the elections to-morrow (Sunday) in the Somme, Nord, and Charente Inférieure, though somewhat reassured by General Boulanger's unflattering reception in the last Department. Hisses and rough treatment of his supporters were his greeting in several towns, while there was a regular fray at St. Jean d'Angely, which, indeed, the Boulangists adroitly sought to turn to their advantage. During the scuffle M. Perrin, a friend of the Opposition candidate, discharged a revolver, and the Boulangists loudly assert that the shots were aimed at the General, hoping to win him the honour of escaping martyrdom. But it is pretty certain that the shots were fired indiscriminately, and in self-defence. General Boulanger was no more fortunate during his tour in the Somme, his appearance causing much tumult at Amiens. Nothing daunted, the General has issued manifestoes to all three Departments, each censuring the powers that be, and proposing his candidature as the panacea for all evils. In their turn the Bonapartists kept their annual fête-day on Wednesday, with numerous banquets and much enthusiasm. The chief feature was the ovation awarded to the veteran Baron Haussmann at the banquet in the Salle Wagram.

ITALY again mourns a military disaster in Africa. Following the common European mistake of undervaluing the African enemy, and depending on native allies, a column from Massowah met with a crushing defeat, which will sorely lower the Italian prestige in the eyes of the Abyssinians. As the Abyssinian chief Debeb had assembled a force at Saganeiti on the northern frontier, seventy-five miles south of Massowah, a detachment of four hundred Bashi-Bazouks was sent out under five Italian officers, aided by a native commander, Adem Aga, with three hundred similar troops, and two hundred Assaortins—natives from the territory formerly occupied by Abyssinia. The march being delayed, Debeb got wind of the attack, and entrenched himself well in Saganeiti. His force was smaller in numbers, but, whether through the treachery of the Assaortins or the inferiority of the Bashi-Bazouks, the Abyssinians effectually routed the Italian column after desperate fighting, where four of the Italian officers perished. Of the seven hundred Bashi-Bazouks nearly two hundred perished, the survivors falling back upon the town of Uua, midway to Massowah. Turning from the active to the political side of the Massowah question, five of the Powers have declared the Capitulations inapplicable to Massowah, thus affording little support to M. Goblet's protesting Note, which we summarised last week. Indeed, Continental opinion generally condemns the French attitude, and supports Italy, Russia and Turkey excepted. The Porte, indeed, denounces the occupation of Massowah as a violation of treaties, but Italy, taking no notice of these protestations, has now occupied Keren, fifty miles north-west of Massowah. Signor Crispien intends shortly to answer France in another Circular, and, meanwhile, M. Goblet again declares the Italian proposals respecting the Commercial Treaty quite unacceptable.

RUSSIA rejoices in a magnificent harvest. Indeed, in the Taurida and Don districts, the crops are so abundant that the owners are unable to get in all their corn, and give a portion to their peasants that the yield may not be wasted. The troops are pressed in for harvesting, and the domestic servants desert their situations for the fields. To further improve the grain trade, the Government has authorised the railways to advance money to the poorer agriculturists on wheat placed in their depôts for sale, thus enabling the owners to wait for favourable prices.

Considerable opposition is shown in INDIA to the forthcoming National Congress at Allahabad. Both in Bombay and the North-West Provinces the Mahomedans and many influential Hindoos, such as the Maharajah of Benares, publicly condemn the Congress, as likely to spread a false view of native opinion, and to stir up strife against British rule. Accordingly, an "Indian Patriotic Association" is being formed to counteract the effect of the agitation. Besides energetic meetings on this subject, Bombay is rating the Government for their hasty proceedings against Mr. Crawford. So little evidence was forthcoming of his alleged bribery and corruption that the Government have withdrawn from the prosecution. On the Sikkim frontier, both British and Tibetans still limit themselves to preparing for an attack. But there is little doubt that, as soon as General Graham collects the reinforcements now on the way, he will attempt to drive the Tibetans out of Sikkim, and, if successful, will cross the frontier and settle for the winter in the Chumbi Valley, which enjoys a temperate climate. It is impossible for the British to continue their purely defensive attitude, now that the Tibetans have collected so strong a force, and impudently state that they are ready for twelve years' war. Moreover, Europeans could not endure the bitter winter in their present post, and, should they retire, the Tibetans would overrun Sikkim. The usual story of dacoity and police inefficiency is repeated from BURMA, where the continued disturbances have in many districts so thinned the population by death and transportation that it is proposed to import colonists from Bengal.

Mr. Blaine is the hero of the hour in the UNITED STATES. Nevertheless his intended monster reception at New York fell rather flat, for the City of New York was behind time owing to trouble with her machinery, and the Blaine admirers grew tired of waiting. So the torchlight procession took place before Mr. Blaine's arrival, and though only about half the expected numbers appeared—probably 20,000 persons—there was plenty of noise and enthusiasm. Mr. Blaine honoured the Irish-American labour party with his first speech of the campaign, pointing out the difference between English and American interests. Whilst acknowledging the English hospitality he had received, he regretted that Great Britain entirely favoured President Cleveland and his Free Trade policy, which were in direct opposition to American prosperity, and he closed with an energetic declaration in favour of Protection. Mr. Blaine then went on to Maine, where he is in the thick of the canvass for the State election on September 10th. Later he will tour through the doubtful States. His appearance has completely thrown into the background the actual Presidential candidate of the Republican party, General Harrison. Reckoning up the chances of both parties, there is little doubt that President Cleveland will carry the South, and General Harrison the North, but the victory will depend upon the four doubtful States—Indiana, Connecticut, New Jersey, and New York. The Republicans, however, carry on their campaign with much more zeal than the Democrats, who are beginning to grow anxious at their position. The English murderer Brooks, alias Maxwell, has been hanged at St. Louis. The British Minister having applied for a reprieve, he was hopeful till the last, and left a dying Address to the People of England complaining of his unjust treatment. Yet most minute inquiries were carried out, and he was reprieved for two years. The disasters of the week include a fatal collision on the Erie Railway at Shohola, where many passengers were injured and one person killed, together with many valuable horses; and yellow fever at Jacksonville, Florida, the district being quarantined and panic-stricken.

In ZULULAND Dinizulu has disconcerted his pursuers by crossing the border into the Transvaal, where he is reported to be near the junction of the Pongola and the Bevana Rivers. The Transvaal authorities announce that they have taken steps to disarm Dinizulu and his companion Undabuko if necessary; but there is some little scepticism as to their good faith, for they had promised previously to patrol the border, and check the chiefs' escape into their country. Yet Dinizulu slipped by, after all. Sir A. Havelock intends to

demand his extradition. A skirmish occurred between the rebels and the British on their way to Jouma, the former losing heavily.

Among MISCELLANEOUS ITEMS rumours are abroad of reconciliation between the King and Queen of SERBIA, as King Milan finds so much difficulty in getting a divorce.—In CHILI, Valparaiso has been flooded by the bursting of a large reservoir after heavy rains. Houses were ruined, and over two hundred persons drowned.—A rising in COREA against the American missionaries has greatly endangered the foreigners at Seoul. A popular rumour that the lower classes, who turned upon and killed some of their own officials. Then they so threatened all foreigners that American, French, and in HAYTI has succeeded, and President Salomon has had to fly from the insurgents.



THE QUEEN leaves Osborne for Scotland next Tuesday. Her Majesty held a Council at the end of last week, besides receiving the new Columbian Minister, who presented his credentials, and Sir Clare Ford and Mr. Hugh Fraser, who kissed hands on their appointments respectively as Ambassador to Madrid and Minister to Tokio. On Saturday the new Italian Ambassador presented his credentials, and dined with the Queen, together with Lord Salisbury, who had audience of Her Majesty. On Sunday the Queen and Royal Family attended Divine Service at Osborne House, where the Dean of Windsor officiated, and in the evening Lord Salisbury and the Dean joined the Royal party at dinner. The Prince and Princess of Wales and their daughters also came to wish Her Majesty good-bye. Next day Prince and Princess Henry, with Princess Alix and the Hereditary Grand Duke of Hesse, made an excursion into the New Forest, Princess Louise luncheon with the Queen in their absence, while later Lord Wolsley dined with Her Majesty. On Wednesday the whole of the Royal party, with the ex-Empress Eugénie went yachting in the Solent in the *Albatros*, and the Queen also gave audience to the British Ambassador at St. Petersburg. When staying at Glasgow next week the Queen will cruise down the Firth of Clyde in the *Victoria and Albert*.

The Prince and Princess of Wales and daughters crossed from Cowes to Portsmouth on Saturday in their yacht *Aline*, and witnessed the Royal Corinthian Yacht Club Regatta. Next day they received the Italian Ambassador on board the *Osborne*, and on Monday left their yacht for town, where they entertained the King of the Belgians on his way to Scotland. On Tuesday the Prince presented a watch and chain to Chief Inspector Walker on his retirement, the Inspector having been on duty at Marlborough House since the Prince's marriage. Prince Adolphus of Teck also came to take leave on going to India with his regiment. The Royal party left for the Continent in the evening, travelling together, *via* Dover and Calais, to Coblenz, whence the Princess and daughters went to Wiesbaden and the Prince to Homburg. The Princess has joined the King of Denmark at Wiesbaden, and will subsequently accompany her father to Gmunden to see the Duchess of Cumberland, and subsequently to Copenhagen. The Prince after all decided on Homburg instead of Royat, and will undergo the usual twenty-one days' cure, while Princess Christian, and possibly the Empress Frederick, will stay with their brother. Later the Prince may visit Austria and hunt with the Crown Prince, returning to England about October.—The Princess has become patroness of the Children's Country Holidays Fund.

The King of the Belgians is making a short Scotch tour.—Sons have been born to the Queen of Greece and to Princess Waldemar of Denmark, sister-in-law to the Princess of Wales.—The Empress Frederick has been to Gotha to see Duke Ernest of Saxe-Coburg.—The Grand Duke of Hesse has come to England.



THE BISHOP OF LIVERPOOL, in a letter to the *Times*, says that he, for one, had no hand in drawing up the Lambeth Encyclical, of which he never saw a line until he read it in the newspapers. He regrets that no reference was made in it to the divisions about "the doctrine and discipline of the Lord's Supper," which, he says, are "convulsing the Church of England," and appear to him to "require far more attention than the condition of the Scandinavian or Greek Churches, or the Old Catholic movement."

IN A CORRESPONDENCE between Lord Carnarvon and the Archbishop of Canterbury, the former broaches and the Primate cordially approves a proposal that the churches in our large towns be opened during a certain part of every day for private devotion and meditation. The names are given of several prelates and eminent laymen, including the Duke of Westminster, Lord Meath, and the Speaker of the House of Commons, who also approve of Lord Carnarvon's proposal.

IT IS PROBABLE, the *Record* says, that the See of Chester will be filled by the appointment of the Bishop of Sydney, although another report is that the Warden of Keble (the Hon. and Rev. E. S. Talbot) will be selected for the Bishopric. The *Guardian* gives an emphatic contradiction to the rumour that the Bishop of Truro intends to resign his See on account of ill-health.

PRAYERS were offered on Sunday throughout the Diocese of St. Albans for the recovery of its Bishop, Dr. Cloughton, who was lying seriously ill.

THAT WELL-KNOWN CLERIC Archdeacon Denison is engaged in a dispute with an ex-curate, which he seeks characteristically to withdraw from the purview of the secular Courts, and to refer to Episcopal arbitration. He engaged the Rev. W. H. Fraser as one of his curates at an annual stipend of 110l., with board and lodging. He dismissed him, at the end of five months.—Mr. Fraser alleges wrongfully, and without due notice—paying him, however, the whole of his stipend. But Mr. Fraser claims thirty-two weeks' board, at 2l. a week, for the unexpired term of his engagement. Whether the Archdeacon disputes this claim does not appear, but he maintains that it is a question for the decision of the Bishop of the Diocese, who seems to have a sole jurisdiction in the matter of arrears of stipend. The Queen's Bench Division have decided this point against the Archdeacon, holding that the board and lodging were matters between the plaintiff and defendant quite apart from the Bishop's jurisdiction, and that the question was simply one of contract.

THE EDUCATION COMMISSIONERS, in their final report, remark that in Board Schools where it is optional for the Boards to order the giving or withholding of religious instruction there are in England (exclusive of Wales) only seven cases in which such instruction is not imparted. The majority of the Commissioners recommend that the local educational authority be empowered to

supplement from local rates the subscriptions to denominational schools by an amount equal to those subscriptions. The minority, however, regard this proposal as "impracticable and politically inexpedient."

THE MANUSCRIPT COMMON PRAYER BOOK attached to the Act of Uniformity, and now in the Library of the House of Lords, is to be photographed, only one facsimile to be taken, and that with every precaution against injury to the original.



THE PROMENADE CONCERTS.—The present is the seventh annual series of Promenade Concerts given at Covent Garden under the direction of Mr. Freeman Thomas, and with Mr. Gwyllyn Crowe as conductor. The "Promenades" have, however, advanced far beyond the original intentions of their founders. Half-a-century ago, during the "dull" season of December, 1838, a band of English instrumentalists, with the veteran Mr. Willy at their head, agreed to fill up their spare time by giving at the English Opera House, Lyceum, some "Promenade Concerts à la Musard." Musard (whose successor, Isaac Strauss, as director of the French Court balls and of the masked balls at the Paris Opéra, died only last week in Paris at the advanced age of eighty-two) had a great idea of dance music, and his avowed imitators at the Lyceum accepted his views. Except as to a solo for a wind instrument, the early programmes of the Promenade Concerts usually included only four light overtures, four quadrilles, and four waltzes. The Englishmen were soon confronted with the rivalry of Valentino, Musard's great antagonist. In 1840, they engaged Jullien as assistant conductor, and in 1841 Musard himself came over to London. In the same year Jullien undertook the sole direction of the Promenade Concerts, and continued them till 1859. A rival series of "National Concerts" was started under Balfe at Her Majesty's Theatre in 1851, and after Jullien's death Alfred Mellon came to the front as conductor. Many are the stories told about Jullien—of the magnificent throne on which he reclined, of the splendour of his shirt-fronts, and the faultless purity of the white cravats and kid gloves which were changed so many times every evening. But to Jullien, despite his antics in the orchestra, and his *ad captandum* "British Army," "British Navy," and other quadrilles, really belongs the credit of first attempting to improve the Promenade programmes. He introduced the allegretto of the lighter symphonies, and things of that sort; and Alfred Mellon went even still further. On Mellon's death, in 1866, the Promenades were temporarily under a cloud, but they were revived again, first by Signor Bottesini, and then by M. Rivière. In Messrs. Gatti's time the Promenades made an enormous advance, and under such conductors as Sir Arthur Sullivan, Sir Julius Benedict, Mr. Weist Hill, and Mr. Cowen, with Signor Ardit, M. Hervé, M. Kéla Béla, and others, for the lighter music, they were placed in the ranks of serious performances, the "classical Wednesdays" (with which we deal more fully hereunder) attaining, indeed, some sort of real celebrity.

The arrangements for the present season have been made on a liberal scale. Covent Garden itself is prettily decorated, and although on Saturday it was not very well ventilated, yet the Alpine scenes behind the orchestra, where merry Swiss maids dispense beverages, give at any rate the appearance of coolness. The promenade space is also now larger than heretofore. The band of about eighty players, led in the various sections by Messrs. Carrodus, Howell, Dubrucc, Radcliffe, Mann, Howard Reynolds, and other well-known players, although hardly yet in good order are doubtless competent for the work to be undertaken. The programme on Saturday was of a miscellaneous character, including Mr. Cowen's *Yellow Jasmine*, a selection from Wagner's "Tannhäuser," Mr. Crowe's new and catchy vocal waltz *The Rose Queen*, sung by a choir of boys and girls in costume, a couple of violin solos for Mr. Carrodus, and songs for Mesdames Clara Samuël and Sterling, Messrs. Banks and Foote. On Monday Mr. Sims Reeves and Miss Nikita sang, and on Thursday the great tenor was announced to appear again.

THE "CLASSICAL WEDNESDAYS."—The "Classical Wednesdays" at the Promenade Concerts—like the Monday Popular Concerts by the way—were the result of the persistent badgering of successive managers on the part of musical critics, who believed that even among miscellaneous audiences a public existed capable of appreciating the highest forms of orchestral music. At length the critics were allowed to have their way, and half in joke, half in satire, the evening which experience showed was invariably the emptiest of the whole week was set apart for symphonies as an experiment. To the vast astonishment of managers the idea took almost from the outset; and at the present time the "Classical Wednesday" is more profitable than any other day in the week, Saturday alone excepted. It has this season been found desirable to make the preparations far in advance, and special days have accordingly been set apart for some of the best symphonies of Beethoven, Mozart, Schumann, Schubert, Spohr, and others, the claims of British music being recognised by the acceptance of Professor Villiers Stanford's *Irish* symphony. Performances of the very highest class, such as those given under Mr. Manns at the Crystal Palace, and under Dr. Richter at St. James's Hall, are of course not expected; but even in exacting music a satisfactory standard of merit is attained, and as at the Promenades alone any chance is afforded to London amateurs to listen to classical orchestral music during the autumn, these programmes are all the more acceptable. On Wednesday last a somewhat ambitious scheme was put forward. It included the *Flying Dutchman* and King's *Manfred* overtures, Schumann's pianoforte concerto, admirably played by Madame Frickenhaus, the first movement of Beethoven's violin concerto, performed by Mr. Carrodus, who is a great favourite at these concerts, and Schubert's great symphony in C, which despite the fact that the "repeats" were judiciously eliminated, proved rather too long for an audience the great majority of whom could not expect to be seated until the "classical" portion of the programme ended at about half-past ten o'clock.

OPERATIC MATTERS.—Although it is a far cry to next opera season, managers are already making their arrangements, and the air is filled with operatic rumours. Mr. Augustus Harris has, for example, just returned from Bayreuth, where he, Signor Mancinelli, and the De Reszkés have witnessed *Die Meistersinger* under Dr. Richter. An Italian version of this work will certainly be given at the Royal Italian Opera, and Mr. Harris also contemplates revivals of *Tannhäuser* and *Roberto*, and possibly an Italian version of Mr. Goring Thomas's *Esmeralda*. The De Reszkés and M. Lassalle, at any rate, have the music to study. Signor Lago also contemplates an opera season, and if Her Majesty's or Drury Lane be not available, he may open at a first-class theatre. He hopes to secure the co-operation of Madame Patti and Signor Masini. M. Carl Rosa's plans are not yet settled, but he will give preference to light opera at the Prince of Wales' in January, and, afterwards, it is not impossible that he may have a short season of English opera.

NOTES AND NEWS.—The London rehearsals for the Birmingham Festival are called at St. George's Hall from Monday to Thursday next. The two novelties will be taken on Wednesday in London without chorus, and on Saturday at Birmingham with the

whole executive force.—The Taunton Philharmonic Association, on the fiftieth anniversary, last Monday, of the production at the Lyceum of the late Sir George Macfarren's first lyrical work, *The Devil's Opera*, gave a commemorative performance of the same work at Taunton.—Dr. A. C. Mackenzie is in France, busily engaged in composing the cantata for the Jubilee of the Liverpool Philharmonic Concerts. Mr. J. Bennett is the librettist.



THE LAW COURTS, closed for the Long Vacation, will be reopened on Wednesday, October 24th, when the Michaelmas Sittings begin.

THE THREE JUDGES who constitute the Special Commission on Parnellism and Crime, Sir James Hannen, Mr. Justice Day, and Mr. Justice Smith, met on Wednesday, and decided that the inquiry should commence on October 16th. The case of the Irish party, in the proceedings before the Commission, has, it is said, been entrusted to Mr. George Lewis, solicitor, and the counsel retained to represent them include Sir Charles Russell, Q.C., M.P., Mr. R. T. Reid, Q.C., M.P., Mr. Lockwood, Q.C., M.P., and Mr. Asquith, M.P.

LORD CHIEF JUSTICE COLERIDGE has delivered a very careful judgment in a case which has excited much interest among the mercantile community. The plaintiffs were the Mogul Steamship Company (Limited), trading between England, China, and Australia, and the defendants were an association of great shipowners and others trading with China. The association had been formed to keep up freights which they considered would be ruinously lowered by unrestricted competition among shipowners. With this object, they entered into an agreement to give a rebate of five per cent. on freights of tea from China homeward to shippers who undertook to deal exclusively, and at all seasons with the vessels of members of the association. The plaintiff company joined the association in 1884, but were excluded from it in 1885, and they brought this action to have the proceedings of the defendants declared to be wrongful and malicious. In regard to the allegation that the conduct of the defendants was illegal, as being in restraint of trade, Lord Coleridge said it was no more so than if two tailors in a village agreed to give their customers five per cent. off their bills at Christmas, on condition of their dealing with them alone. On the more important point, that the motive of the defendants was to injure the plaintiffs, and that therefore the combination was actionable, Lord Coleridge said that it had given him much trouble before making up his mind. He came to the conclusion that in excluding the plaintiffs in 1885 the defendants acted not from any personal malice or ill-will, but simply from a regard to their own interests, and that they had not passed the line which separates the reasonable and legitimate selfishness of traders from wrong and malice. The defendants were entitled to judgment. Sir Henry James led for the plaintiffs, and Sir Charles Russell for the defendants.

THE SOUTHWARK POLICE MAGISTRATE refused a summons applied for to bring before him a man charged with illegally detaining a dog, which the applicant claimed as belonging to him. The ground of the magistrate's refusal was that a dog was not "goods" in the terms of the statute under which the application was made. The matter being brought before the Queen's Bench Division, it was gravely contended that though to steal a dog's collar was felony at common law, to steal the dog itself was not a criminal offence, and to recover it a civil action must be brought. Mr. Justice Hawkins put the case of a poor old blind man whose dog was stolen, and who went before a magistrate for redress; was the magistrate to say "I cannot help you; you must commence an action in *detinue*, and meanwhile you must sit still at home." The Court held that dogs were "goods" within the meaning of the statute, and the magistrate will have to grant the summons asked for.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Mr. Henry-Vizetelly has been committed at the Bow Street Police Court to be tried at the Central Criminal Court, on a charge of having published unabridged translations of some of Zola's worst novels. He was admitted to bail in his own recognisances.—A sapper of the 1st Aberdeen Engineer Volunteers was sued by his colonel in the local Sheriff's Court for £1. 16s., being the amount of capitation grant which, by not making himself efficient, he had failed to earn for the corps. The Sheriff dismissed the charge, holding that neither the Act of Parliament nor the Order in Council rendered it obligatory on a volunteer to make himself efficient for any period.—At the inquest on Larry Donovan who, as a preliminary to a match he had made for diving from Brighton Chain Pier, leaped from the Charing Cross Railway Bridge, and was drowned, the Coroner referred to the dangerous experiments now being made, and said that, terrible as this state of affairs was, it was difficult to see how they could be stopped, as long as those who made them were paid for them.—The Judge of the Newcastle County Court has decided that wild birds are the property of the owner of the land on which they sojourn while they remain on it, and he fined a man who, without the owner's permission, carried off the eggs of some wild birds from the Farne and Staple Islands.—Gallely, the Regent's Park murderer, who was to have been executed on Tuesday next, has been reprieved.



THE SEASON has become more auspicious, and the markets, while remaining firm, have ceased to advance. The area of "laid" corn in England is extraordinarily large, and harvesting will be unusually expensive, but many farmers still believe their wheat will be within ten per cent. of an average, their barley up to the mean; and their oats better than usual. Despite all disasters, 1888 does not seem likely to go down to posterity as a really bad year for cereals. The loss of hay has been so enormous that on an over-average bulk there remains for the actual consumptive wants of cattle a decidedly under-average supply, for which, however, a good aftermath may in some measure atone. The moisture in the ground in some parts of Oxfordshire and Berkshire seems too much for plant life generally, peas and tares have gone yellow, and seem to be rotting, while the show of potato-tops is so luxuriant as to augur very poorly for what is under the soil. A compensatory effect of the rainy summer is the good supply of milk. Most farmers have found their cows yielding far better than in the hot, fierce season of 1887. From the great dairying district of Cheshire we hear that the make of cheese is likely to be the heaviest supply on record. At the same time, farmers foresee expense ahead in the inferior quality of the hay, which will need supplementing with purchased food to keep the cattle in condition. There is already an improved demand for cattle spiced to mix with the new hay and make it palatable. The growth of weeds is naturally much complained of, though a Scotch farmer

in Kent writes us, with a touch of that humour generally denied to his countrymen, that "the thistles are extraordinarily fine." Old-fashioned agriculturists used to say that a good thistle would only grow in a good season in good ground, but we imagine there are thistles—and thistles. The same writer says that the strawberries have been a failure, and the currants not good, but the raspberries both abundant and fine, and the cherries better than expected. The health of stock in various parts is said to be indifferent, owing to the debilitating effect of the sodden meadows.

SCOTLAND has a danger yet to come which lower latitudes do not fear. Late as the English harvest is, the thought of "the rearguard" being nipped by frost does not add substantially to the worries of farmers. In Scotland, however, this is otherwise, and of the oats especially an appreciable acreage is lost, owing to this cause, in all but forward seasons. We should not be now pointing this out but for the fact that present appearances in North Britain are decidedly better than south of the Tweed. Wheat has greatly improved, there being many fields having heavy crops, thin and patchy fields are to be met with, but are an obvious minority. By far the greater proportion stands vigorously up on its stalk, showing a shapely and well-developed head. Barley seems to have been more laid and twisted than the wheat, but many heads of this cereal may be noticed of exceptional length and fineness; a favourable fortnight from the present date should assure a full average crop, after allowing for all losses. Oats are the best crop of the year, as they pre-eminently among cereals love moisture. A crop ten per cent. above the average may be confidently expected on present appearances, and, as oats are much more extensively grown in Scotland than wheat and barley put together, the importance of the present season to farmers is very great. Beans are a fine crop in aspect, but they are wonderfully late; only just out in bloom north of the Firth and Clyde. Potatoes are free from disease despite the July rains, but other signs of an untoward Midsummer are to be seen in overgrown haulms, blank spaces in the drills, and dwarfed or "curly-shawed" plants, as the local idiom goes. The promise of the whole crop, however, is probably about an average. Turnips, thirsty as they are, seem to have been surfeited with moisture, and many farmers declare they have not grown at all since August came in. Store cattle are in good demand, and large imports from Ireland are doing good to both the sister kingdoms. Sheep at the Scottish markets are scarce and dear, and lambs have risen 2s. to 4s. per head within the past fortnight.

THE YORKSHIRE AGRICULTURAL SOCIETY have just held their annual Show, the locality selected for 1888 being Huddersfield. Although the entries of horses were not so large as at York last year, they were tolerably well up to the average, and the outcome of stock generally was deemed satisfactory. In the classes for agricultural horses, animals of the Shire and Clydesdale breeds competed together, with the result of a considerable proportion of the prizes going to the former. In the Senior Stallion Class, however, preference was given to the Marquis of Londonderry's Castle-rough over Mr. Gibbey's Staunton Hero. The opinion of the Show-yard appeared to be about equally divided. Royal Ingram was selected as the first prize old Shorthorn bull, his chief opponent being Sir Humphrey de Trafford's Melton. The most interesting of the Shorthorn classes at the Show was that of cows and their offspring. Mr. Brierley's Snowflake, in company with Rosedale Snowflake, Rosedale Grace, and Rosedale Graceful—such a "Reign of the Roses"—were the victors in this division.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The ram-sales of the present season are going off with fair, but not extraordinary, success. Prices are remunerative, but there is not the eagerness to buy which had been predicted in some quarters.—The first wheat we have seen cutting this year was at Christchurch in Hampshire on August 11th, and hay was being made in an adjacent field.—A remarkable evidence of the recent floods, and the damage they did, was supplied on the 13th August, when on the Hampshire Stour. We noticed that the hay from the meadows was hanging on the boughs of trees for miles down stream at a height of two to three feet above the present level of the water.



CRICKET.—What the Australians are without Turner was shown on Saturday, when Gloucestershire (Mr. O. G. Radcliffe 29 and 99, Mr. F. Townsend 66 and 92) defeated them by 257 runs. What they are even with Turner on a really good wicket was shown on Monday and Tuesday in the match with England, upon which some remarks will be found in our "Topics of the Week." Here it is sufficient to say that the Australians could only make 80 and 100 to the 317 of the home side, to which Abel contributed 70, Barnes 62, and Lohmann 62 (not out). Briggs in the first innings, Peel in the second, and Barnes in both bowled exceedingly well, while Turner did his best for the colonists. Surrey accomplished an extraordinary performance in making 698 against Sussex. Mr. W. W. Read with 171, and Mr. M. P. Bowden with 189 (not out), were the highest scorers. The total is a "record" for first-class matches in England, but has twice been exceeded in Australia. There is some talk of reviving the time-honoured match of Surrey v. England, and also of arranging a third contest between the Champion County and the Australians. Sussex made some amends for their defeat by beating Lancashire, which sadly wanted Briggs. The absence of Peel and Ulyett, who were also playing for England, from the Yorkshire team, enabled Derbyshire to win their first victory this season. Kent beat Lancashire at Canterbury, chiefly owing to the fine batting of Mr. C. J. M. Fox, who made 61 (not out). Middlesex beat Derbyshire, Yorkshire defeated Cheshire, and Essex succumbed to Leicestershire by the narrow margin of 4 runs. The match between Norfolk and Herts produced an even closer finish, the result being an absolute tie. Other curiosities of the week are the score of 735 (Mr. E. Sainsbury 180, Mr. H. Brougham 117), of M.C.C. against Wilts; the all-round performance of Clarke, the Felstead School professional, who, in a local match, took all his opponents' wickets, did the "hat trick," and made 143 (not out); and the three "centuries" made in three consecutive innings by Mr. L. C. Docker, the Derbyshire "crack."

THE TURF.—The Autumn Handicaps show a curious falling-off in the matter of entries, possibly due to the new regulations with regard to foreign horses. For the Cesarewitch there are 84 entries as against 100 last year, and for the Cambridgeshire 109 as against 126. Humewood and Gloriation, last year's winners, are not entered for either event. Mr. Vyner has scratched Crowberry for the St. Leger, as Matthew Dawson found it impossible to give him a thorough preparation. Ayrshire remains at the head of the quotations, with Seabreeze next in demand, while Friar's Balsam has again been backed at 25 to 1. The Eclipse Stakes for 1891 has secured 250 entries.

On the last day of the Brighton Meeting Ingonda followed up her previous success by beating Abyeance in the Omnium Stakes, Maiden Belle won the Stewards' Plate, and Oberon ended his racing-career in England (he is going out to India) by winning the Welter Handicap. Next day, at Lewes, Sea-Shell won the Astley Stakes, the much-fancied Kingsclere youngster, Napoleon, coming



There were three young maids of Lee.
They were fair as fair can be,
And they had lovers three times three,
For they were fair as fair can be,
These three young maids of Lee



There are three old maids of Lee,
They are old as old can be,
And one is deaf, and one cannot see,
And they are all as cross as a gallows tree,
These three old maids of Lee

"THE THREE YOUNG AND THE THREE OLD MAIDS OF LEE"—TABLEAUX VIVANTS AT BLACKHEATH



THE NAVAL MOBILISATION—H.M.S. "RODNEY" RUNNING THE BLOCKADE
FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST WITH THE "B" SQUADRON



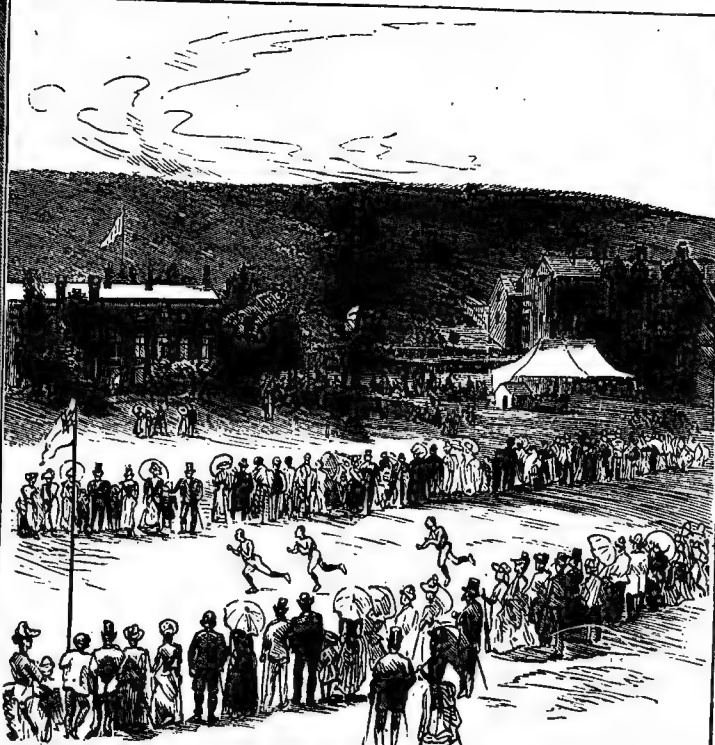
ADMIRAL CODRINGTON
Died July 29th, Aged 56



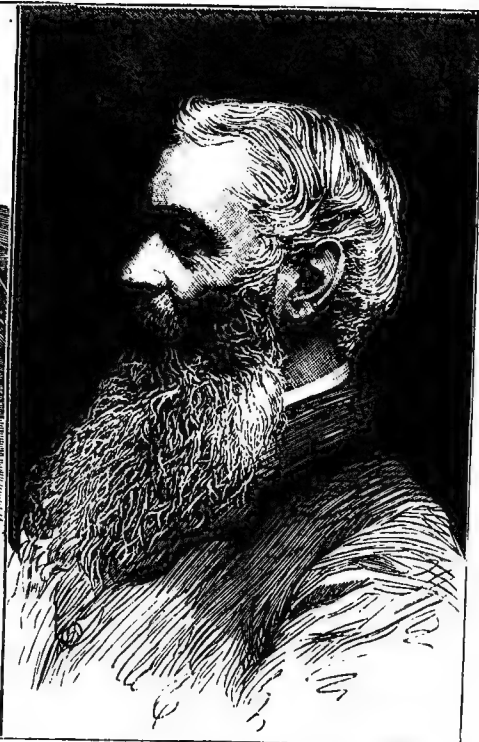
CAPTAIN JOHN SCOTT DALRYMPLE
Late of the Gold Coast Constabulary, Murdered at Taviave, in the
Cressee Country, on May 11th, Aged 32.



REV. W. T. NEWBOLD
Head Master



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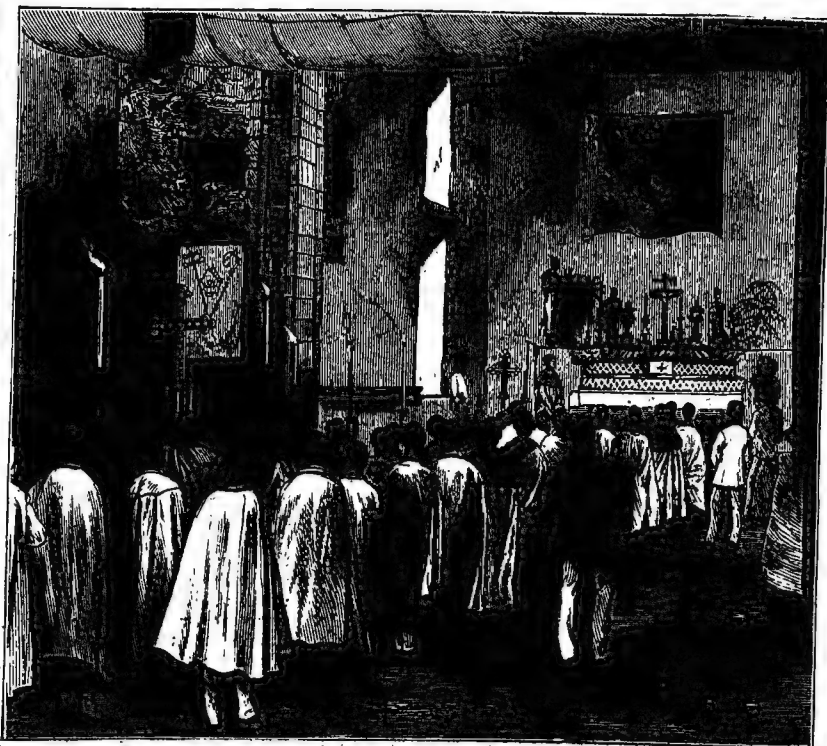


REV. J. R. MAGRATH, D.D.
Chairman of the Governors

THE TERCENTENARY OF ST. BEES GRAMMAR SCHOOL



OUTSIDE THE CATHEDRAL



INSIDE THE CATHEDRAL

A ROMAN CATHOLIC FÊTE IN INDIA—ST. PAUL'S DAY AT THE CATHEDRAL, BASSEIN, BOMBAY PRESIDENCY

to sad grief through hitting his leg; Bismarck made up for his Goodwood "swerve" by securing the De Warrenne Handicap; Althorp won the Lewes Handicap, and Assassin put another race to his credit. On Saturday Peeler won the Club Open Handicap, and Alchemist the Priory Stakes, while Objection and The Jesuit were among the other winners. Arundel secured the Bradford Handicap at Wolverhampton on Monday. Next day Abeyance won the first race on the card, and ran a dead heat with John Barleycorn in the last, the stakes being divided, while the unpronounceable Cwicchiell won the Wolverhampton Handicap. At Redcar, Help won the Two-Year-Old Stakes, and Caerlaverock the Kirkleatham Biennial Stakes, but the latter could only make a dead-heat with Aperse in the Great National Breeders' Foal Stakes. Aspen Leaf won the Wilton Plate. At Kempton Park on Wednesday the only important event was the International Breeders' Two-Year-Old Stakes, which Taxis secured for Mr. Houldsworth.

AQUATICS.—In a special race for yachts which have defended the America Cup, *Puritan* was first, *Mayflower* second, and *Volunteer* third, but the last-named has since turned the tables upon *Puritan*. Over here on Saturday *Irex* and *Yarana* had another splendid tussle in the Royal Southampton Yacht Club Regatta. *Irex* came in first, but failed to save her time on *Yarana*, which therefore took first prize. On Monday, however, in the Royal Albert Yacht Club Regatta *Irex* easily distanced her formidable opponent, and walked off with the handsome Cup.—Abel Beesley, of Oxford, won the Punting Championship on Saturday, for the thirteenth year in succession, though in the final, through losing his pole, he had a narrow escape from suffering defeat at the hands of a promising youngster, G. Haines of Windsor.—Mr. A. E. France won the Long Distance Amateur Swimming Championship at Yarmouth on Saturday, and, as this was his third successive victory, has now secured the Ulph Challenge Cup as his own property. Mr. G. Bell, a former holder, was second.

CYCLING.—Howell seems to be getting back his old form. Since we last wrote, he has secured the One Mile Championship, beating F. Wood and Robb, and also defeated W. Wood in a twenty miles' race. On Saturday, Crocker the American broke all the English "records" from two to ten miles, doing the full distance in 27 min. 8 secs., while on Tuesday his fellow-countryman, Knapp, performed the same kindly office by the fifty miles' record, doing the distance in just under two hours and a-half!

FISHES IN THEIR SEASON—THE LOCH LEVEN TROUT

ONCE upon a time, let us say "sixty years since," the Loch Leven trout ranked in Scotland as an ichthyological mystery, which it was thought would never be penetrated. For many years it was constantly asserted that *Salmo Levenensis* had no home, and never could or would have any other home, than Loch Leven—that classic sheet of water on an island of which may yet be seen the ruins of the castle-prison of Scotland's most unfortunate Queen, Mary Stuart. But to-day the mysterious fish has been acclimatised in probably two hundred lochs and rivers, a feat which half-a-century ago would have been thought impossible. Tens of thousands of these trout have, moreover, during the last six or seven years been bred in piscicultural fashion at various "fisheries" from whence they have been distributed throughout the United Kingdom, and sent likewise to some parts of Continental Europe, as also to one or two places in the United States of America, where they are reported to be thriving.

Scotland has always been proud of its mysterious fishes, of which there are at least two, and although the "flavour of the romantic," with which the celebrated trout of Loch Leven has always been largely endowed in days that have passed away, has been less pronounced during the last twelve or fourteen years, there still remains the vendace of Lochmaben (Castle Loch, county of Dumfries), which is not known to exist anywhere but in Scotland, and to inhabit only that one sheet of water in that country. The vendace, unfortunately never at any time a plentiful fish, is annually, it is said, becoming less so, and of late fears have been expressed that within a very short period it may become altogether extinct, which would be much to be regretted for many reasons. The possibility of such an event ought to incite our pisciculturists to take active steps for the preservation of this unique fish. Why should not an effort be made at once to ensure its multiplication and consequent preservation on the same plans that have proved so successful in increasing the trout of Loch Leven? So far as we know, no practical difficulties stand in the way of the vendace being pisciculturally treated, and by the expenditure of a little time and attention it might, in all probability, be largely multiplied. The utility of breeding it, however, will require to be considered; if vendace became plentiful, the fish of Lochmaben would no longer be remarkable, while, as a rule, the great majority of fresh-water fish are of no commercial importance, and make a poor show on the table, no matter how skilfully they may be cooked.

The trout of Loch Leven, however, has long possessed an excellent reputation as a table-fish. Before the days when railways became available, quantities of *Salmo Levenensis* found their way to market, and were regularly offered for sale by fishmongers in Edinburgh and Glasgow at a high price; nor were these fine trout unknown in England. Very few of them now reach the markets; anglers carry home all they capture. Taking the fish of Loch Leven all over, they weigh a pound each, larger ones being not infrequently caught; but in a basket of fifteen, it may almost be set down as a certainty that the weight of the lot will not be less than thirteen, or more than seventeen, pounds. As I am writing there arrives the result of a day's fishing, with the weights of the different takes of the fishermen, among which are seventeen fish, weighing exactly that number of pounds. Other lots "pan out" in similar fashion, baskets of twenty and twelve weighing eighteen and a-half and thirteen pounds. These, as the reader will note, are trout worth catching in respect of size, and not less so in respect of flavour, which is far before that of the yellow, or brook, trout; indeed, it may be affirmed that for table use the fish of Loch Leven are equal to sea trout.

How this fish came by its beautiful colour—its flesh is pink, and of a hue similar to that of the salmon, only not quite so intense—is still matter of surmise, although the subject has been frequently and intelligently discussed by many of our most learned naturalists, such as Jardine, Yarrell, and Couch. One of the reasons which has been given is difficult to get over, it is in plain language that "it has been always so," and so it undoubtedly has, but as no fresh-water trout other than that of Loch Leven is known to be of the same colour, the controversy required, of course, to be fought on a wider basis, and the conclusion arrived at by some of those who gave much attention to the subject was that the cause of the peculiar colour lay in the food to which these fishes have access. Others again, who also gave time to the investigation, asserted that in all likelihood the so-called trout is a descendant of land-locked salmon. There are, doubtless, many who will smile at such a "theory," but, as has been asked, "Who knows what took place in the beginning?" We hear now and again of some fish that are described as fresh-water herrings, and among them the vendace. There are land-locked salmon in America, and there is no improbability in the theory that the fish we know as the Loch Leven trout may be the descendants of salmon shut out from the sea by a sudden convulsion of nature. As is well-known, *Salmo salar* can live in either salt or fresh-water, in the latter of which it is

born; and, therefore, it is not difficult to conceive that in time it has become reconciled, and is able to feed and breed in such a sheet of water as Loch Leven.

It is an old saying of the folks who live in the vicinity of the loch that it was at one time inhabited by eleven different kinds of fish, although it would, we think, be somewhat difficult to name them. It is quite certain, however, that in addition to the salmon-coloured trout, a common sort is also to be found in that vast expanse of water, of which examples are frequently caught. The perch, too, used to be taken in the loch in large numbers, as also that "fell tyrant of the liquid plain," the pike. Loch Leven is likewise famous for its eels, which are "large, fat, and luscious," and find their way every year in considerable quantities to London, and to other parts of England as well. It is a matter of tradition that fine char were at one time found in this famous sheet of water, which the late Mr. Frank Buckland used to say was the biggest and finest trout-pond he had ever seen.

At one time the fish of Loch Leven were chiefly captured by means of the net, the lake being let by its proprietor to a tenant for the purpose of being so fished, and the trout sold to the public. At present these fine fish are all taken by anglers, the loch being now held on lease from its owner by an angling association on behalf of its members and their friends, and for the use of all "honest anglers" who choose to fish in its waters, the company being remunerated from the hire of their boats and men by those who come to fish. All anglers on Loch Leven retain their catch, which is not the rule on some Scottish waters, where fishermen are made to pay so much per week for the rather questionable privilege of catching trout or salmon for the benefit, perhaps, of a hotel-keeper who is owner or lessee of the loch or stream on which they cast their fly. Loch Leven is now greatly used for friendly competitions between rival fishing associations, during the progress of which, on some days in the fishing season, quite a fleet of boats may be seen on the water, each containing a couple of anxious anglers busily engaged in his work. In the course of these friendly fights many dozens of fine trout are usually caught. As Loch Leven is a large sheet of water, there is ample room for a score or two of boats, and at such tournaments as many as two thousand pounds' weight of trout will be captured in the course of the season by the clubs engaged in the competition, whilst other anglers, fishing on their own account, will probably basket four or five times that weight. The supply in the loch is kept up, or at least aided, by means of the piscicultural plan of breeding, thousands of ova being annually hatched under proper protection, the baby fish obtained in that manner being placed in the tributaries of the loch to which, as they gain in size and strength, they gradually work their way, and in due time afford sport to anglers. In the course of some former years, when the loch was netted by the lessees of its waters, 20,000 lbs. weight of trout were obtained, the size of the individual fish, taking them all over, being represented by fifteen ounces. The trout of Loch Leven, although abundant, are anything but tame, and are not to be taken as a matter of course; as has been said of some other animals, "they are game to the backbone," and fight as true warriors do for their lives. The loch was at one period reputed to be eleven miles in circumference, but when it was drained, in the year 1830, its extent was very considerably reduced; its waters still, however, cover an area of over 3,500 Imperial acres, and, as has been shown, its fish are plentiful.

J. G. B.

ANTIQUARIAN DISCOVERY AT PETERBOROUGH CATHEDRAL

IN the course of the works which have during the past five years been in progress for the restoration of Peterborough Cathedral, several discoveries of great antiquarian value have been made. The first undertaking entered upon was the taking down and rebuilding of the central tower, which was in a most dangerous condition. In excavating the foundations of the new north-west pier, which supports the rebuilt tower, a subterranean passage and small chamber, constructed in finely-hewn stone, were opened up. The latter is supposed to have been a secret treasure chamber of the old monastery; but undoubtedly the most interesting discovery is that of the foundations and part of the walls and floor of the original Saxon church, which was built about the time of King Canute, and was burned down in 1118. This church was of cruciform design, apparently about half the size of the present cathedral. The basement of the walls of the choir and south transept of this church have been uncovered in the south transept of the present Cathedral. The Saxon nave was partly within and partly without the present south aisle, the north transept reaching across the present nave under the central tower. Within the last few weeks, in the course of excavations necessary for the underpinning of the bulging walls of the north transept of the Cathedral, the several relics of which we are able to furnish engravings (from drawings by Mr. Hubert Walker) have been brought to light; each has its special interest, but the stone at the upper part of the sketch (Fig. 1) is most remarkable for the richness and beauty of the design.

The stone is a monumental slab, marking doubtless a burial beneath the spot where it was found, immediately outside the south wall of the Saxon Church; one end of the slab, which came in the line of the foundations of the Norman church, was broken off by the twelfth-century builders. The length of the slab without this fragment is 5 ft. 6 in., its width at the widest part being 1 ft. 11 inches; the foot stone represented in the engraving stands at the foot of the slab; there was probably a head stone, which would be removed when the slab was broken.

The design is that of a four-fold cross, the arms of the cross nearest the head being in part on that fragment of the stone which has been broken away; the limbs of the crosses are marked by a double border of twisted cable-work, parts of the outer border being plain. The surface of the cross is ornamented by a rich interlacing pattern; the spaces between the limbs are filled, the two centre ones with star crosses, three with interlacing work, while one is plain. Figs. 2 and 3 represent stones of somewhat similar design, though they are far less rich in character and workmanship, the crosses being plain, and the spaces filled with interlacing work. No. 3 was found in close proximity to the stone already described. No. 2 was found some time since in two fragments. Fig. 4 represents a small stone, 2 ft. 1 in. in length, and 12 in. wide at its broadest part, probably the monument of a child; the design of the cross, &c., points to its being of a later date.

It is intended that the stones shall be raised on a plinth above the level of the new floor, in their original positions, whenever subscriptions are received to enable the Restoration Committee to proceed with their work; at present, they are absolutely without funds, and the dismantled choir and floorless transepts, separated from the rest of the cathedral by an ugly screen of plain deal reaching from the floor to the roof, bear witness to the difficulties with which those charged with the work of restoration have to contend in these times of depression, and in a purely agricultural district.

THE ANGLO-DANISH EXHIBITION closes next Saturday.

THE HAWAIIAN ARMY mourns its past glories. The forces have been reduced to sixty-five men and a military band.

THE VOYAGE FROM ENGLAND TO SIBERIA by the Polar Sea and the Jenisei has just been successfully accomplished by a British trading steamer.

A BRONZE STATUE of Lieutenant Waghorn, the pioneer and founder of the Overland Route, has been unveiled by Lord Northbrook at Chatham, Waghorn's birthplace.

THE THIRD INTERNATIONAL CONGRESS UPON INLAND NAVIGATION opens at Frankfurt-on-Main to-morrow (Sunday). An exhibition of plans and models will be held, and the members of the Congress will visit the neighbouring navigation works.

A HUGE GLOBE OF THE WORLD will be shown at the Paris Exhibition next year. The most insignificant spots will be clearly marked, as the globe is to be large enough to contain a conference hall for 300 people. It will turn on its axis every twenty-four hours.

THE QUEEN'S CATS join the Royal journeys like Her Majesty's favourite dogs. When the Court went to Osborne this summer the Windsor Castle pet pussies formed part of the suite, so the fashion set by Royalty is being widely copied by London ladies leaving town for the holidays.

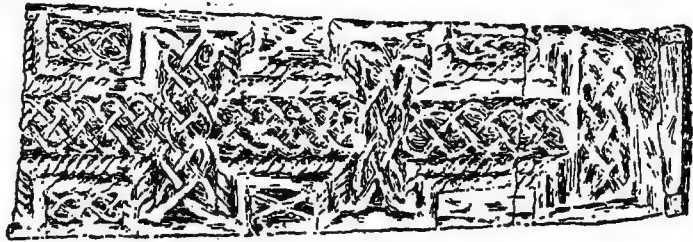
THE BOARD OF AGRICULTURE.—On August 11th Mr. W. H. Smith obtained leave to bring in a Bill for establishing a Board of Agriculture for Great Britain, and the measure was read a first time. Agriculturists will receive this proposal as an earnest—though as an earnest only—of what the Government mean to do in meeting their just wants of a Minister of Agriculture.

GOOD.—Out of fifteen meat cargoes arriving during the past month, the "Circular of the New Zealand Mercantile Agency Company" report, thirteen cargoes "good," one irregular, and the other fair. Thus the problem seems solved of shipping and delivering meat in good order. The cargoes together included nearly 200,000 sheep, and the prices ranged, per lb., from 3½d. to 6½d.

THE TERRIBLE EARTHQUAKES AT CASAMICCIOLA five years ago, when nearly three thousand persons perished, are at last being partially forgotten by the Italians. This season the Ischian latiss are as crowded as before the catastrophe. For several years the island not only suffered from the actual loss and damage caused by the earthquake, but from the absence of visitors, who furnish such a lucrative harvest. Now at last the houses are rebuilt, and the bathers tempted back again. No more stone buildings are permitted, as they caused the chief loss of life by crushing and burying their inmates, but only light wood and iron structures have been erected.

PRINCE BISMARCK IS NOW A MASTER-TAILOR. The Berlin Tailors' Guild elected the Chancellor an Honorary Member in return for his protection of German artisans, and the diploma presented to the Prince bears a curious mixture of the Bismarck Arms with such emblems of the craft as scissors, needles and thread, flat-iron, and so forth. A Munich journal points out that this distinction especially suits such an eminent "cutter-out" as Prince Bismarck. He was the most expert of tailors when he cut out and fitted together the present Imperial uniform of the German nation. In 1866 he cut out the body of the uniform in the North, and fastened it solidly as the North German Confederation. Four years later he added the tails of the coat in South Germany and Alsace-Lorraine, sewing them together with Napoleonic thread, so that the uniform was complete and ready to be worn at Versailles in January, 1871.

MOUNTAINEERING IN SWITZERLAND is now in full activity, the weather having cleared at last. The first ascent of the Matterhorn this year has accordingly been made by a climber from Zurich, and, unfortunately, the first accident of the season follows close after. Two Englishmen, named Ball, scaling the Dent du Midi on Saturday, fell over a precipice, one being found seriously hurt, while the body of the other is still missing. Similar disasters continue in the Austrian Tyrol. Thus, a Prussian tourist fell over a precipice on the Cruenkopf, receiving well-nigh fatal injuries, a Viennese is missing near Brixen, and an Englishman, Mr. Dimsdale, has been entirely lost sight of during his tour in the Tyrol, so that the worst is feared. Nor are the tourist misfortunes in Switzerland confined to mountaineers. A pleasure party on the Lake of Geneva rowing to Clarens were capsized by the wash of a steamer, and three girls were drowned. By the by, it is the old, unused, Devil's Bridge at Andermat which has collapsed, and not the new arch, built only half-a-century since. The latter is still quite safe, and available for traffic.



— No. 1. —



— No. 2. —



— No. 3. —



— Foot stone of No. 1. —



— No. 4. —

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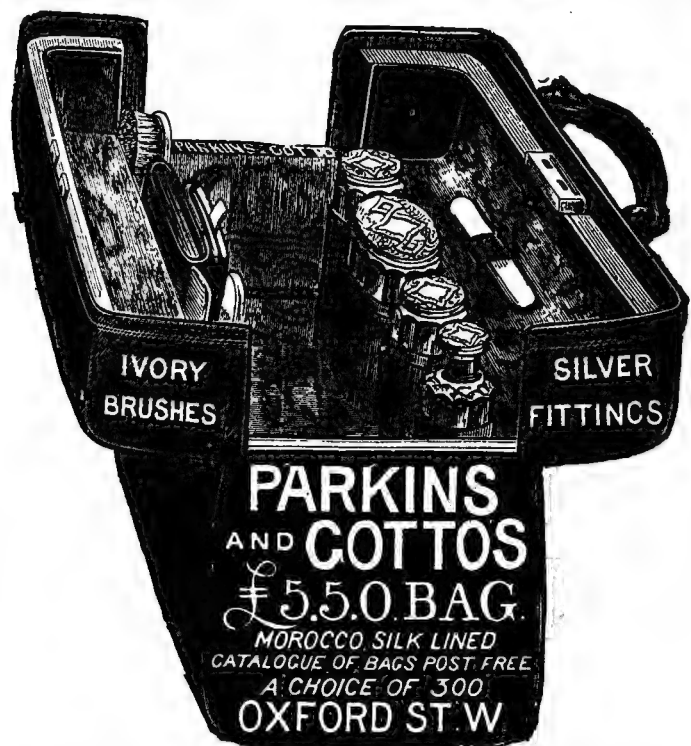
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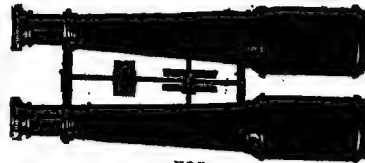
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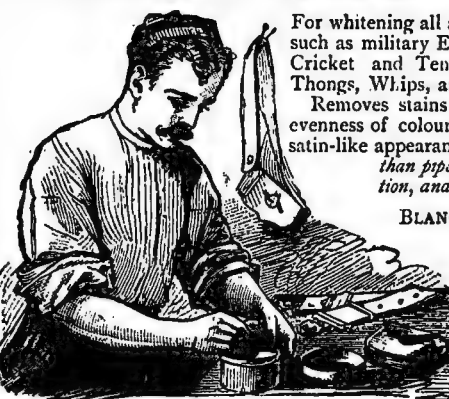
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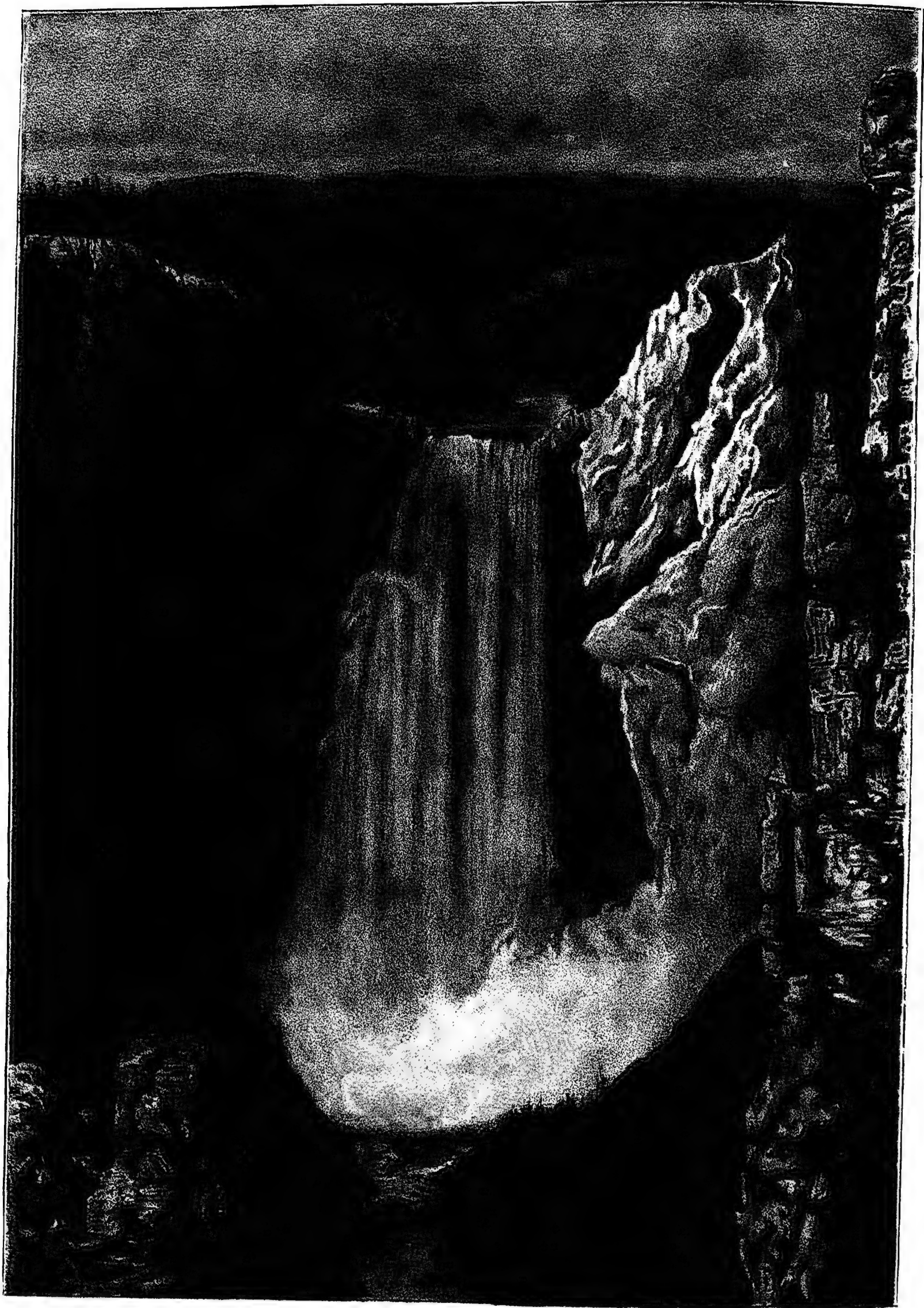
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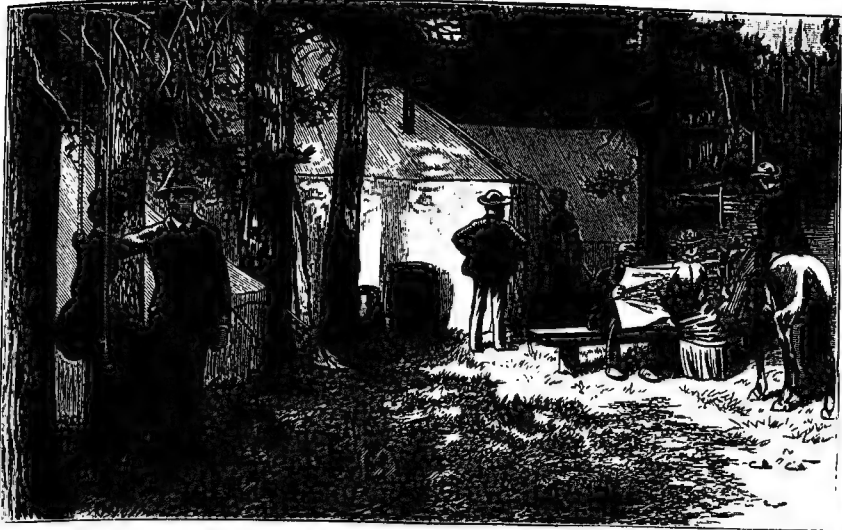


THE GREAT OR LOWER FALLS OF THE YELLOWSTONE, 360 FEET HIGH
FACSIMILE OF A DRAWING MADE FROM NATURE BY T. H. THOMAS, R.C.A., SHOWING THE EXACT COLOURING OF THE ROCK FORMATIONS

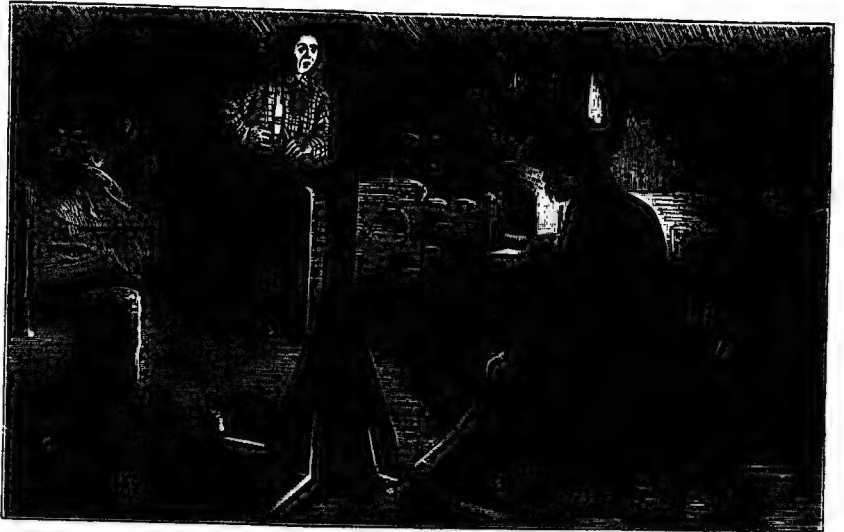
YELLOWSTONE PARK ILLUSTRATED—II.

YELLOWSTONE PARK ILLUSTRATED—II.

FROM SKETCHES BY T. H. THOMAS, R.C.A., SPECIAL ARTIST OF "THE GRAPHIC"



MRS. FINCH'S CAMP HOTEL, FIRE-HOLE BASIN



IN A TENT HOTEL, NORRIS BASIN—STRANGE BEDFELLOWS



APPROACH TO ROCKY MOUNTAINS AND YELLOWSTONE RIVER



GULF OF "EXCELSIOR" GEYSER, AND OVERFLOW TO FIRE-HOLE RIVER

Yellowstone Park Illustrated

II.

A "NORRIS," OR "GIBBON," BASIN we are in the land of real geysers, not indeed the greatest, but of a size which will prepare us for what is further to be seen. The springs called by courtesy geysers at Mammoth can only base their pretensions to the name upon the minutest agreement with the meaning "of the Icelandic word *geysa*, to gush—from which 'geyser' is derived." Thus saith the guide-book.

The tract upon which the phenomena are exhibited covers about 170 acres, a great plain of white deposit, composed chiefly of lime and silica, with sulphur. A belt of pine-forest surrounds it, many of the trees at the edge of which stand white and dead, killed by the encroachment of the hot deposits, and partly silicified by infiltration. In the midst of this heated desert of white, an oasis or two of pines give the eye rest with their dark green. The deposit is very friable, and is crossed by many fissures, out of which steam and sulphurous vapours reek. The crust seems everywhere hollow, and reverberations are heard below, pools of scalding water are at every turn, and on some portions of the formation one is in danger at every step of a jet of steam from some vent-hole. What with the heat radiating from the soil and beating down from the heavens, Norris Basin on an autumn noon can probably challenge any locality outside Tophet and the Tropics in the matter of heat. Faint with heat, sick with sulphur-fumes, constantly startled by steam-jets and the crumbling of the floor beneath the feet, the time the tourist spends here is not a very happy one, but the sight of the almost constant activity within a great hollow area of the "Fountain," "Twin," and "Triplet" geysers makes amends. Here, too, are pools of boiling mud of various colours, and a geyser of the first-class as to size, called the "Monarch," may at times be seen in eruption. A small geyser in rapid action, called the "Minute Man," is close beside the road, and always lively.

On, southwards, there is the pretty open country of Elk Park to be crossed, when we arrive at the commencement of Gibbon Cañon, a ravine full of strangeness and beauty. High above us, as we enter we see the steam of a group of vents, then the valley narrows, and has the character of an Alpine gorge, broken here and there by little plateaux of white, in which hot springs are seated. The River Gibbon now tears its way among rocks and then meanders peacefully in a wider bed, immense cliffs hang above shrouded by pine, the road is niched into the flank of the cliffs and has some bits where, of two evils, the traveller prefers to stumble over the boulders of the river-bed. To see a stage well-stowed with travellers coming down the grade to the ford in this Canon is a pleasant sight for those fond of feats with the "ribbons"—the careful descent, the anxious faces peering out from the tilt, the sudden submergence, the struggles of the team among the boulders, the pitching and swaying of the whole "rig" on the slender hickory wheels, is delightful to the spectator. Here, however, as upon the thousand other nasty bits in the West, accidents rarely happen, and every one must admire the way in which Western drivers handle their unwieldy-looking teams of six or eight horses or mules, the pairs of which are termed, according to their position, "wheelers," "leaders," "point," and "swing."

A little to the west of the ford are the Gibbon Falls, which have been so successfully photographed in his "Mammoth" Series by Mr. J. Haynes. Although one of the minor sights of this region, this Fall would be a great feature elsewhere, with its considerable volume and height of over eighty feet. What the beautiful Swallow Fall of North Wales is on a small, this is on a large, scale. After baking on Norris Basin and weltering in Elk Park, the traveller pants for water-brooks, and an hotel planted among the exquisite scenery of this part of the Gibbon should be a success.

A few miles of forest ascent from the Gibbon River, and we descend to its tributary, the Firehole River, the name of which prepares us for something extraordinary. From the declivity we see southward dense masses of forest, out of which pillars of cloud arise in groups, extending for many miles. They give at first sight the idea that the country is peopled, and that they are the signs of energy in manufacture; then at once there flows into the mind the somewhat appalling idea that they are really from vents of volcanic energy, perhaps capable still of suddenly changing the whole aspect of the panorama, and leaving it a chaos of fire-smitten rock, as has been the case in New Zealand.

At early morning these clouds of steam have a very remarkable appearance, standing with almost unchanging outline against the sky, as seen in our illustration. If there be a gust of wind, they seem to "curtsey" to one another in a gracious manner, and then regain the perpendicular.

Soon we are on the banks of the Firehole River, and see—an *embarras de richesses*—on one bank a tent-hotel, prettily grouped in a meadow beside the stream, with a pine-clad butte in the background, and across a branch of the stream a real hotel, built of logs, and with apparently all sorts of conveniences surrounding it. We cross the ford, draw up at the verandah, and become a guest of Marshall and Henderson's, glad to forget that such a thing as a tent exists. And here we may note the contrariety of human nature: a few nights' packing in log-houses on more or less ancient buffalo-ropes makes one long for tents; and a few nights in tents, with temperature about 28 deg., restore one's belief in log-houses. But Henderson's is not a house to tire of. Our illustration will give an idea of the prettiness of the position—on a narrow island, with a shallow river of slightly tepid water, being chiefly derived from the hot springs, flowing round it, and backed by rocky hills crowned by pines. Beside the house is a hot pool, the water from which is led to the bath-house and into a washing-trough in the hotel, over which sacrilege no doubt the ardent naïad of the spring weeps copiously.

This point is central for the various routes in the Park. Northward lies the road we have traversed from Mammoth Hot Springs; from the west enters Bassett's stage from Beaver Cañon, about one hundred miles away, connecting with the Union Pacific Railway and Utah; to the south are the Great Geyser Basins, Upper, Middle, and Lower, and to the east runs the road to Yellowstone Lake, the Great Falls, and the Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone.

Our route is southward into the heart of the geyser tracts, and a short ride brings us to the Lower Basin by a road from which we gaze upon the great plateaux of that and the Middle Basin stretched before us, marked with clouds of steam.

Reaching the formation, we see a graceful display from a geyser, arising from a large pool, to a height of forty feet. Little noise or vibration accompanies the eruption, and it stands, an iridescent column, surmounted by millions of brilliants flashing in the sun, sharply silhouetted against the deep blue of the sky. This is the "Fountain" Geyser, which pours forth its waters at intervals of about four hours. The display soon terminates, and we pass to the great mud-pools and craters, called the "Paint Pots," which are the most remarkable sight upon this plateau. These combine the sublime and the ridiculous. There is an element of terror in the heat and force which sustain in constant ebullition the great cauldron of milk-white mud, and which twist and work the rose-coloured craters. The great reservoir is filled with silicious mud, out of which white bubbles—as large as, and irresistibly reminding one of, so many bald pates—emerge, swell, and burst. Around this central mass of white, which steams and fills the air with a dead, semi-sulphurous odour, is a space of ruddy mud, fissured and cracked hideously, upon which craters of

three or four feet high open their great pustular mouths, showing throats which seem to writhe in agonies of suffocation, and, after repeated efforts, succeed in disgorging red pellets.

Again on the bank of the Firehole River, we resist the temptation to cross a wooden bridge and visit the wonders of the Midway Basin, leaving them for our return, and pass the long margin of it as it meets the river, noting the steaming streams that sweep down its sides.

Two miles further, ascending a slope, we emerge on the Upper Geyser Basin, the road passing the strangely-formed mound of the Grotto Geyser—a mass of pure white geysereite, pierced by two openings, the discharges from which have caused the deposit to form masses of the strange form seen in our illustration. In eruption the direction of the tubes and the form of the mound give strange variety to the fountain, which, with great lashing and roaring sounds, splashes in all directions, the greater stream, however, ascending to a height of fifty feet. The eruptions last as much as an hour.

From this point a grand panorama spreads before us—the great geyser region, grey and white in colour, with streaks of brown-dried herbage, divided by the Firehole River, which derives so much of its waters from it, and bounded by that very dense forest of pines characteristic of the Rocky Mountains. The whole basin is somewhat triangular in shape, and comprises about four square miles. Upon it open almost all the greatest geysers of the world, and the number of hot springs upon it is not less than fifteen hundred.

Near us is the great "Castle" Geyser, which possesses the most imposing crater in the Park. Its whole base is not less than three and a half acres in extent. Upon this is a sort of platform, which has a somewhat laminated appearance. The "Castle" towers above this platform some eighteen feet. Its energy in eruption is very great; but it seems to be rarely in full action, though continually groaning and throwing out jets to a height of from twelve to twenty feet. In the "Great Divide," by Lord Dunraven, will be found a remarkable description of an eruption of the "Castle," which gives very perfectly the mingled impression of sublimity and comicality which many of the phenomena of the Park impress upon the mind.

A beautiful scene is formed by "Pool Beautiful," "Diana's Well," or "Devil's Well"—for it has all these names—in the foreground, and the great mound in the distance. The pool is most exquisitely shapen—almost perfectly circular, and confined by a charming raised rim of geysereite of almost exactly twenty feet diameter. The rim has a beautiful pearly tint and coral-like incrustation, while the heated waters it limits show every shade of emerald and azure as the bottom deepens to the central tube by which it is supplied. Such pools are frequent in the Park—sometimes opening on the great geyser plateaux, sometimes hidden away among the pines, but, whenever seen, arresting the traveller by their beauty of fairy.

While looking upon this gem, a curious blowing noise heard above the growling of the "Castle" made us look southward; and there, at the other end of the plateau, half a mile away, surrounded at a respectful distance by groups of people, who looked like flies upon a surface of sugar, soared into the air an immense geyser, not less than one hundred feet in height, and surmounted by a lofty cloud of steam that waved like a huge banneret, the noise of the impulsion being wafted to us—now loud, now soft—by the breeze.

We stood still, astonished at the beauty of the spectacle, when, after a strong gush, the column of water seemed to break; then another stream shot up not so high, another, and another, each less powerful, when the water ceased to leap, and only the cloud of steam rising from the drenched ground and the rivulets flowing to the river remained to show what had occurred. We had seen our first eruption of "Old Faithful," and determined to make a nearer acquaintance at his next appearance. Meanwhile, near to us was the queer "Sawmill" Geyser in full work, a toy geyser of five or six yards high, which makes the grating noise of a saw driven at high speed through a log, and flinging up the water by what may be described as separate mouthfuls. Ascending and descending blobs often meet, and flash like a broken glass-ball.

Space would fail us to describe the many great geysers which are destined to play for our benefit, and those which would not. Geysers are most annoyingly feminine in their ways—unpunctual to a proverb, irregular in their action, promising all things by subtle indications, performing, indeed, but always either before or after their promised time. The naïad of "Old Faithful" alone is true, and she, with feminine exaggeration of good qualities, is really too exact to her sixty-five minutes. The racing and chasing on the banks of the "Firehole" is absurd; we are devoutly admiring "Old Faithful," then the "Fan" at the other end of the plateau raises its lovely expansion of waters, the carters rattle their "rigs" towards her, the pony-men gallop, people on foot scurry, all perspire. On their arrival the "Fan" gives a final flirt and sinks into her pool, or gives a few little derisive skips before she becomes totally quiescent. Meanwhile the "Splendid," or "Comet," sets off roaring, as if about to begin. Everybody gathers round, and nothing comes of it; but the "Beehive," at a distance, is seen to fling its wonderful column into the air. As to the "Grand," or "Giantess," their favourite trick is to despoil the weary wayfarer of his beauty-sleep, or drag him out in the earliest morn into the freezing air. But they are also feminine in that their beauty makes amends.

To give an exact idea of the appearance and action of one of the great geysers, it may be well to simply quote the description of the mound of deposit and crater of "Old Faithful," with its mode of action, as given by Lieutenant Doane and Dr. Hayden in the "Report of the United States Government Survey":—"Close around the opening, which is 2 feet by 6 feet inside, are built up walls 8 feet in height, of spherical modules from 6 inches to 3 feet in diameter; these, in turn, are covered on the surface with minute globules of stalagmite, incrustated with a thin glazing of silica. The rock at a distance appears the colour of ashes of roses, but near at hand shows a metallic grey, with pink and yellow margins of the utmost delicacy. Being constantly wet, the colours are brilliant beyond description. Sloping gently from this rim of the crater, in every direction, the rocks are full of cavities, in successive terraces, forming little pools, with margins of silica the colour of silver, the cavities being of irregular shape, constantly full of hot water, and precipitating delicate coral-like beads of bright saffron. These cavities are also fringed with rock around the edges, in meshes as delicate as the finest lace. Diminutive yellow columns rise from their depth, capped with small tablets of rock, and resembling flowers growing in the water; some of them are filled with oval pebbles of brilliant white, and others with a yellowish frostwork. . . . Receding still further from the crater, the cavities become larger and the water cooler, causing changes in the brilliant colouring, and also in the formation of the deposits. They are often apparently as delicate as the down on the butterfly's wing, both in texture and colouring, yet are firm and solid beneath the tread.

"The eruption of 'Old Faithful' begins with some preliminary splashes or spurts—from three to a dozen or more—which appear like abortive attempts of eruption. These continue for about four minutes, becoming more and more powerful, when they are followed by a rapid succession of jets, which escape with a roar, and soon attain the maximum height of 125 to 150 feet; clouds of steam rise at times to a height of 500 feet. In a few seconds after the maximum is attained the column dies down, with occasional vigorous spurts. The water eruption lasts from four to five minutes, and the steam period is indefinite."

This description, written with scientific precision, will help to give an idea of the sublime scenes to be witnessed on this basin. The geysers named "Giant," "Giantess," "Castle," and "Grand," are of far greater force than "Old Faithful," and not inferior in beauty, while the "Beehive," "Splendid," "Comet," and others are

of almost equal importance. Add to these countless smaller manifestations, and hundreds of lovely pools studding the plain with spots of colour like the eyes of huge peacock-feathers, and labyrinths of delicately-woven lace-like geysereite, glistening in the fierce sunlight like the webs of Broddingnagian spiders, and we may figure the wondrous scene. For ourselves, the time spent on this Upper Geyser Basin was thronged with intense excitement—the stupendous energies at work, the appalling beauties of the great fountains—"belles à faire peur"—the explosions, the vibrating floor, the fantastic unreality of the whole, under the furnace heat of the sun, caused a fever of the nerves, which in part returns in writing a memorial of it.

A basin upon the borders of Shoshone Lake, some twelve miles further south, is well worthy of a visit, and the more that in reaching it the Continental Divide must be crossed. In this direction, set in the midst of the forest, is the massive cone of pure white deposit of the Lone Star Geyser, of which we give an illustration. Of its frequent eruptions, rising to a height of 50 feet, the chipmunks and blue jays are usually the only spectators.

The Midway Geyser Basin, which we passed on our route southwards, is but two miles off, and, keeping on the west side of the Firehole River, vents and springs are to be seen throughout our ride thither. It occupies the tongue of land between the Firehole and its tributary, Iron Spring Creek. Here we do not seek, at present, for geysers, but are upon a land of great boiling springs—the Egeria, the Prismatic Pool, and the "Caldron," *alias* the Excelsior Gulf, and "Hell's Half-Acre."

The Western mind is elastic as to the application of names, especially in cases of Plutonian nomenclature, and thus it is difficult to localise the last name; some allege that the Prismatic Pool is the "Half-Acre;" others, indeed the majority, so denominate the whole weird plateau, oblivious of the fact that it occupies a space of a mile in length by a quarter-mile in width. Upon this space open two huge and consummately lovely boiling pools, the "Turquoise," a deep, blue-tinted, almost square sheet of water, measuring 100 feet in diameter; and the greatest and most beautiful spring in the Park, oval in form, and measuring 250 by 350 feet, an area upon which every beauty of colour seems to gather, and which is well-named the "Prismatic Spring." Bounded by a delicate lip of purest white coral, supported by little terraces of coloured deposit, this fairy pool shows a shallow border of pale lemon and fawn colour, as the water deepens gradually it shows every tint of sea-green and blue, until in the profound central portion the deep Atlantic indigo hue is reached, a continuous gentle pulsation renders every tint shifting, while above hangs a bright canopy of steam, receiving, reflecting, refracting all the tints of the iris in never-ceasing movement. This exquisite jewel is set in the midst of a mournful plain of ash-coloured deposit, about which shallow steaming streams meander, and from which mouldering logs of half-silicified pine protrude.

At a short distance, and in stern contrast to the beauty of this Spring, the awful Gulf of the Excelsior Geyser, now dormant, opens. It is a chasm of rugged outline, measuring some 330 feet by 200 feet. Here there has been no gradual formation of mound or cone, but the impetuous monster beneath has hurled up the strata bodily. The sides of the pit overhang, and many masses of rock are on the point of sinking into the abyss. At about twenty feet below the boiling contents of the cauldron are in eternal tumult, and seem to threaten another of the stupendous eruptions which, down to 1881, used to shake the whole region, and change the Firehole River into a boiling flood of twice its normal volume. The seething waters now shake the neighbourhood of the pit with constant vibrations, and huge columns of steam arise to hundreds of feet, sweeping all around the awful hollow in suffocating masses, through which, now and again, a glimpse of the dark blue scalding waves may be caught, or, at the opening, where the overflow descends to the river, which we engrave, a clearer view may be obtained by the observer, screened from the hot vapours by the rocks of the slope. After the earthquake which devastated Charleston, this geyser is said to have been again in activity.

We return to the fork of the Firehole to Marshall's hotel, glad to regain the shelter of a house. We do all the damage we can with that hateful implement the nickel-plated knife, the bane of American travel, to the "grub-pile" of elk and moose-meat with various "fixings" which is laid before us, and drink our tea thankfully. A hint of that unbelief in the reality of "wild meat" which we have previously expressed, brings our host over to us with a face of great solemnity: he beckons us out, and taking us to a young forked pine before the house, he indicates, with a dramatic gesture, a moose skull fixed in the cleft. "That," he said, "is the head of the moose off of which you have had your supper." It was evening, the wind sighed among the pines, and as we gazed reverentially upon the relic, one of the empty eye-sockets became slowly obscured by what appeared to be, nay, certainly was, an eyelid, and a wink of great impressiveness was materialised by some sarcastic spirit.

We turned and visited the log-hut beside the hotel, upon a beam of which appeared the word "Saloon." Leaning against the bar, stood a hunter, tall, with a head and frame not unlike the great Abraham Lincoln, King of Men. He was picturesque, in rough shirt, leathers, sombrero, and belt of cartridges. At his elbow were the two little glasses necessary in the exhibition of "Old Bourbon;" they were empty—one usually sees them so. One glass is placed before the patient filled with whiskey, the other with water. The former liquid instantly disappears, and is closely followed by the latter. Thus, the patient is considered to sustain the most exhilarating form of shock with the least constitutional disturbance.

Returning to the heat of the stove in the hall, we found a representative group of all sorts and conditions of men, prospectors, "pilgrims," "tender-feet" and "rustlers" from the district, an American and an English Professor, a lady novelist, &c., such as meet in these places. The travellers discuss routes, hear of the glories of the places they have missed seeing from the lips of those who have seen them, and listen with due amazement to the stories of "buffer" and "bar" which the denizens of the Yellowstone region can "sling" on small provocation—some true, even if amazing, others evidently "manufactured out of whole cloth," as some person of little faith may delicately express his sense of doubt. Or, again, the company may smoke all the evening in that American perfection of silence that the comparatively garrulous Britisher may emulate, but never equal.

When leaving the Fork of the Firehole River for the eastern portion of the Park, the traveller leaves the greater areas of volcanic activity, and has before him as principal objects wonders of other character: the greatest Alpine lake in the world, the extraordinary course of the issuant stream, pouring over precipices, carving out gorges of enormous magnitude, and placing before the eye, in the course of only thirty miles, a succession of scenes so varied, so grand, and in such dramatic sequence of silver lake, rich vale, thundering fall, stupendous cliff, and appalling ravine as must live in every traveller's mind as one of the grandest spectacles of the world; one which, to many seems to belittle even the wonders of the western portion of the region.

Riding twenty miles eastward from Henderson's, by hot pools, through glade and forest, and passing the beautiful little St. Mary's Lake, on the divide between the Yellowstone and the Madison, at an elevation of 8,000 feet above the sea, the road branches north and south. Following the latter through the peaceful scenery of wood and mead in Hayden's Valley, beside the broad Yellowstone River, a glimpse of which will be found among our illustrations, a reminder of our wanderings on the other side of the Park is reached

at the Mud Geysers. Of these the "Giant's Callron," a veritable *Malebolge*, is the most remarkable.

Mr. C. T. Whitmell, in an elaborate paper read before the Cardiff Naturalists' Society, thus describes it: "Thirty feet across, as many deep, and narrowing as it descends, it presents a yawning crater, in which the boiling slate-coloured mud rises and falls with a deep rumbling sound. After the paste is sucked back into the orifice, there comes a jarring noise as of some explosion, and out surges again the horrid mixture, flinging its heavy spray against the walls of the crater, which is sometimes filled nearly to the top, steam meanwhile escaping in large volumes. There is something very alluring, and yet very horrible, in the sight."

A few miles more, and the foot of the Yellowstone Lake is reached—an inland sea of 150 square miles area, of bluish-green water, clear, sweet, and pure, surrounded by forest, above which stand the snow peaks of the great Yellowstone range. Our illustration shows Mount Sheridan.

Hot springs and pools of great beauty stud the shore at several points, and there are minor sights of interest, as the Natural Arch, &c.; but little is really known to travellers of the 300 miles of coastline, and to young Englishmen fond of adventure, nothing could be much pleasanter than to float their canoes upon this beautiful sea and explore its inlets.

Returning along the Yellowstone River, the fork of the road is soon reached near Crater, or Sulphur Hills, and we are *en route* for the Great Falls and Grand Painted Cañon of the Yellowstone.

Sulphur Hill, which we illustrate, is one of a group of detached mounds of about 150 feet in height, composed of silica and sulphur, probably deposited by a spring, of which the crater remains. The

But under and through the softer rocks were foundations and dykes of adamantine lavas, which were slow to carve, and which stand as obelisks of the temple. Now, standing beside the fall, we see the work accomplished, yet still in progress. As seen in our coloured illustration, the view from this point is scenic in the extreme, the cliffs, steep declivities, and buttressed slopes stand arid, only a few pines finding foothold here and there. The rocks, black, brown, ochre, yellow, white, pink, are carved into strange forms, and in the pictorial effect, to enhance which still more, the summit has been made a resting-place by eagles which hover round. At "Point Lookout," a mile below the western side of the Fall, the Cañon is crowned by masses of white rock, and the view looking up and shut in by the cliffs between which the Falls plunge is of equally extraordinary character. We engrave a view from one of Jay Haynes's grand photographs. Masses of rock, almost white, form the foreground, below which oblique descents show very varied tints from pink to brown, and the pyramidal rock, stained red by iron, stands out prominently. We can hardly, at first, appreciate the enormous depth of 1,100 feet into which we gaze, but the whole Cañon seems to widen and deepen momentarily and gives us a startled sensation as if the huge chasm were yawning slowly open before our eyes. The contrast between the purity and variety of the colours in the Cañon, and the dark green stretch of forest which covers the upland landscape seen beyond the Fall, gives to the whole an aspect of strangeness, to which the magnificent falling sheet of water, with its cloud of spray, and the winding emerald and blue line of the river flowing so far below, add elements of beauty.

Around "Point Lookout" the river bends, and the Cañon, painted

Mr. E. Jay Haynes, official photographer to the Northern Pacific Railway, Fargo, D.T., and the Formation at Periodical Lake and "Lone Star" Geyser are by Mr. Ingersoll, St. Paul, Minn.

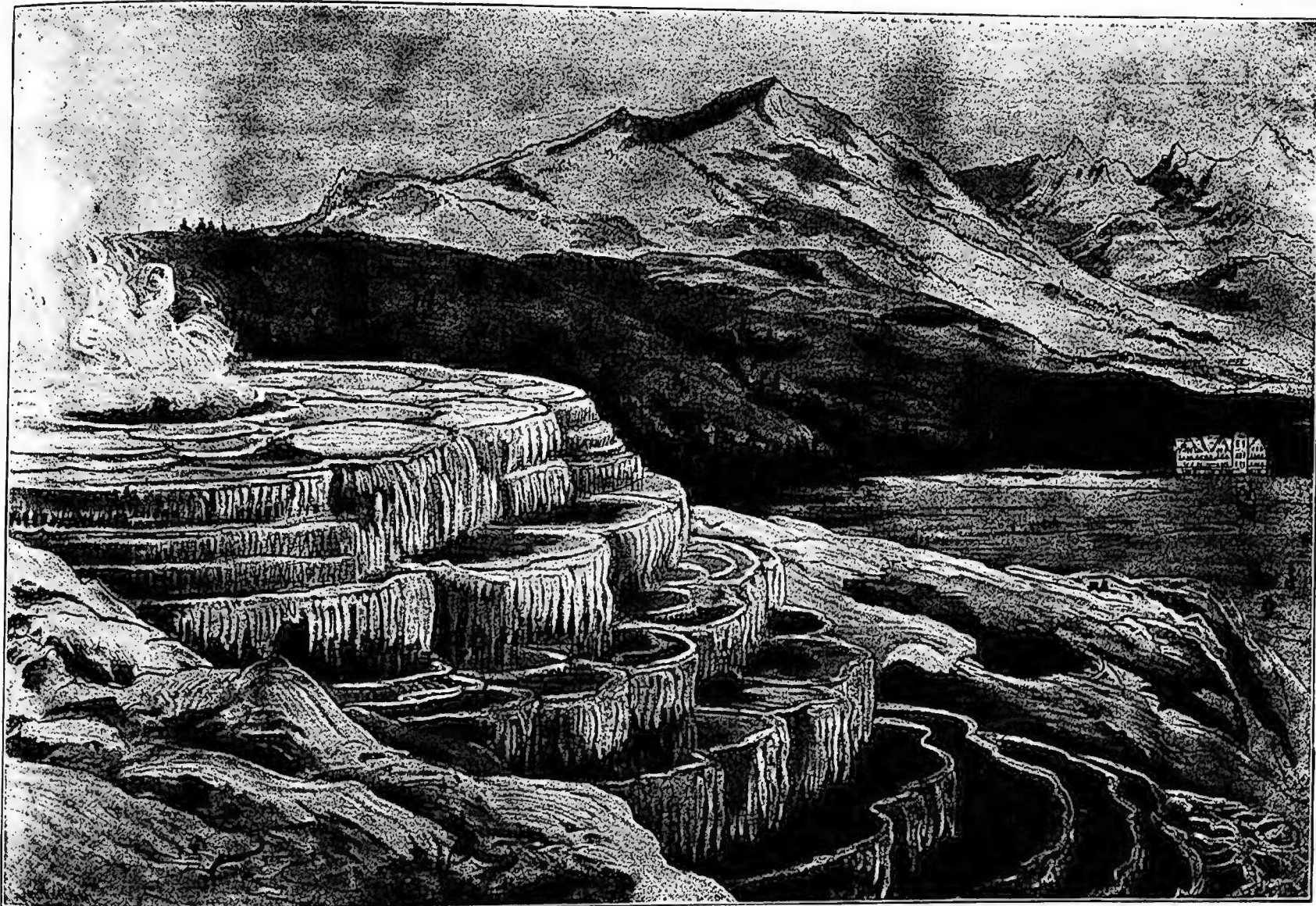
We are indebted for the loan of the drawing from which our coloured illustration is reproduced to Mr. C. T. Whitmell, M.A., of Cardiff.

MEMORIAL TABLET TO DR. MOXON AT GUY'S HOSPITAL

AN ornamental tablet has recently been erected at Guy's Hospital to the memory of Dr. Walter Moxon, whose brilliant career as a physician and teacher of medicine ended July 21st, 1886, at the age of fifty.

Of Irish birth, Dr. Moxon entered as a student at Guy's Hospital in 1854, and soon obtained distinction in the competitive examinations of the University of London. At the final M.B. examination, in 1859, he obtained honours in every subject. Being appointed Demonstrator of Anatomy in the Medical School, his faculty for teaching became at once apparent, and he was successively appointed Lecturer in Zoology, Pathology, Materia Medica, and Medicine at Guy's Hospital, where in 1866 he became Assistant-Physician, and, in 1873, Physician. He became a Fellow of the Linnæan Society, and devoted much of his time to microscopical research, besides contributing largely to the literature of his profession.

At the time of his death, he had one of the most extensive consulting practices in London. Part of the fund raised in recog-



CLEOPATRA SPRING AND STALACTITE TERRACES, MAMMOTH HOT SPRINGS

chief centre of activity now is the Yellow Sulphur Pool at the base—a very beautiful emerald boiling pool, which ever and anon gushes to the height of five or six feet. Its basin is a fantastic mass of delicate yellow sulphur crystals, which overarch the pool, rendering the ground around unsafe, as the ponies well know, and will on no account approach too near the edge.

On through beautiful park and woodland, and the road soon again follows the course of the river, overshadowed by fine pine and various deciduous trees. We are near the Upper Falls. The river, after its fourteen miles of dalliance among the woods and meadows, narrows its stream to the opening of a pine-clad ravine, then breaks into a rapid, and falling over a ledge of 150 feet, seems to take a moment's respite in the dark-green pool at the foot of the Fall, under the shadow of the dark rocks and pines. Rushing hence, it again breaks into white foam down a rapid, then gathering into a clear mass of glassy olive-green water, flowing with extreme swiftness, the river, 100 feet wide, flings itself over its "Great Fall" of 350 feet. At the edge there is a flash of diamond and emerald, then the whole descending surface breaks into a tissue of frosted silver, and with a tremendous roar, re-echoed from the huge cliffs of the Cañon, becomes mixed with the iridescent cloud of spray which fills the hollow.

From the "Great Fall" the river hurries down the descending floor of the "Great Painted Cañon" for a mile and a half, amid a scene of the strangest beauty. The cliffs that rise beside the Fall, and which have been cut by the river, have a height of 800 feet, and, by rising of the edges and descent of the floor, this is increased, until at the distance mentioned, the Cañon is 1,100 feet in depth. Upon this spot it would seem that the "Prince of the Power of the Air" determined to excavate and carve his grandest palace.

Through white and pink and yellow strata of geyserites and sandstones the strenuous river bit its way, then the heat of the summer blistered and crumbled the cliffs, rivers of rain and melting snow fluted and moulded them, and the winter frost put its expansive fingers into every crevice, and dragged down huge morsels.

no more, becomes narrow, its walls, in parts, almost vertical, and among its cliffs of darkest grey and brown there are scenes of awful grandeur.

From the Great Falls, where there is a tent hotel, now, perhaps, replaced by a building, a trail runs north along the Great Cañon by Mount Washburn, the summit of which, 10,300 feet high, easily reached, affords a magnificent panoramic view. The trail descends into Pleasant Valley, to a log house, where the hospitality of a hunter named Yancey may be proved, and one may, on occasion, have ocular demonstration of the cervine origin of the elk steak.

Tower Falls, upon Tower Creek, a tributary of the Yellowstone, may be seen *en route* from Yancey's to Mammoth Hot Springs, a ride of twenty-seven miles.

A narrow, but powerful stream, confined between two lofty columns of worn volcanic breccia, plunges 130 feet unbroken into a narrow, darksome gorge among fantastic towers and pinnacles of rock.

Within a few miles of the Mammoth Hot Springs the Gardiner River is again struck near the Gardiner Falls, one of the minor but very picturesque sights of the region.

Five miles more, and we draw rein once again on the plateau before the Springs Hotel, and luxuriate in all the resources of civilisation, having completed the usual "tour" of the Yellowstone National Park—the American Wonderland.

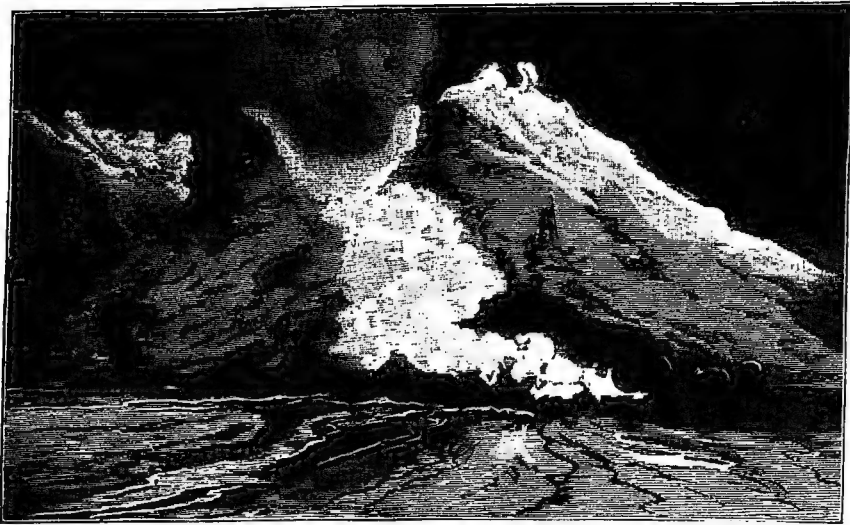
—And? Yes, one's face is blistered with the fierce noons; one is a little stiff from the freezing nights, slightly bruised by the dislocating gait of the faithful "cayuse." One has had enough of rice and prunes under canvas and of cold meat in the "corrals;" but where are there brighter skies and blither air? That it has been given to one to see the beauty, the grandeur, and terror of this region of "Wonder-beauty" before the tourists troop through it in unbroken procession, *laus Deo*.

Our engravings are from sketches by our artist Mr. T. H. Thomas, and photographs, that of Mrs. Finch's Camp by Mr. Edgar Sollas, 32, King Henry's Road, N.W., "Bassett's Stage," by Mr. R. G. Brooks, of St. Helen's. The Great Falls, Falls of the Gibbon, and Grand Cañon of the Yellowstone are from the Mammoth Series of

notation of his good work has been devoted to founding a Gold Medal for Clinical Observation and Research, and the remainder to the erection of this tablet, which has been designed and executed by



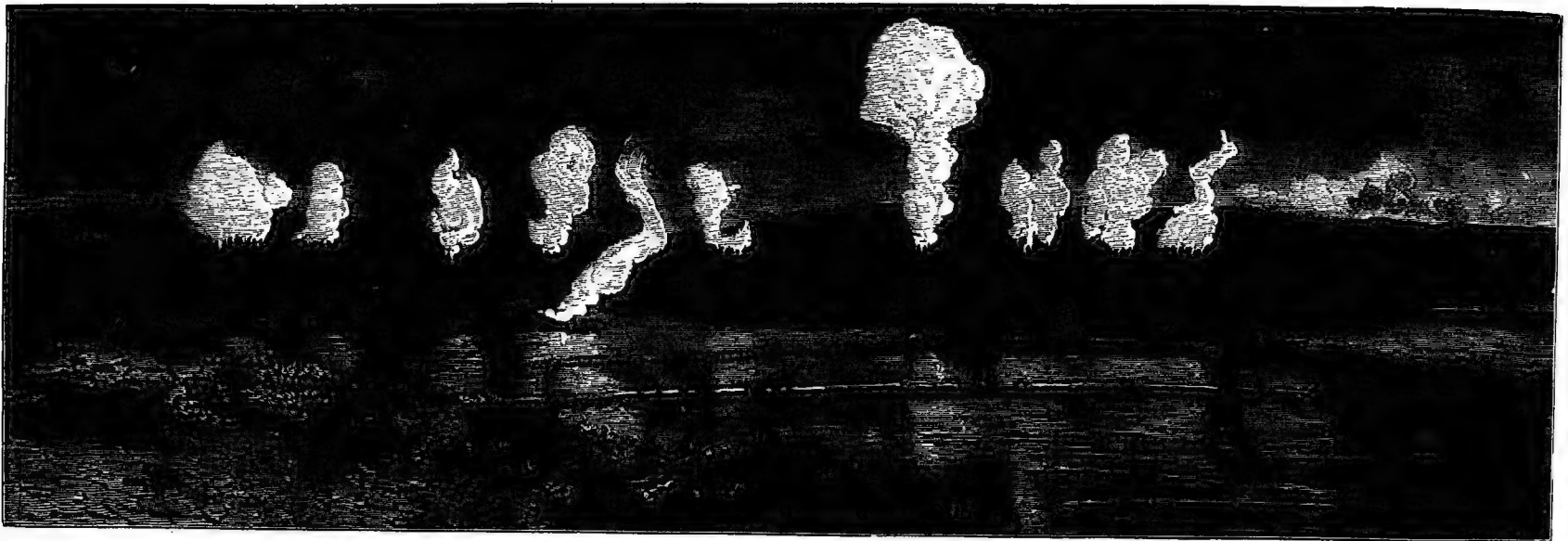
Messrs. Barkentin and Krall, 289, Regent Street. The profession of the deceased is allegorically represented by the figures of an aged man and a mother nursing a sick child.



"SULPHUR MOUNTAIN" AND PLUNGING POOL



BASSETT'S STAGE



STEAM FROM "HELL'S HALF-ACRE" AND LOWER GEYSER BASIN—EARLY MORNING



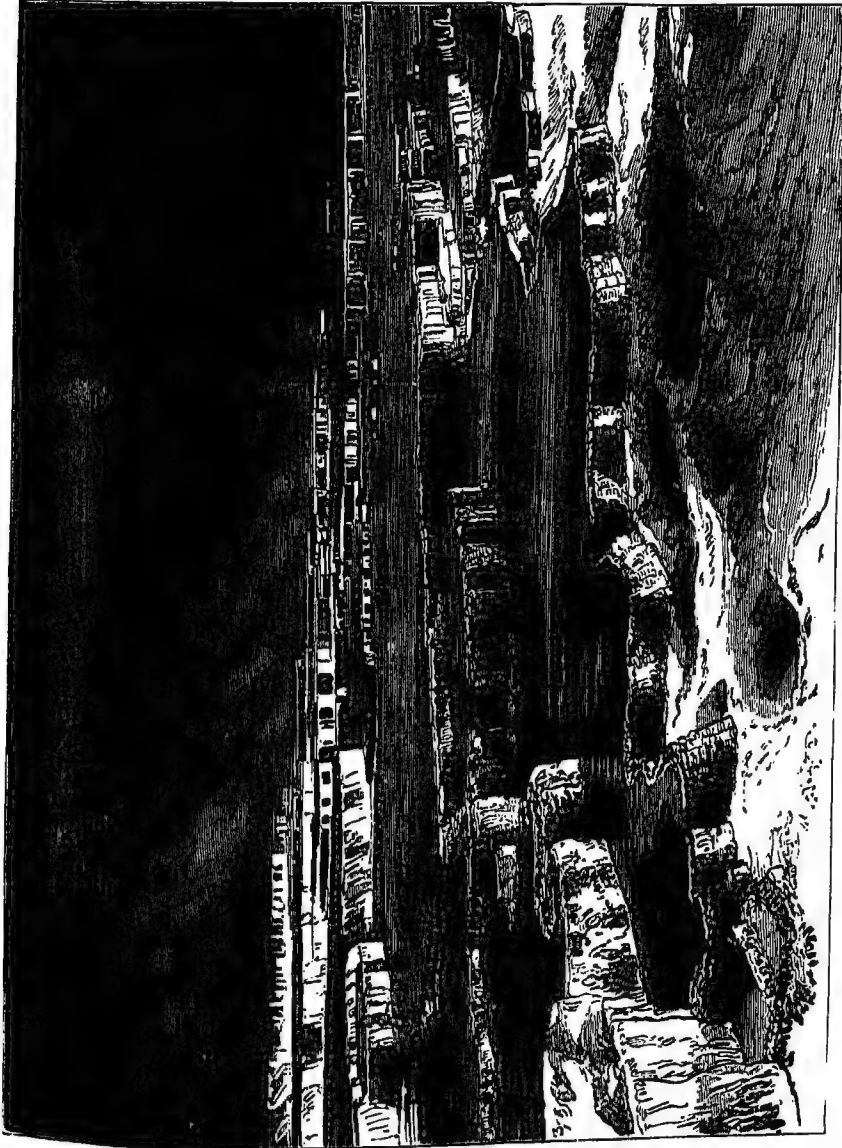
THE GREAT FALLS



THE "GIANT" GEYSER



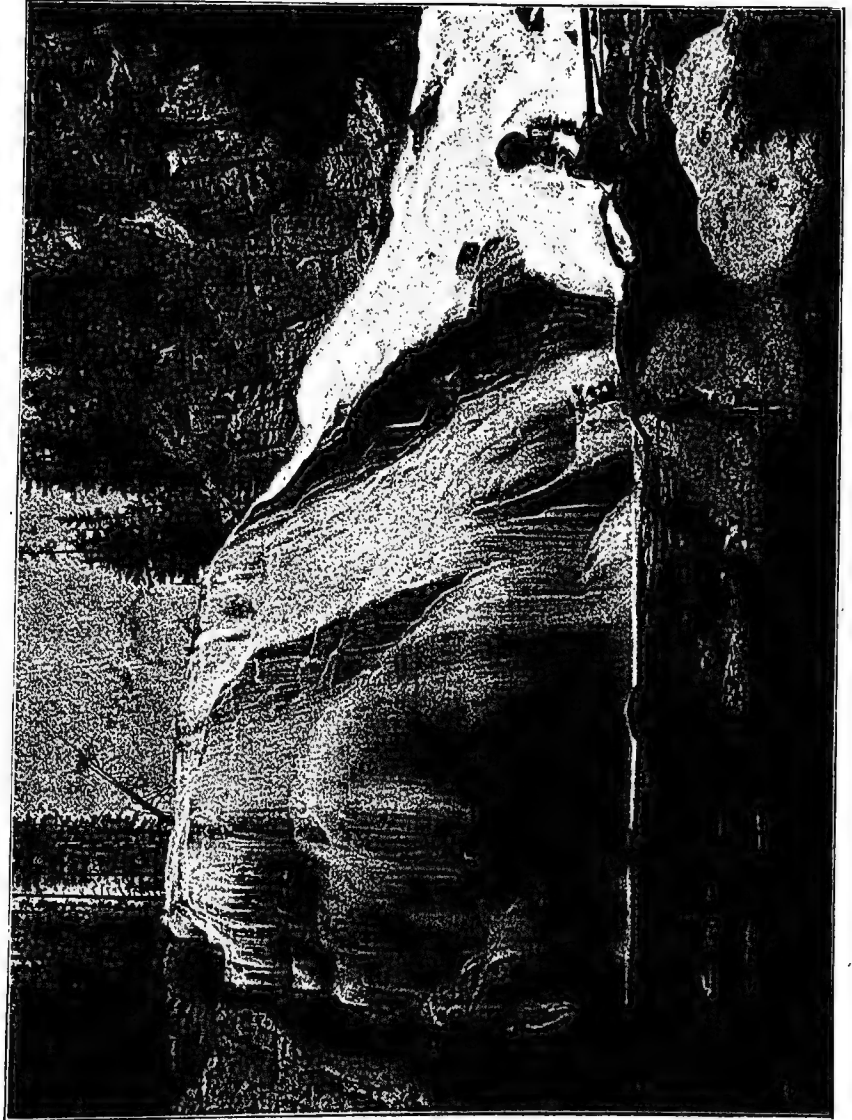
"HELL'S HALF-ACRE"—PORTION OF MIDDLE GEYSER BASIN



FORMATION AT PERIODICAL LAKE



HAYDEN VALLEY AND RIVER YELLOWSTONE



FALLS OF THE GIBBON

YELLOWSTONE PARK, ILLUSTRATED—II.



MEMORIAL TO THE LATE W. E. FORSTER

THE FORSTER MEMORIAL

ON the afternoon of July 27th a meeting, of those interested in the memorial which has been erected to the late Mr. W. E. Forster, was held in the Jerusalem Chamber, Westminster Abbey, previous to the unveiling of the memorial by Lord Knutsford. The Dean of Westminster presided, and, after appropriate speeches had been delivered by him and by Lord Knutsford, the company passed into the Abbey, where, after the Dean had read the Collect beginning "Prevent us, O Lord," and that for All Saints' Day, Lord Knutsford silently unveiled the memorial tablet. The monument is placed close to the statue of the late Sir Fowell Buxton, Mr. Forster's uncle, whose name is associated with the Abolition of Slavery. It has been cut from a single block of Carrara marble, and consists of two portions, the upper of which bears the portrait, while the lower forms the inscription tablet. The head, which shows a nearly three-quarter view of the face, is considered to be a very characteristic likeness.—Mr. H. Richard Pinker is the sculptor, and he has also been entrusted with the statue to be placed on the Embankment.

THE STEWART MEMORIAL

ON the afternoon of July 27th, Lord Wolseley, in the presence of a large number of spectators, unveiled, in St. Paul's Cathedral, a bronze memorial tablet, which has been executed in commemoration of the services of the late Major General Sir Herbert Stewart, K.C.B. The memorial is appropriately situated above the monument recently erected to General Gordon—which has never been publicly unveiled. It consists of three panels in juxtaposition, the centre one of which is occupied by a medallion portrait, in bas-relief, of the late General. Above, upon the same panel, is a frieze representing the march across the Bayuda Desert towards Abu-Kru, where the late Sir Herbert received his death-wound. The side panels are occupied by two similar representations of the old banner of the Third Dragoon Guards, of which Stewart was formerly in command. The memorial has been designed by Mr. Boehm, R.A., and the work of "founding" the panels has been carried out by Mr. Alfred Barnard. All speeches being disallowed on this occasion, the ceremony simply consisted of the unveiling of the medallion. A troop, numbering sixty, of the 19th Hussars, formed a guard of honour very appropriately, since they belonged to the regiment which paid the last honours to Stewart at the grave.

AN ELECTION IN HUNGARY

"HUNGARY is now what England was under the Ministry of Sir Robert Walpole." This was lately said by one of the most respected Opposition leaders in the Magyar Parliament; and my American friend Vanderpump thereupon remarked, that he should like to see a Hungarian election. "I guess Solomon Tisza must be a smart man," he said, alluding to the statesman who has been Prime Minister of Hungary for more than thirteen years; and he quoted some statistics about the population of Hungary, showing that out of a total of about 15,650,000 souls, there are not more than 6,210,000 Magyars. These, however, hold three-fourths of the parliamentary representation in their hands. The majority of the population consists of, Germans, 1,882,000; Bohemians, Moravians, and Slovaks, 1,800,000; Ruthenians (or Russians), 345,187; Servians and Croats, 2,325,000; and Roumanians, 2,235,000. "I don't see much 'Home Rule' in all this," observes Vanderpump, who has heard of some loose analogies between Hungary and Ireland; and, of a truth if there be a country of which it could fairly be said that its government is that of "Classes versus Masses," that country is Hungary. All the wealth and intellect of the kingdom are on the Magyar side; numbers are on the other; and the majority detest the governing minority. But the Germans, Roumanians, and Slavs of all kinds, having no unity of purpose and no leaders of eminence, have to submit to be "Magyarised." Like the parrot who complained that insult had been added to injury, they are made to speak the language of their "oppressors," so-called. Magyar is the tongue of the schools, the law-courts, and the Government offices; and, to pile up the agony, the Opposition majority is manoeuvred into returning Magyars to Parliament. How this is managed may be, in part, seen by attending a Hungarian election.

Our train brings us to Szegedin, and Vanderpump, who is not easily astonished, soon shows signs of excitement:—"Guess this is the only go-ahead city I've seen in Europe," he says; "t'ain't to be sampled outside of our Western States," the fact being that Szegedin, which was totally destroyed by floods in 1879, has since been rebuilt on a monumental scale. Governor's Palace, Town Hall, theatre, model-prison, grand hotel, churches, quays, suspension-bridge, public gardens, boulevards, have all been designed and finished within seven years. New stone gleams everywhere with unmelting whiteness.

There has really been no such instance of sudden growth in any modern European city, and everything in Szegedin has been cut large, like the clothes of a boy in his teens, who is expected to shoot up. Count Louis Tisza, brother of the Prime Minister, is the author of the new city; and he displayed in building it all those qualities which distinguish the Hungarian—dash, imagination, a set purpose of startling mankind, and a fine contempt for expense.

How long it would have taken an English Corporation to revive and refit a drowned city there is no saying; but in sleepy bureaucratic Austria seven years would hardly have been enough to carry the architect's designs for a single new street safe through the Government Office of Public Works.

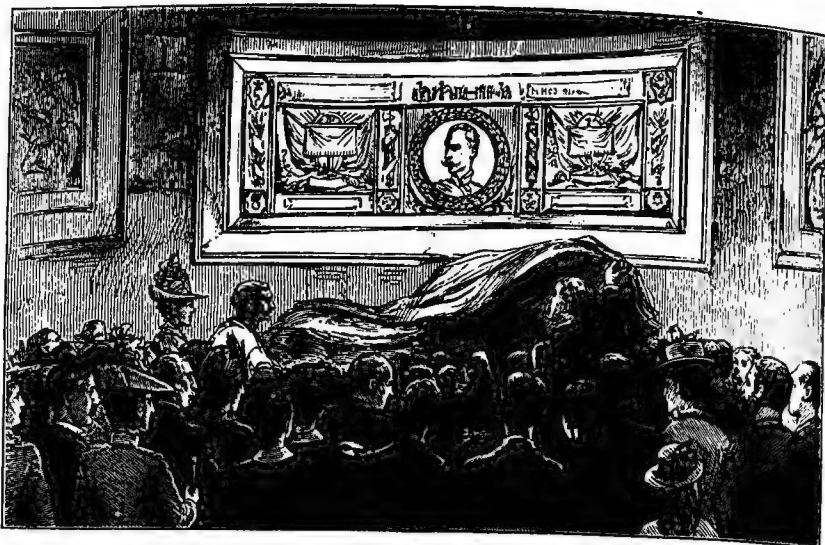
In crossing the Leitha, which separates Austria from Hungary, we enter the land of fiddlers, where everything seems to be done at a fiddling pace. A *czarda*, or band of violinists, greets you at the

first frontier railway station, and the skreeling of catgut rings in your ears all the time you remain in St. Stephen's kingdom. Men who are being unceasingly fiddled to—at dinner, at supper, in their walks, nay, when they have gone to bed—must be expected to dance rather than lag on the path of national progress. The only wonder is that the *czarda* has not yet been set up in the Parliament House to expedite business. Vanderpump, who has been struck by the number of miowling cats in Hungary, remarks:—"I reckon all those critters are fiddles in the bud."

But we are only staying a few hours at Szegedin, for the election which we are going to witness takes place in a town further east, which we will not particularise for fear of offending the others. It is in Transylvania, and we may call it Papriky, for the growing and vending of red pepper (*paprika*) seems to be the chief occupation of the inhabitants. But there is also a good trade in flea-powder, *Pyrethrum roseum*, in wine and liqueurs made in the neighbourhood, in mineral waters, and the town boasts a majolica factory which turns out pottery defective in glazing but with enough scarlet, blue, and gilding about it to make one blink. A curious town it is, with hovels and stone mansions intermixed, calling up the idea of a beggar who is making money, and dressing himself respectfully by degrees; his trousers are in rags, but he has a bright new silk hat and a white waistcoat. The streets are not paved; heaps of cinders and potato-parings stand at every door; gaunt thin pigs and hungry fowls prowling about. The men and women of the peasant class are either booted up to the knees, or go bare-footed; they seem to have no particular preference. The women, however, appear to do all the hard work. Hard-featured ugly things, with horny hands and sunburnt bosoms, they stride along bent double under the weight of barrels, wood-bundles, or sacks, while their husbands and sons saunter leisurely behind smoking pipes with china bowls and cherry-wood stems. These men wear wide-open canvas breeches like petticoats, and their shoulders are protected in all weathers by sheepskins with the wool outside. They are tall swarthy fellows with murderous countenances, whom an Old Bailey jury would hang for their mere looks; but they are inoffensive enough, except when they have been drinking some of the stinging pink wine of the district. Their favourite work appears to be squatting of a row in the sun, smoking, and listening to fiddlers. Almost all of them are electors, for the suffrage belongs to every man who is twenty years old and pays about eight shillings a year in rates and taxes.

The walls of Papriky are placarded with posters bearing the names of two candidates, and with torn bills, on which half the name of a third can be read. The first candidate is a Count belonging to the Government party—which, remembering that we are in the days of Sir Robert Walpole, may be called Whig; the second is a Count belonging to the respectable Tory Opposition; and the third, whose bills are torn, is a Transylvanian Nationalist. This last man represents the opinions of the entire constituency, barring the officials, and he has not a chance. The police have their eyes on him; his posters are torn down while still wet; his meetings are broken up; he himself is chased from hole to corner, and quite possibly, before the election is over, he will be locked up for having thrust himself between the two Counts who want to fight their battle on good old party lines. The Nationalist, whether German, Roumanian, or Servian, is equally detested by Whig and Tory, for the plain truth is that he does not want to become a Magyar. However, under a system of open voting and with the "screw" administrative, nobiliary, feudal, and clerical, in full work, what can he do? The two Counts are men with enormous estates, who drive their tenants to the poll like flocks of sheep. The Ministerial Count has on his side every man drawing Government pay, from the *Obergespan* (Prefect) to the postman; the Tory Count, happening to be the Roman Catholic Bishop of the Diocese—a prelate with a revenue of about 30,000*l.* a-year, who, desiring no change in his earthly condition, can afford to be independent of Government. The clergy of the Greek Orthodox Church, standing in a position of social inferiority to the Roman Catholics, would vote for the Nationalist if they dared; but not daring, they support the Government candidate, and hope it will be accounted to them for righteousness. All these details are explained to us by a polyglot Jew journalist, who laughs at the coming struggle, as exemplifying the foolishness of Gentiles in wasting their money over trifles. He is on the staff of the Ministerial journal of Papriky, but is not particularly anxious that his candidate should win. If the Tory Count triumphs, there will be a great deal of jollification and rioting, with, perhaps, some broken heads, all of which is grist to the newspaper mill. Moreover, our Israelitish friend explains that Papriky has indebted itself in erecting an entomological museum, and that the only way to get this edifice finished and stocked at the State expense is to fling out the Government candidate. "So long as Government considered the seat safe," adds our journalist, "it only trifled with this Museum question; but let the Opposition man win, and the Ministry will do anything to get the seat back."

The election is for to-morrow. It is evident that the Museum question is going to influence the polling, for the two rival journals of the locality come out in the morning with sensational items about it. The Tory Count has presented the institution with twenty-five cases of stag-beetles; on the other hand, there is a telegram from Pesth announcing that a question was asked yesterday in Parliament as to when the Museum at Papriky would be finished, and that the Minister of Public Works replied, saying he should propose a State grant in aid of this institution, which he considered "most beneficial to the education, moral improvement, and happiness of the people." While this important intelligence is being circulated among the early folk who are breakfasting in *cafés*, the party agents of the two Counts are already afoot distributing favours of coloured ribbon. The Nationalist has also sent out two or three agents, who are forthwith collared, and marched to the lock-up for "hawking



MEMORIAL TO THE LATE SIR HERBERT STEWART

sedition emblems." It is scarcely nine o'clock; but already the fiddles are at work, and presently a long procession is seen debouching on to the market-place, headed by musicians, banners, and yelling little boys. This is the Ministerial candidate's demonstration, and it contains a surprising number of men in uniform—the Governor of the Model Prison, pensioned officers, postmen, telegraphists, priests, the municipal street scavengers to a man, and a posse of stipendiary magistrates. The Tory Count's procession, less imposing in length, has filed up some back streets, for the efforts of the police are directed towards preventing the two processions from coming into contact. However, the heads or tails of the two do march into view of each other sometimes, and then there is violent hooting on both sides. As for the Nationalist procession of about a score of reckless spirits, it is incontinently dispersed by gendarmes, and its scattered atoms are sent flying up crooked alleys. Meanwhile a functionary, called the President of the Election, has been making a speech out of the balcony, in which he gives out that the election is free, that the poll will be opened at ten o'clock, and that each candidate will have his separate polling place. Ten o'clock comes, the electors begin to move in squads towards the different polling places, which are situated at some distance apart. Of course it will be known how every man votes, for besides the crowd of agents and touts who throng the approaches, there are detectives on the watch to see that every man dependent in any way upon Government not only votes, but votes at the right place.

The Papriky constituency comprises a number of villages, and our journalist friend advises us that we should go and see some rural electors muster. So Vanderpump sets out with me in an open two-horsed fly for a village on the Tory Count's estate; and on the road he offers to bet ten dollars to a gooseberry that the Government man will win by a two-thirds majority. He is secretly disgusted at seeing so many trumps in the Government hand, and says, "There's no playing against such cards as old Tisza's no how." But he alters his mind when we come in sight of a common thronged with some three-score of carts, and each cart containing a pack of bumptious Tories closely wedged. The horses are gaily harnessed, and caparisoned with ribbons, flowers, and bells. None of the carts (which are long four-wheeled traps) have less than two, and some have three or four, harnessed abreast. The peasants are wearing clean white breeks and sheepskins, blue jackets with a multitude of little silver buttons, scarlet sashes and well-greased boots. Their furred bonnets or straw hats are set jauntily on their heads, and their pipes are full of fresh tobacco. A magnificent theatrical-looking creature in Hungarian costume, who is the Count's steward, is marshalling the procession, and it need not be said that a van full of fiddlers is placed in the fore-front. The Count himself is expected soon, and here he comes, heading a gallant cavalcade of ladies and gentlemen on horseback.

This is the signal for starting, and the sixty carts set off at a rousing gallop down the stony, rutty road which leads to the town. The fiddlers in the van are playing like mad. The peasants cheer and sing; whips are cracked, bells jingle, dogs bark, the axles creak as the carts jump from stone to rut, looking every moment as if they would be overturned. In about twenty minutes the noisy caravan enters the town, and one cart after another deposits its living freight in front of different wine-shops, where meat and drink, black bread, sausage, ham, beer, and wine are soon served out in abundance at the candidate's expense. When the men have well eaten and drunk, they will be ready to vote and to break heads.

I offer to risk my gooseberry against Vanderpump's ten dollars, but he "climbs down," and opines that the trumps are not all in old Tisza's hands. The poll is to close at four; but long before that time it has become apparent that the Tories have been plumping heavily. Dismayed Whig agents are going about with threats of imprisonment for bribery on their lips, and packets of greasy paper florins in their hands. Every vote has become precious. Men who have shammed illness are being ransacked out of their houses, and are receiving payments on the nail. Men who can bring half-a-dozen electors with them are taking paper-money from both sides, and holding out for more. Three o'clock strikes, and the Ministerialists are in consternation. They have used up their last man, and they know that the Tories still have a contingent of twenty votes coming from a distant village. If these men reach the town before the poll closes, the election is lost.

At this juncture a young Whig official has a really happy thought. He rushes off to the keeper of the city clock tower, and gives that worthy a hundred florins to push on the minute hand of the clock half an hour. The bargain is accepted, and the hand goes forward unnoticed. Just then the carts with the twenty voters are signalled on the outskirts of the town, but they have come too late. The bewildered Tories cannot make it out. Watches are consulted, the trick is guessed and expletives fly around; but this does not mend matters. It is the city clock which regulates the time, so at the first stroke of four the poll is closed, votes are counted, and the Ministerialist is proclaimed winner by a majority of 16. This time Vanderpump is in ecstasies, for the clock business reminds him of many a pretty little electoral episode in his own honoured native land: "Told yer, this was a go-ahead country," he remarks, cracking his finger joints in honest enjoyment. And it must be added that what pleased him most in the whole affair was that when the Tory Count petitioned against the return of his opponent, his petition was heard in the Hungarian Parliament with shrieks of laughter, and dismissed—just the fate that might have awaited it in the House of Commons under Walpole.

R. B. J.

DIVORCES IN GERMANY are sometimes granted on even more curious grounds than in the United States. Thus, a man at Frankfurt-on-Main has just got a divorce on the plea that his wife could not cook.

IN AND OUT AMONG THE DUBLIN STREETS

EVERY city has a physiognomy of its own. It is not easily learned, it is a very complex thing. Like the face of a friend, we must study it long and patiently, day by day, and bit by bit, till gradually we get acquainted with it in its evil moods and in its good ones, in its frowns and in its smiles, in its sunshine and in its shade, in its rapid flow of excitement and in its hours of rest. The tourist on a three days' ticket will know nothing about it, and one thing is absolutely essential:—

We must love it, 'ere it will
Seem worthy of our love.

Every one has something to say about London, but comparatively little has been said about the streets of Dublin. I don't mean from the guide-book point of view, but simply as a panorama of human life, always varied, and always suggestive. Moore speaks of Erin life, "with a tear and a smile in her eye." He is right. Nowhere do we "meet with more startling contrasts than in Dublin; contrasts between squalor and splendour, between squares and slums, velvet and rags, seal skin and sacking. Do we not meet with such contrasts in London? Yes; but they are not jumbled together in such close proximity; here they jostle one another on the pavements, they are mixed up together like currants and flour in a chap cake. We have to take the Underground Railway to go from Pall Mall to Bermondsey or Shoreditch, but in Dublin the radius is much narrower. We need not go a day's journey from the West to the East, we need only turn out of one of the principal thoroughfares to find ourselves in a filthy fetid lane, with clothes hanging out of the upper windows, ghosts of clothes, yellow, dingy, frowsy, horrible. They flutter feebly in the damp heavy air with a galvanised semblance of life.

Turning back to the streets again, we find ourselves face to face with a brilliant Dublin belle, wearing sable tails at a guinea a piece, and behind her are plate glass windows with gay ball-dresses ready for the approaching Castle season. The people who pass by seem less busy than in London or Manchester, they are taking things easily, they stop to gossip or to look about them. There is no occasion to hurry, "the day is young yet," they say, "and there is very little doing."

The beggars, however, are always on the alert, and cleverly contrive to elude the police. There are the respectable ones, who have seen better days, and pour their tale of woe into our ears as we stand at a crossing; a whole family is ready to pounce out at us from the top of Kildare Street, and a swarm of light infantry harass us behind, under pretence of selling ferns or boot-laces, and if we refuse to buy, coaxingly whisper, "Then give us a penny, for the love of God." No one is ever ashamed to beg in Dublin. They may be ashamed to dig, but to beg—never!

Dean Swift wrote a pamphlet, proposing that the Dublin beggars should be compelled to wear badges to show what district they came from. Our nineteenth century beggars probably live nowhere; sleeping in empty warehouses or under bridges, like Flitters, Tatters, and the Counsellor—those immortal waifs of the Dublin streets—and rather enjoying their free-and-easy life than otherwise.

Look at this beggar—it would be hard to match her in any civilised country. Her garments and herself are a dun-duckety mud colour, an old piece of sacking is thrown over her shoulders, a ragged founced petticoat reaches below her knees, and her bare, stockingless heels peep out though the large holes of the men's boots that she drags after her. Her face is yellow, wizened, bleary-eyed, and as for her matted frowsy hair, the question occurs, has it ever been combed? But see our quondam beggar at a public procession; then her eyes are aflame with whisky, she wears a penny palm-leaf flapping hat, adorned with a wreath of green leaves, and over her head she brandishes triumphantly the remains of a tattered umbrella. Her appearance is greeted with shouts, and she yells back at the top of her voice, and shakes her clenched fist in the faces of the soldiers that line the streets. She is transformed into a virago—she resembles the female furies of the French Revolution. Before night comes, she is probably taken off in "Black Maria," as the prison-van is called, to spend a week at the Queen's Hotel—the Dublin slang for Her Majesty's gaols.

In spite of the doleful complaints of poverty, there must be a good deal of money somewhere in Dublin. It is always forthcoming for balls, banquets, diamond-stars, and presentation plate. Splendid new churches and chapels are constantly built, and as for statues, their name is legion. We meet no less than seven in a three-minutes' walk. Counting from College Green to Sackville Street, we have William III., Burke, Goldsmith, Grattan, Moore, Smith O'Brien, and O'Connell.

The name of the handsome and spacious new bridge over the Liffey has been, and still is, a bone of contention, a Shibboleth which shows what spirit people are of. The sticklers for old customs and use, persist in calling it Carlisle Bridge, after the former bridge, while the new lights know it by no other name than O'Connell Bridge. Curious complications sometimes arise. A fare hails a car and desires to be driven to Carlisle Bridge, the name it formerly went by. "Don't know such a place." Fare angrily jumps down. "Then, if you don't, I won't go with you at all."

Though some citizens affect to ignore the new name, the jarveys stick fast to O'Connell Bridge, so do the Mayor and Corporation; and they will probably carry the day. The same with Sackville Street. Some shopkeepers date their bills from Upper O'Connell Street, others from Upper Sackville Street, and this difficulty is likely to continue. But then we are strange people in Dublin, we like being strange, we should not know ourselves if we were not strange.

One of the odd contrasts is that while we have an excellent tram-service, well-appointed, well-horsed, punctual, clean, and cheap, our cabs are execrable, and our cars jolting, dirty, and uncomfortable, very different to London hansoms. But let us think of our trams and be thankful.

Yet another contrast. We have a splendid new concert hall—the Leinster Hall, built on the site of the old Theatre Royal, which was burnt down some years ago. Unfortunately, much of the debris of the old building still remains uncleared away. Through the iron railings we see an unsightly mass of ruined walls and blackened stones. We have heard of a new phoenix rising from the ashes of the old, but why leave the ashes of the old one exposed to view? We might take a look at the new public baths in Tara Street, or stroll along the quays and peep into the second-hand book shops, or at the violins in the *bric-à-brac* shops which abound here. Then turning into Parliament Street, we come out before the City Hall. A new street, Lord Edward Street, brings us to Christ Church Cathedral, and beyond this again we see the square grey tower of St. Auden's, which dates from the time of the Danes.

This long dirty street is Thomas Street, where Robert Emmett was hanged—just opposite to St. Catherine's Church—and in the house of Murphy, a feather merchant in Thomas Street, Lord Edward Fitzgerald was captured. The purlieus round Christ Church used to be the worst dens of infamy in Dublin. One of them was called "Hell," and this is supposed to be alluded to by Burns in "Death and Dr. Hornbook" when he says:—

This that I am gaun to tell
Is just as true's the De'il's in hell,
Or Dublin city.

I own that one of my favourite haunts is the Coombe. It used to be the abode of the silk-weavers, and is now principally let out in tenements. The houses are tall, grim, and gaunt. The windows are very dirty, and dirty heads are often thrust out from thence.

On a fine Sunday, when the bells of St. Patrick's are chiming for afternoon service, there is a good study of Dublin low life to be seen at the Coombe. There are not the usual mounds of potatoes but the eating-houses are all open. In the windows there are cakes, together with penny sheets of ballads and the latest caricature from *United Ireland*. Apples, too, seem much run upon, and seven, eight whisky shops in one street. Before the clocks strike two on Sunday there are rows of gloomy, arid-eyed men lounging outside the public-houses, and troops of shabby women, with babies in their arms, waiting, eagerly waiting, for the doors to open. When the mystic hour strikes, in they flock, like so many vultures eager for their prey. Whisky is more to them than wife, mother, sister, child, or their own lives. Dublin may well be called Whiskyopolis. Whisky is the real uncrowned King of Ireland. Some years ago there was a fire at a Dublin distillery, the burning fluid ran down the gutters, and the eager worshippers went down on their knees and licked it up, muddy and scalding as it was.

Along the Coombe, sometimes appears a vision of Viceregal splendour—here comes the Lord-Lieutenant with his black horses and smart postilions on his way to attend service at St. Patrick's. There is no cheering, but there is sure to be a crowd to see him come out, for the unanimous verdict of the female population is that "he is a lovely man."

And now let us pass down Peter Street, with its clusters of girls and children sitting bare-headed on the steps of the doors to watch the well-dressed congregation streaming along towards St. Patrick's; and, going down York Street, we get into Stephen's Green, Lord Ardilaun's magnificent gift to the citizens of Dublin. Formerly, it was jealously shut in by keys, now it is free to the public, and all who are "in city pent" may wander there and admire the flowers, and watch the fountains play, or stroll by the artificial lake and pretty grottoes. On Sunday afternoons, the Green is sure to be crowded. Some weary sons of toil have thrown themselves on the grass, and are gazing up into the sky—mute inglorious Miltons, perhaps, who knows?

On some of the benches sit the house-mothers with the inevitable babies in their arms, "coshering" as fast as their tongues can go, and under the trees sit whispering lovers and embryo M.P.'s. Children of all ages shout at their play or watch the waterfowl on the lake, and, to make the thing perfect, in the middle is an equestrian statue of George II. Could loyalty go further than that? There is no doubt that Dublin thoroughly enjoys its Green, and ought to be grateful to the giver. Have we had enough of it? Then let us go home.

C. J. H.

THE HEAD MASTER

HE was a little grey old man, with a clean-shaven face, and a tightly-buttoned mouth, but it was not till a boy had left school some years that he realised how small his old Head Master was. Even the Sixth did not notice it, though many of them towered a head and shoulders above him, and when once an Old Boy ventured to remark in the Sixth Form Room on the Doctor's want of inches, he was met with a chorus of indignant reprobation from boys who spent the greater part of the day in the Head Master's Class Room. Most men were well through their College career, and some had even taken their degrees, before they judged the Doctor by the standard of other men, though one or two flippant youths who never got out of the Lower Fourth, and went straight from school to a lawyer's office, have been heard to assert that they always knew he was a little man. But these had never been in the Sixth, and anything may be expected from men in a solicitor's office.

The whole school, from the Head Boy to the latest *novi*, revered the Doctor, and every boy pulled himself together when he saw the slight spare figure buttoned up to the throat in a frock-coat, with a top hat closely pressed on the close cropped grey head, stepping briskly along, flourishing an old-fashioned Maiacca cane, in the school grounds or in the streets of the little country town.

The doctor held his head high, and his stern eyes seemed to see everything and everybody. But he was far more awful in cap and gown; his step was no longer brisk, it was slow and dignified, and the ample folds of his black gown lent him an added dignity as he stalked up the long length of the Big School through the assembled boys. The Lower School saw nothing of the Doctor except at such times or at call-over, and the Upper School were only under his eye at a sort of examination lesson once a month, unless they went to be "knighted" at the end of the passage, as the Fifth Form Master phrased it. No one questioned his word, for he was a just man as well as severe, and the old traditions of the school, to which boys cling so fondly, found in him a staunch supporter. Though born before athletics had been elevated into a fine art, he was a determined hater of idling, and insisted on cricket and football being vigorously pursued, with fives in the off seasons, and a couple of paper-chases in the autumn. At Easter, between football and cricket, the games were held, though even the winner of a silver cup never felt the glory known by one who got his colours in the Cricket Eleven or his cap in the Football Thirteen. At every match, whether between Houses or against strangers, the Doctor was to be seen, an eager spectator, applauding the skilful or solemnly shaking his head over poor play.

But it was his Sixth who knew him best, and for whom he poured out the wealth of his exact and old-fashioned scholarship. He was not a scholar after the manner of the modern Head-Master, who too often affects cosmopolitan humanitarianism and all things in heaven and earth, rather than schoolmastering and what is strictly his business. He took a "Double First" it is true, being well up in the Classical Tripos, and low down among the Wranglers, but it was only won by sheer hard work, when "Double Firsts" were perhaps easier than they are nowadays. All through life the Head Master has been a man of one idea after the old-world fashion of minding his own business. As an undergraduate he set his heart on getting a fellowship, and never attempted to air his own ideas on the Government of the Universe, and when he was appointed Head Master he bent all his energies to improving the school—to the gain of the old foundation, though possibly to the loss of the world of theories.

His class-room was in the centre of the great school building under the tower, and in the curve of the bow window which commanded the entrance gates stood the Doctor's arm chair. He seldom sat, however, preferring to stand, swaying backwards and forwards from one leg to the other, with his brows puckered and his under lip slightly protruding, especially when the translator gave evident signs of construing a passage at sight with a disregard of dictionary meanings, and with a free use of paraphrases as leaping poles over difficult places. This sort of thing did not suit the Head Master; he preferred close and accurate word-for-word translation, and would frequently interrupt the off-hand construer, and telling him to "sit down, my lad," would declaim the passage at the top of his voice, and then translate it into good round unvarnished English. Then he would pucker his lips more than ever, and nod his head at the delinquent, saying, "Eh, my lad! you've made more use of the 'cabbage' than of the dictionary, I suspect."

The Doctor seldom took the Latin and Greek composition: that he left to a younger master fresh from the University, and versed in all the latest fashions of word-twisting. But on occasions he would look through a copy of Greek verse, and then it was possible dimly to imagine what a marvellous memory for the classics he had. Almost every phrase in the passage of Shakespeare done into halting

iambics would give him pause. "Eh, my lad! didn't you think of the magnificent passage from such and such a play of *Æschylus*, or *Sophocles*, or *Euripides*? A parallel passage, my lad!" And then he would roll out ten lines or so of Greek play. That was the old style of Greek verse writing—to find parallel passages and adapt them—but the young composition-master looked on it with disdain; his aim was to look at the idea as an ancient Greek would have looked at it, and to put it into the same language as that old poet would have done.

He has passed away now, that old Head Master, tossed aside by the wave of progress, and the close shorn grey head and stern pale face are buried in a country parsonage. Another has his place, but the school has not increased in numbers. Doubtless all is for the best—even the innovations which leave Old Boys speechless with horror and indignation—for schoolboys are "lads" no longer now, but "young men" reading for exams., and need a new order of schoolmaster. The Doctor did well enough for us, and turned out some good scholars in his day; but his day is done, and he steps aside and lays down his armour *rude dignus*.

J. W. P.

"GOD SAVE THE QUEEN" has been coolly appropriated in the United States as a true American "national air." Transatlantic Republican bands frequently play the Royal Anthem under the title of "America."

FOREIGN KNOWLEDGE OF ENGLISH is usually not very deep, and an Italian journal has just written to us as "Spectable" "Direction of *The Graphic*," a singular adjective, which apparently stands for "respectable."

A PORTION OF THE ROPE WHICH HANGED MAJOR ANDRÉ the British spy, in the War of Independence, is owned by a New Yorker, who is anxious to collect the remaining fragments. The man who took the rope from André's neck after the execution cut it into lengths, and gave away the pieces as mementoes, but kept a record of their destination, three going to England, one to Turkey, and so on. Now the present owner, to whom it has descended, wishes to re-unite the rope, and give it to a historical museum.

YOUNG AMERICA at the Free Libraries in the United States often greatly amuses the librarians by odd demands. Thus a boy at the Massachusetts State Library asked for "The Reviled Statutes," another inquired for "Shakespeare's Paradise Lost." A third wanted "The Story of the Bible," and, when told it was not in the library, he said that he would take "The Arabian Nights" instead.

THE BRITISH DOMESTIC SERVANT, who is nowadays such an independent personage, would not appreciate the rules of service in China. Recently a Chinese and his female servant in Shanghai had a difference of opinion respecting some arrears of wages, which ended in the woman smashing some furniture and the master bringing her up before the magistrate. The judge remarked that "servants should know their place," and sentenced the woman to sixty slaps on the face, though to be quite just he ordered her master to pay up the wages.

AN AMUSING NOVELTY IN DINNER-PARTIES was recently given in Atlanta, Georgia, U.S.A. After the soup had been served, the host and all the gentlemen rose and moved into the places of the gentlemen on their right, the ladies retaining their seats. This evolution was repeated after every course, till each gentleman had sat for a short time by each lady at the table, and by the end of dinner had returned to his original place. The hint must have been borrowed from an old "Flirtation" or sixth figure added to the quadrille, but at all events the plan proved very entertaining.

THE PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN IN THE UNITED STATES will soon open with the party parades at the various State elections. Manufacturers are busy with banners bearing the portraits of both candidates, transparencies adorned with similar likenesses and all kinds of mottoes, and thousands of torches made with an air-tube, which at intervals will suddenly cause the flame to shoot up two feet high. The Republicans will parade the streets with miniatures of the old log-cabin occupied by the former President Harrison, cider-barrels, and caged coons mounted on long poles. In the former Harrison Campaign in 1840 the party badge bore the log-cabin and cider-barrel. General Harrison himself, however, professes orthodox Republican indifference to an ancestor, even though that ancestor was a President. "I received nothing from my ancestors," he declares, "except an education. My father died poor. I married young, and my wife and I took a little house with three rooms. I remember we had six knives, six two-pronged forks, six plates, and a similar slim equipment all round. My wife did her own work, and we were never happier in our lives."

"CARMEN SYLVA," the poet-Queen of Roumania, leads a strangely idyllic life in her Summer Palace of Sinaia, in the Carpathians where King Charles and Queen Elizabeth usually go for the hot season. A charming description of the Queen and her surroundings is furnished to the *Paris Figaro* by M. Pierre Loti, the well known French author. "Carmen Sylva" rises almost before daybreak, and writes for several hours, despatching her correspondence or her literary work so as to be free for the rest of the day. About nine she goes out with the King and her adopted "daughters," young girls chosen from noble families in misfortune who act as maids of honour—to roam through the neighbouring forest, and to breakfast in a quiet hunting-lodge. Sometimes the Queen works there, and reads to her "daughters" some of her latest writings. Later, she goes back to her castle for the mid-day meal, where Sovereign and maids alike don the national costume, the Queen usually wearing white or silver with a long veil. After dinner, she reads or works again, sometimes illuminating missals in her boudoir. In the evening, Queen Elizabeth often plays on the organ, but she rarely remains indoors long without repeated strolls in the forest, which has purposely been left wild and untouched all round the palace, so that Sinaia is like a castle of some fairy princess in a wood.

THE FUTURE BRIDE OF THE DUKE OF AOSTA, Princess Letitia Bonaparte, has been an exile from her native country since she was four years old, having left France at the fall of the Empire. She has been brought up at the old family domain of Moncalieri, near Turin, which King Victor Emmanuel gave to the Princess Clotilde at the beginning of her exile, and where all the King's children had spent their earliest years. Moncalieri is an immensesquare building in a picturesque site, surrounded by mountains, and with the river Po flowing at its feet. It has belonged to the House of Savoy since the days of Hubert the White-handed, in the eleventh century, and the portraits of all the ancestors down to Charles-Albert hang in the picture gallery. Part of the castle resembles a convent—the Princess Clotilde's apartments in one of the wings, which are fitted up with austere simplicity. Within this wing also is an almshouse for aged retainers, of whom the Princess personally takes care. Princess Letitia's rooms, however, are furnished in most luxurious style, at her mother's wish, and the Princess Clotilde's sole mundane dissipation has been riding on horseback with her daughter, who is a most daring equestrian. The bride-elect is an accomplished linguist and artist, being especially fond of painting. Her wedding-day, September 11th, will be kept as a regular popular festival in Turin, where the civil marriage will be performed by the Palace by the President of the Italian Senate and Signor Crispi, the Premier. Afterwards will follow the religious ceremony by the Archbishop of Turin in the Palace Chapel.



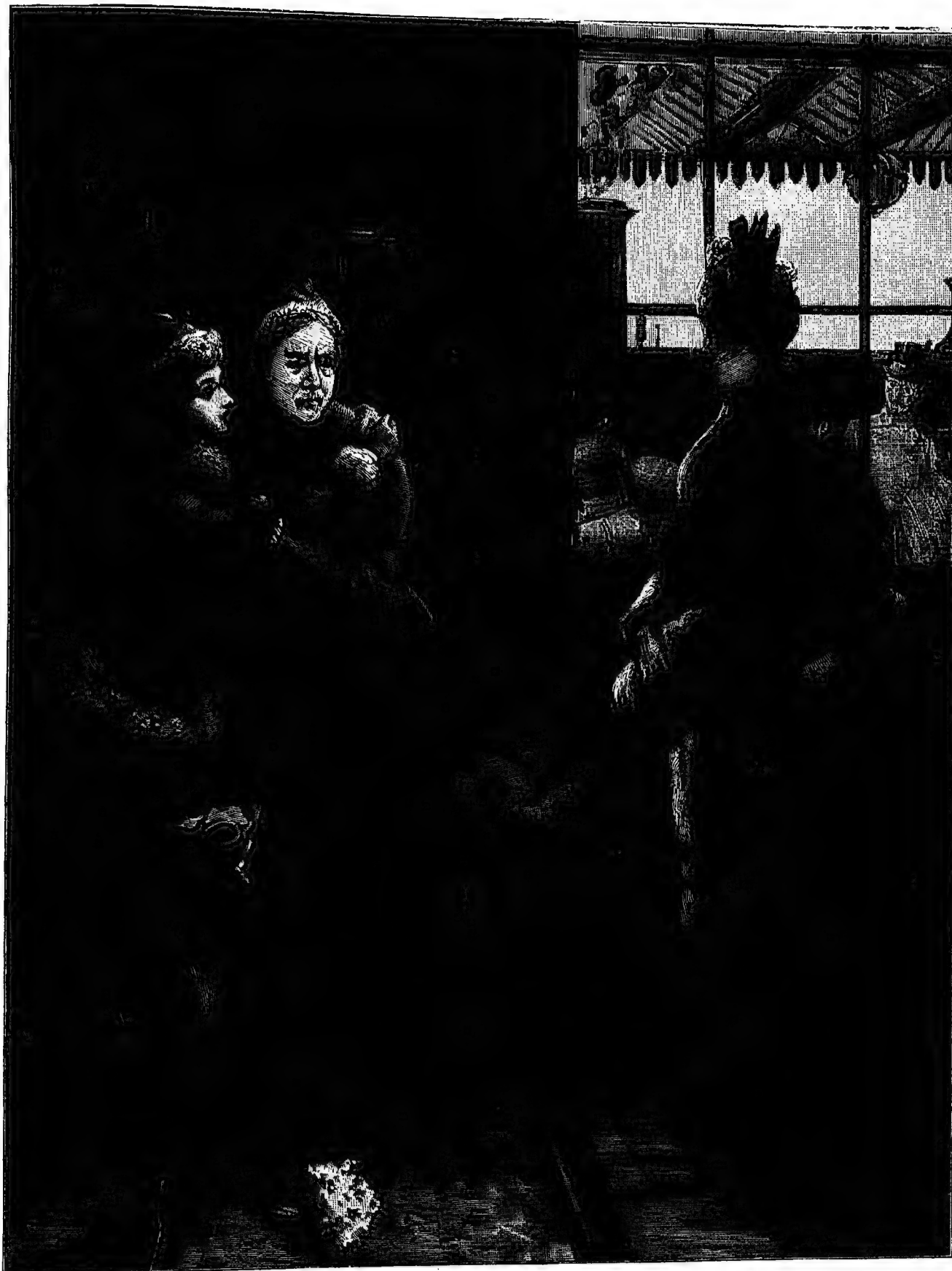
OBSIDIAN CLIFF (VOLCANIC GLASS) 200 FEET HIGH



THE "LONE STAR" GEYSER



THE GRAND CAÑON OF THE YELLOWSTONE, LOOKING TOWARDS THE GREAT FALLS
YELLOWSTONE PARK, ILLUSTRATED—II.



DRAWN BY SYDNEY P. HALL

"I only hope that you will take as good care of my grandchild as I have taken of your niece."

"THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE"

BY FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLE," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "AMONG ALIENS," &C. &C.

CHAPTER XI.

It was a raw, gusty, afternoon towards the end of March when May and her grandmother arrived in London. There had been some difficulty about the journey, arising from Mrs. Dormer-Smith's objection to her niece's travelling alone, and insisting on her being properly attended. In reply to a suggestion that May would be quite safe in a ladies' carriage, and under the care of the guard, she wrote:—"It is not that I doubt her being safe; but I cannot let my servants see her arrive alone when I meet her at the station. Why not send a maid with her?" To which Mrs. Dobbs made answer that she could not send a maid, having only one servant-of-all-work, but that she herself would bring her grand-daughter to London. "I shall go up by one train, and come down by the next," said she to Jo Weatherhead. And when he remonstrated against her incurring that expense and fatigue, she answered, "Oh, we won't spoil the ship for a ha'porth of tar. If I make up my mind to part with the child, I'll start her as well as I can."

that will be very uncomfortable for you!" said Pauline, politely trying to conceal her satisfaction at this arrangement. "Will you not come and—lunch with us?" But Mrs. Dobbs stuck to her own plan.

While the footman was superintending the placing of May's luggage on the cab, her grandmother drew her into the waiting-room to say "good bye." "God bless you, my dear, dear child! Write to me often, keep well, and be happy!" she said, folding the girl in her arms. Mrs. Dormer-Smith stood by, not unsympathetic, but at the same time relieved to know James tussled with the luggage, so that he could not witness the parting, nor hear May's exclamation, "Darling granny! darling granny!" Indeed it might be hoped that he would never know the relationship between this stout, common-looking old woman and Miss Cheffington; nor be able to report it in the servants' hall. She felt that Mrs. Dobbs was behaving very properly, and said with gracious sweetness, "I'm sure we ought all to be very much obliged to you for the care you have taken of my niece. It was most good of you to undertake this tiresome journey."

Mrs. Dobbs looked up with a flash in her eyes. "I only hope," she returned hotly, "that you will take as good care of my grandchild, as I have taken of your niece." The next moment she repented of her retort, and said quite humbly, "You will be kind to her, won't you? Poor motherless lamb! You will be kind to her, I'm sure!"

"Indeed I will," answered Mrs. Dormer-Smith, with unruffled

gentleness. "I have always wished for a daughter, and she shall be like my own daughter to me." And, with a motherly caress, she drew May to her side.

"Don't be afraid for me, granny dear!" said May, smiling with tearful eyes. "I shall be very happy with Aunt Pauline. Besides, I shall see you again very soon."

Mrs. Dobbs laid her hand on the girl's shoulder and pushed her gently, but firmly, out of the waiting-room, standing herself in the doorway until May and her aunt had disappeared. Then she sat down by the fire, untied her bonnet-strings, pulled out her handkerchief, and sobbed unrestrainedly. The waiting-room attendant looked at her curiously; for she had noticed that Mrs. Dobbs did not belong to the same class as that elegantly dressed lady, attended by a servant in livery, with whom the young girl had gone away. Presently she drew near, on pretence of poking the fire, and said, "You're very fond of the young lady, ain't you? But don't take on so. You'll see her again very soon, I dare say. Don't cry, poor dear!"

"I have cried," said Mrs. Dobbs, getting up and drying her eyes resolutely. "I have cried, and it's done me good. And now I'll go and get a bit of food."

But she only trifled with the modest dinner set before her; and, as she sat in a corner of the second-class carriage which conveyed her back to Oldchester, her handkerchief was soaked with silent tears.

To May the separation naturally seemed far less terrible than it

did to Mrs. Dobbs. She had no idea that it was to be a long, much less a permanent, one. She found it agreeable to sit in the well-hung, neatly-appointed brougham, with a cushion at her back and a hot-water tin under her feet, and to look through the clear glasses at the bustle and movement of London. Her Aunt Pauline was very pleasant and sympathetic. May thought that she might come to love her father's sister very dearly. She admired her already. Mrs. Dormer-Smith's gentle manner, her soft, low voice, the quiet elegance of her dress, and even the delicate perfume of violets which hung about her, were all appreciated by May.

"My cousin is not at home, is he, Aunt Pauline?" she asked, after a little silence.

"No; Cyril is at Harrow. There are only the children."

"Oh, children!" cried May with brightening eyes. "I'm so glad I love children. I didn't know you had any children besides Cyril."

Mrs. Dormer-Smith laughed her peculiar little guttural laugh, consisting of several ha, ha, ha's, slowly and softly uttered, and made no answer.

"Are they boys or girls? How many are there? How old are they?" questioned May, eagerly.

"Two little boys. Harold is—let me see—Harold is six and Wilfred five. It is very awkward having two little things in the nursery so many years younger than their elder brother. Cyril is turned fifteen. It is like beginning all one's troubles over again," said Pauline, plaintively. The birth of these two children was, indeed, a standing grievance with her.

May thought this an odd way of talking, and said no more on the subject of her little cousins. But she looked forward to seeing them with pleasant expectation.

The sight of the house in Kensington brought back vividly to her mind the day after the dowager's funeral, when she had arrived there from school, feeling very strange and forlorn. She remembered, too, the abrupt departure next morning with her father, and her impression that the Dormer-Smiths had not behaved well, and that her father was very angry with them. May was shown into a bedroom at the back of the house overlooking some gardens. The maid, having asked if she could do anything for Miss Cheffington, and having mentioned that the luncheon-gong would sound in ten minutes, withdrew, and left May alone. She examined her room with girlish interest. It was very pretty, she thought. Perhaps, in point of solid comfort, the old-fashioned furniture of her room in Friar's Row might be superior; but in Friar's Row there was no such ample provision of looking-glasses as there was here. She was still contemplating herself from head to foot in a long swing mirror, which stood in a good light near the window, when the gong sounded.

May ran downstairs, and in the dining-room she found her aunt and a heavy-looking man with grizzled, sandy hair and dull blue eyes, who asked her how she did, and supposed she would hardly recognise him. "Oh yes I do, Uncle Frederick!" she answered. And, again, an uncomfortable recollection of her father's angry departure from that house came over her. But whatever quarrels there might have been in those days her aunt and uncle appeared to have forgotten all about them. Mr. Dormer-Smith told May more than once that he was pleased to see her. "You're not a bit like your father, my dear," said he, with an approving air not altogether flattering to Augustus.

"Oh yes, Frederick!" interposed his wife. "There is a family expression."

"It's an expression I have never seen on your brother's face. No, nor any approach to it."

Mrs. Dormer-Smith laughed the soft little laugh which was habitual with her when embarrassed or disconcerted, and changed the conversation. "I hope you like your room, May?" she said.

"Oh yes, very much indeed, thank you, Aunt Pauline."

"I wish I could have come upstairs with you. But I am obliged to *ménager* my strength as much as possible."

"Are you not well, Aunt Pauline?" asked May with ready sympathy.

"I am not *strong*, dear."

"You would be better if you exerted yourself more," said Mr. Dormer-Smith. "Your system gets into a sluggish state from sheer inactivity."

"Ah, you don't understand, Frederick," answered his wife with a plaintive smile. And May felt indignant at her uncle's want of feeling. But the next minute she relented towards him when he said, as he rose from table, "I'll go round to the chemist's myself for Willy's medicine, and bring it back with me, as I suppose you will be wanting James to go out again with the carriage by and by."

"Is one of the little boys ill?" asked May. This time it was her aunt who replied calmly, "Oh, no. The child has a little nervous cough; it is really more a trick than anything else."

"Huggins doesn't think so lightly of it, I can assure you. He tells me great care is needed," said Mr. Dormer-Smith.

"Can I—would you mind—might I see my little cousins?" asked May with some hesitation. She was puzzled by these discrepancies of opinion between the husband and wife.

Mr. Dormer-Smith turned round with a look almost of animation. "Come now, if you like. Come with me," he said. And May followed him out of the room, disregarding her Aunt's suggestion that it would be better for her to lie down and rest after her journey.

The nursery was a large room—in fact an attic—at the top of the house. May noticed how rapidly the elegance and costliness of the furniture and appointments decreased as they mounted. If the dining-room and drawing-rooms represented tropical luxury, the bedrooms cooled down into a temperate zone; and the top region of all was arctic in its barrenness. The nursery looked very forlorn and comfortless, with its bare floor, cheap wall-paper dotted with coarse, coloured prints; and its small grate with a small fire in it, which had exhausted its energies in smoking furiously, as the smell in the room testified. At a table in the middle of the room sat a hard-featured young woman with high cheek bones, and a complexion like that of a varnished wooden doll, mending a heap of linen; and in one corner, where stood a battered old rocking horse, and a top-heavy Noah's Ark, two little boys were kneeling on the floor, building houses with wooden bricks. On their father's entrance, they looked up languidly; but when they saw who it was, they scrambled to their feet with some show of pleasure, and came to stand one on each side of him, holding his hands. They were both like him, blue-eyed and sandy-haired, and both looked pale and sickly. Harold, the elder, seemed the stronger of the two. Wilfred was a meagre, frail-looking little creature, with a half timid, half sullen expression of face. Their father kissed them both, and sitting down, drew the younger child on his knee, whilst Harold stood pressing close against his shoulder.

"Well, do you know who this is?" asked Mr. Dormer-Smith, pointing to May.

Apparently they had no wish to know, for they nestled closer to their father, and sulkily rejected May's proffered caresses.

"Oh, come, you mustn't be shy," said their father. "This is your cousin May; kiss her, and say how d'ye do?"

But nothing would induce either of the boys to give May his hand, nor even to look at her; and at length she begged her uncle not to trouble himself, and hoped they would all be very good friends presently.

"And how do we get on with our lessons, ma'amse?" asked Mr. Dormer-Smith of the hard-featured young woman who, beyond

rising from her chair when they came in, had hitherto taken on notice of them.

"We haven't had no lessons to-day," put in Harold, with a lowering look at "ma'amse."

"No, monsieur, it has been impossible till now; I have had so much sewing to do for madame. See!" and she pointed to the heap of linen. "But we will have our lessons in the afternoon."

"I don't want lessons, I want to go out with papa. Take me with you, papa," cried Harold. Whereupon little Wilfred lisped out that he too would go out with papa, and set up a peevish whine.

"It is too cold for you, my man," said the father. "The sharp wind would make you cough. Harold will stay with you, and you can play together, and do your lessons afterwards, like good boys." But the children only wailed and cried the louder, whilst made-moiselle, with her eyes on her needlework, monotonously repeated in her Swiss-French "What is this? Be good, my children," and apparently thought she was doing all that she was called upon to do under the circumstances.

May thought her little cousins peculiarly disagreeable children; but she could not help feeling sorry for them and for their father, who looked quite helpless and distressed. "Would you like me to tell you a story?" she said. "I know some very pretty stories."

A wail from Wilfred, and a scowl from Harold, were all the answer she received from them. But her uncle caught at the suggestion eagerly. "Oh, that would be very kind of Cousin May," he said.

"A pretty story! You'll like that, won't you?" "No, I shan't! I want to go with papa," grumbled Harold. "I want to go with papa," sobbed Wilfred. "It is always so when monsieur comes to the nursery," said the Swiss, coolly going on with her sewing.

"The children are so fond of monsieur." "Poor little fellows!" cried May. Then kneeling down beside her uncle, she began softly to stroke Wilfred's hair, and to speak to him coaxingly. After a while, the child glanced shyly into her face, and ceased to sob. Presently he allowed himself to be transferred from his father's knee to May's. The Noah's ark was brought into requisition. May ranged its inmates—all more or less dilapidated—on the floor, and began to perform a drama with them, making each animal's utterances in an appropriate voice. A smile dawned on Wilfred's pale little face, and Harold drew near to look and listen with evident interest.

"Now, Uncle Frederick, if you have to go out, I will stay and play with the children, until lesson time. They are going to be very good now; ain't you, boys?"

"Ve'y good now," assented Wilfred, his attention still absorbed by the Noah's Ark animals.

"Well—if you'll make the pig grunt again, I will be good," said Harold, with a Bismarckian mastery of the *do ut des* principle.

Mr. Dormer-Smith's face beamed with satisfaction. "It's very good of you, my dear," said he. "If you don't mind, it would be very kind to stay with them a little while;—that is, if you are not too tired by your journey?" And as he went away, he repeated, "It's very good of you, my dear; very good of you!"

But May found that her aunt took a different view.

"Dear May," said she, when she learned where her niece had been spending the two hours after luncheon, "this is very imprudent! You should have lain down and taken a thorough rest instead of exerting yourself in that way."

"Oh, I'm not in the least tired, Aunt Pauline."

"Dear child, you may not think so; but a railway journey of three or four hours jars the nerves terribly."

"Oh, I was very glad to amuse the children, Aunt Pauline. They were crying to go out with their father, so I tried to comfort them. They got quite merry before I left them."

Mrs. Dormer-Smith slowly shook her head and smiled. "You will find them extremely tiresome, poor things!" said she placidly. "They are by no means engaging children. Cyril was very different at their age."

"Oh, Aunt Pauline! I think they might be made—I mean I think we shall come to be great friends. I couldn't bear to see them cry, poor mites!"

"That is all very sweet in you, dear May, but I fancy it is best to leave their nursery governess to manage them. Her French is not all that I could wish. But a pure accent is not so vitally important for boys. It is much if an Englishman can speak French even decently. And Cecile makes herself very useful with her needle."

Pauline then announced that she would not go out again that afternoon, but would devote herself to the inspection of May's wardrobe. "Of course you have no evening dresses fit to wear," she said. "But we will see whether we cannot manage to make use of some of your other clothes. Smithson, my maid, is very clever."

"Why, of course Granny would not have sent me without proper clothes!" protested May, opening her eyes in astonishment. "And I have an evening frock:—a very pretty white muslin, quite new."

To this speech Aunt Pauline vouchsafed no answer beyond a vague smile. She scarcely heard it, in fact. Her mind was preoccupied with weighty considerations. As she seated herself in the one easy chair in May's room, and watched her niece kneeling down, keys in hand, before her travelling trunk, she observed with heartfelt thankfulness that the girl's figure was naturally graceful, and calculated to set off well-cut garments to advantage.

"Oh!" exclaimed May suddenly, turning round and letting the keys fall with a clash as she clasped her hands, "above everything I must not miss the post! I want to send off a letter, so that granny may have it at breakfast time to-morrow for a surprise. Have I plenty of time, Aunt Pauline?"

"No doubt," answered her aunt absently. She was debating whether the circumference of May's waist might not be reduced an inch or so, by judicious lacing.

"Perhaps I had better get my letter written first, Aunt Pauline. I wouldn't miss writing to granny for the world, and any time will do for the clothes."

To which her aunt replied with solemnity, and with an appearance of energy which May had never witnessed in her before. "Your wardrobe, May, demands very serious consideration. April is just upon us. You are to be presented at the second Drawing-room. Dress is an important social duty, and we must not lose time in trifling."

CHAPTER XII.

It was a great comfort to Mrs. Dormer-Smith to find her niece so pretty ("not a beauty," as she said to herself, "but extremely pleasing, and with capital points"), and so entirely free from vulgarisms of speech or manner. In fact, May's outward demeanour needed but very few polishing touches to make it all her aunt could desire. But a more intimate acquaintance revealed traits of character which troubled Mrs. Dormer-Smith a good deal.

"I suppose," she observed to her husband, with a sigh, "one had no right to expect that poor Augustus's unfortunate marriage should have left no trace in his children. But it is dreadfully disheartening to come every now and then upon some absolutely middle-class prejudice or scruple, in May. Now Augustus, whatever his faults may be, always had such a thorough-bred way of looking at things."

"Certainly, no one can accuse your brother of having scruples," said Frederick.

"Besides, it is terribly bad form in a girl of her age to set up for a moralist."

"It doesn't seem much like May to set up for anything: she is always so childish and unpretending."

"Oh, yes; and that *melancholic* air is delicious: it goes so perfectly with her *physique*. But there are so many things which one cannot teach in words, but which girls brought up in a certain *monde* learn by instinct."

"What sort of things do you mean?" asked her husband after a little pause.

"Well, on Thursday, for instance, I was awfully annoyed. Mrs. Griffin was here, and seemed pleased with May, and talked to her a good deal. You know that is very important, because the duchess invites people or leaves them out pretty much as her mother dictates. So I was naturally very much gratified to see May making a good impression. In fact, Mrs. Griffin whispered to me, 'Charming! So fresh.' Presently Lady Burlington came in, and they began talking of those new people, the Aaronsohns, who have a million and a half a year. Lady Burlington had been at a big dinner there the night before, and she told us the most astonishing things of their vulgarity and their pushing ways. When she was gone Mrs. Griffin said, 'I do like Lady Burlington,' and began praising her manners and her air of *grande dame*. And, very kindly turning to May, she said, 'Do you know, little one, that that is one of the proudest women in England?' 'Is she?' said May. 'I should never have guessed that she was proud.' Something in her way of saying it caught Mrs. Griffin's attention; and she pressed her and cross-questioned her, until May blurted out that she thought it despicable to accept vulgar people's hospitality only because they were rich, and then to ridicule them for being vulgar. I never was so shocked; for, you know, the duchess and Mrs. Griffin both went to the Aaronsohns' ball last season. Now you know," pursued Mrs. Dormer-Smith almost tearfully, "that kind of thing will never do. You must allow that it will never do, Frederick."

"It would be awkward," assented Frederick, looking grave. "Couldn't you tell her?"

"Of course, I spoke to her after Mrs. Griffin had gone away. But she only said, 'What could I do, Aunt Pauline?' The old lady insisted on my answering her, and I couldn't tell her a story. You see what a difficult kind of thing it will be to manage, Frederick."

Mr. Dormer-Smith had become a great partisan of May's. He was genuinely grateful for her kindness to his children, and would willingly have taken her part had it been possible. But he felt that his wife was right; it would really never do to carry into society an *enfant terrible* of such uncompromising truthfulness. And this feeling was much strengthened by the recollection of sundry remarks which May had innocently made to himself—remarks indicating an inconvenient assumption on her part that one's principles must naturally regulate one's practice. However, as he told his wife, they must trust to time and experience to correct this crudeness.

"She is but a schoolgirl, after all," he said.

Pauline did not pursue the subject, but she reflected within herself that there are schoolgirls and schoolgirls.

There had been some discussion as to who should present May. Mrs. Dormer-Smith was of opinion that had there been a Viscountess Castlecombe, the office would properly have devolved on her ladyship; but old Lord Castlecombe had been a widower for many years. At length it was decided that May should be presented by her aunt. "I know it is a great risk for me to go out *décolleté* on an English spring day," said that devoted woman. "And Lady Burlington would do it if I asked her. But I wish to carry out the duty I have undertaken towards Augustus's daughter, as thoroughly as my strength will allow. Under all the circumstances of the case, it is important that she should be publicly acknowledged, and, as it were, identified with the family. Of course, I shall feel justified in buying my gown out of May's money."

"May's money" had come to be the phrase by which the Dormer-Smiths spoke of the payment made by Mrs. Dobbs for her granddaughter.

But besides the comforting sense of duty fulfilled, there were other compensations in store for Mrs. Dormer-Smith. May's presentation dress was pronounced exquisite, and was ready in good time; and May herself profited satisfactorily by the instructions of a fashionable professor of deportment, in the difficult art of walking and curtseying in a train. To be sure, she had alarmed her aunt at first by going into fits of laughter when describing Madame Melnotte's lessons, and imitating the impressive gravity with which the dancing-mistress went through the dumb show of a presentation at Court. But she did what she was told to do, not only with docility, but with an unaffected simplicity which Aunt Pauline's good taste perceived to be infinitely charming. And she said to her husband that she really began to hope May would be "a great success."

The great day of the Drawing-room came and went, as do all days, great or small. But whether she had been a success or a failure, in her aunt's sense of the words, May had not the remotest idea. Indeed, the various feelings on the subject of her presentation which had filled her breast beforehand (including a genuine delight in her own appearance as she stood before the big looking-glass, while Smithson put the finishing touches to her head-dress), were all swallowed up in the supreme feeling of thankfulness that it was over; and that she had not disgraced herself by tumbling over her train, or otherwise shocking the eyes of august personages. Also, in a minor degree, she was thankful that Aunt Pauline's antique lace-flounce—a portion of the Dowager's legacy lent for the occasion—had escaped destruction. On their drive homeward, she sat silent, trying to extricate some definite image from her confused impressions of the ceremony, and finding that her most distinct recollection recorded the pressure of a persistent and ruthless elbow against her ribs. Mrs. Dormer-Smith, too, was too much exhausted to say much. She leaned back in the carriage with closed eyes, wrapping her furs round her, and sniffing at a bottle of salts.

But when refreshed by a glass of wine, and seated in a well-cushioned chair before a blazing fire, Mrs. Dormer-Smith felt very well satisfied with the result of the day. Mrs. Griffin had been there, and had nodded approvingly across a struggling crowd of bare shoulders; and Mrs. Griffin's approbation was worth having. Mr. Dormer-Smith came home from his club a full hour earlier than usual, in order to hear the report:—a proof of interest which May, not being a whist-player, was unable fully to appreciate.

"Well," said Pauline, with a kind of pious serenity, "we have accomplished this somewhat trying social duty."

"Trying, indeed," exclaimed May. "I'm afraid you are dreadfully tired, Aunt Pauline. And the crowd and closeness made your headache, I saw. How is your head now?"

"It is better, dear, much better."

"Well?" said Mr. Dormer-Smith, looking interrogatively with raised eyebrows at his wife.

"Oh yes, Frederick; very nice indeed, very satisfactory. I was very much pleased. I had been a little anxious about the effect of the *corsage*, but Amélie has done herself great credit. And, mercifully, white suits our dear child to perfection. She really looked very well."

"Did I, Aunt Pauline? Well, I'm sure it didn't much matter how I looked."

"Didn't matter!" echoed Mrs. Dormer-Smith in a shocked tone. "Oh, come, May!" cried her uncle. "I thought you were above that sort of nonsense. Do you mean to tell me that you don't care about looking pretty?"

"Oh, no! I mean—well, I did think my dress was lovely when I looked at myself in the big glass upstairs; but in that crush who could see it? And I was awfully afraid that Aunt Pauline's lace flounce would be torn completely off the skirt."

Her uncle laughed. "You don't appear to have altogether enjoyed your first appearance as a courtier," said he.

"Enjoyed! Oh, who could enjoy it?" Then, fearful of seeming ungrateful, she added, "It was very, very kind of Aunt Pauline to take so much trouble, and to get me that beautiful dress."

May had not been accustomed to think about ways and means. It had seemed a matter of course that her daily wants should be supplied, and she had hitherto bestowed no more thought on the matter than a young bird in the nest. But it was impossible for her to live as a member of the Dormer-Smiths' family without having the question of money brought forcibly to her mind. There were small pinchings and savings of a kind utterly unknown in Friar's Row; elaborate calculations were made as to the possibility of this or that expenditure; Aunt Pauline frequently lamented her poverty; and yet, withal, there was kept up an appearance of wealth and elegance. May was not long in discovering the seamy side of all the luxury which surrounded her; and it amazed her. Why should her aunt so arrange her life as to derive very little comfort from very strenuous effort? And what puzzled her most of all at first was the air of conscious virtue with which this was done: the strange way in which Aunt Pauline would mention some piece of meanness or insincerity as though it were an act of loftiest duty. On one or two occasions May had innocently suggested a straightforward way out of some social difficulty; such as wearing an old gown when a new one could not be afforded, or refusing an invitation which could only be accepted at the cost of much bodily and mental harass. But these childish suggestions had been met by an indulgent smile; and she had been told that such and such things must be done or endured in order to keep up the family's position in society. Once May had asked, "Then why should we keep up our position in society?" But her aunt had shown such genuine consternation at this impious inquiry that the girl did not venture to repeat it.

Another question, however, soon forced itself upon May: namely, how it came to pass that, under all the circumstances, so much money was spent on her dress. Besides the Court train and petticoat, her aunt had provided for her a wardrobe which, to the young girl's inexperienced eyes, appeared absolutely splendid (for Pauline's conscience, although cramped and squeezed into artificial shape like a Chinese lady's foot, was alive and sentient; and she would on no account have failed to expend "May's money" for May's advantage); and yet all the while there were the two little boys in their comfortless nursery, wearing coarse clothing and shabby shoes; and there was Cecile toiling at needlework instead of attending to the children, in order that the cost of a seamstress might be saved! On this subject May felt that she had a right to interrogate her aunt; and accordingly she took courage to do so. Mrs. Dormer-Smith was considerably embarrassed, and made an attempt to fence off the subject. But May persisted. "It's very, very good of you and Uncle Frederick to do so much for me," she said. "But I can't bear to take it all."

"Nonsense, May! Remember you are a Cheffington. You must appear in the world properly equipped."

"But, Aunt Pauline, it isn't fair to Harold and Wilfred!"

"Harold and Wilfred?" echoed her aunt, opening wide her soft dark eyes. "What do you mean, May?"

May coloured hotly, but stuck to her point. "Well," she said, "you know Uncle Frederick was saying the other day that Willy ought to have change of air; and you said you couldn't afford to send him to the seaside just now; and—and I think Cecile thinks they ought to have new walking suits; and all the while I have so many expensive new frocks. I can't bear it. It isn't really fair."

Then Mrs. Dormer-Smith found herself compelled to assure her niece that no penny of the cost of her toilet came out of Uncle Frederick's pocket, and reading a further question in the girl's face, she hastened to anticipate it by adding, "The arrangements made for you here, May, are in entire accordance with your father's wishes. There has been a correspondence with him on the subject, and he wrote quite distinctly; otherwise your uncle and I would not have undertaken to bring you out."

"I hope," said May, "that papa does not deprive himself of anything for me. He used not to be at all well off, I know. I can remember when I was a little thing in Bruges."

"Augustus deprives himself of nothing," answered Mrs. Dormer-Smith, softly, but emphatically. "Pray say no more on the subject, my dear. This sort of thing makes my head ache."

Her conscience being thus relieved, May accepted and enjoyed her new finery and her new life. She found that "taking up one's position in society" involved pleasanter things than being presented at a Drawing-room. It was delightful to be tastefully and becomingly dressed. It was agreeable to be sure of plenty of partners at every dance. It was satisfactory to have so admirable a chaperon as Aunt Pauline. One could no more form a fair judgment of that lady, from knowing her only in domestic life, than one could fully appreciate a swan from seeing it on dry land. In the congenial element of "society," her merits were exhibited to the utmost advantage. They were, indeed, greater than May had any idea of; Mrs. Dormer-Smith's tact in warding off ineligible partners, and securing as far as possible eligible ones for her niece, was masterly. But May admired her aunt's unruffled temper and gentle grace. She had been quick to find out—with some astonishment, but beyond the possibility of doubt—that fine people can be exceedingly rude on occasion; and she observed with pride that Aunt Pauline was never rude. Moreover, Aunt Pauline's softness of manner was a far more effectual protection against impertinence than the brusquerie affected by sundry ladies who forgot the wisdom embodied in the homely saying that "those who play at bowls must look out for rubbers;" and who were always liable to be vanquished by greater insolence than their own.

May soon began to be reticent of her real sentiments and opinions in speaking to her aunt and uncle. She felt that nine times out of ten she was not understood;—or, which was worse, was misunderstood. But in writing to her dear granny she frankly and fully poured out all her heart. These letters were the joy and consolation of Mrs. Dobbs's life. Every minutest detail interested her. She laughed over May's description of the drawing-room, and read it out loud to Jo Weatherhead by way of a wholesome corrective to his Tory prejudices.

But at the same time she secretly treasured a copy of the *Morning Post* containing Miss Miranda Cheffington's name, and a description of Miss Miranda Cheffington's toilet on that occasion. And she listened, with a complacency of which she was more than half-ashamed, to Mrs. Simpson's ecstasies on the subject; and to the scraps of information which the good-natured Amelia quoted—generally incorrectly—from social gossip setting forth how Mrs. Dormer-Smith and her niece, Miss Miranda Cheffington, had been present at this or that grand entertainment. These things might appear frivolous; but was it not for this end, to put May in her right place in the world, to give her her birthright, that Mrs. Dobbs had made a great sacrifice? Jo Weatherhead understood this so well, that the "fashionable intelligence" in the local newspapers assumed a quite pathetic interest in his eyes. When he went to drink tea with his old friend in the parlour of her new abode, with its trashy, stuccoed ceiling, miserably thin walls, and squeezed little fireplace, he felt it to be a positive comfort to pull from his pocket a copy of the *Court Journal* or other equally polite print, and read aloud to Sarah some paragraph in which May's name occurred. It was a consolation, too, to let himself be lectured and hushed at by Sarah for his absurd admiration of the aristocracy.

And he took every opportunity of combatting her Radicalism, in order that she might victoriously vindicate the steadfastness of her political principles.

Meanwhile, Captain Cheffington saw the accounts of his daughter's appearance in the fashionable world, and began to think that he had been too easy in giving his consent to it. He had got nothing by it; and perhaps something might have been got. He wrote twice to Pauline, urgently requiring her to tell him what was the exact sum which Mrs. Dobbs paid for her granddaughter's maintenance. That it was handsome he did not doubt; knowing by experience that the Dormer-Smiths would not contribute a shilling. Pauline had replied evasively to the first letter, and not at all to the second, with the result that Augustus's imagination absurdly exaggerated Mrs. Dobbs's wealth. The old woman must be rolling in money after all! Had May's allowance been a small one, his sister would not have hesitated to tell him the exact sum. It was clear to his mind that the Dormer-Smiths were making an uncommonly good thing of it, and he was decidedly disinclined to leave all the profit to them. He wrote off to Oldchester a demand for money on his own account. It was refused; and his anger was very bitter. He even began to cherish a grudge against May. Why should she be surrounded by luxury, enjoying all the gaieties of London, and taking a social position to which her only claim was the fact of being his daughter, whilst he lived the life of an outcast? He went so far as to threaten to come to England and bring away his daughter: having some idea that Mrs. Dobbs might ransom May, and pension him off. But the energy which might once upon a time have enabled Augustus Cheffington to take this strong step had waned long ago. He had grown inert. And, above all, the circumstances of his private life rendered such independent action difficult, if not impossible.

It presently began to be reported amongst Mrs. Dormer-Smith's acquaintance, with other items of tea-table gossip, that "little May Cheffington had a rich old grandmother somewhere down in the country." Theodore Bransby, who was admitted as a familiar visitor at the Dormer-Smiths, and who made a parade of his intimacy with the Cheffingtons, was interrogated on the subject. He maintained a cautious reserve in his replies:—"He really could say nothing; he had no idea what the old lady's means might be; he could scarcely, in fact, be said to know her at all." Wishing, as he did, completely to ignore that objectionable old ironmonger's widow, it was irritating to find her existence known, and her means discussed, in London. To be sure, no one troubled himself to inquire "Who is she?" general interest being exclusively concentrated on the question, "What has she?" Theodore's reticence was by no means attributed to its real cause. People said that young Bransby was looking after the girl himself, and wanted to choke off possible rivals. Theodore did, indeed, push himself as far as possible into every house which May frequented. There were some still inaccessible to him; but he had patience and perseverance. And he was constantly meeting May in the course of the season. She was far more pleased to see him in London than she had ever been in Oldchester. He was associated with persons whom she loved: and on many occasions when ball-room lookers-on pronounced Miss Cheffington and young Bransby to be "spooning awfully," May was talking with animation of his half-brothers, Bobby and Billy; of the dear old Canon and her friend Constance; or even of Mr. and Mrs. Sebastian Bach Simpson. Theodore had no relish for these topics; but it was better to talk with May of them, than not to talk with her at all. And to the girl, he seemed the only link between her present life and the dear Oldchester days.

At the beginning of June, however, he ceased to have this exclusive claim on her attention. One fine day Aunt Pauline, returning from an afternoon drive with her niece, found a large visiting card with "The Misses Piper" engraved on it with many elaborate flourishes, whilst underneath was written in pencil "Miss Hadlow."

"Piper!" said Pauline, languidly dropping her eyeglass, and looking round at May; "what can this mean?"

"Oh, it means Miss Polly and Miss Patty and my schoolfellow Constance Hadlow!" cried May, clapping her hands. "Fancy Conny being in town! I dare say the Pipers invited her on a visit. I'm so glad!"

Mrs. Dormer-Smith's countenance expressed anything but gladness; and she privately informed May that it would be impossible to do more than send cards to these ladies by the servant. "I can't have them here on my Thursdays, you know, May," she said, plaintively, and with an injured air.

Three months ago May would have indignantly protested against this tone, and would have pointed out that it would be unfeeling and ungrateful on her part to slight her old friends. But she had by this time learned to understand how unavailing were all such representations to convince Aunt Pauline, in whose code personal sentiments of good will towards one's neighbour had to yield to the higher law of duty towards "Society."

"Perhaps," said May, after a pause, "if you cannot go yourself, Uncle Frederick would take me to Miss Piper's some Sunday after church, when we go for a walk with the children. You see they have written 'Sundays' on the corner of their card."

"Oh, do you think they would be satisfied with that sort of thing?" asked her aunt.

"They are most kind, good-natured old ladies," pursued May. "They wouldn't mind the children at all. Indeed, they like children. And as to coming to your Thursdays, Aunt Pauline, I really don't think they would care to do it. Music is their great passion—at least, Miss Polly's great passion—and when they are in London I think they go to concerts morning, noon, and night. Miss Hadlow is different. Her grandpapa was a Rivers," added May, blushing at her own willingness, "and she is very handsome, and sure to be asked out a great deal."

But May's profound strategy did not end here. She coaxed Uncle Frederick by representing what a treat it would be to Harold and Wilfred to go out visiting with papa. Those young gentlemen, privately incited by hints of possible plum cake, were soon all eagerness to go; and when, on the very next Sunday, May set off with her uncle and cousins to walk to Miss Piper's lodgings, she felt that she had achieved a diplomatic triumph.

(To be continued)



MR. R. J. GRIFFITHS believes in the Channel Tunnel; and those who read "Under the Deep, Deep Sea" (Moffatt and Paige), illustrated with Mr. Melton Prior's sketches, will probably begin to ask themselves whether, after all, the Duke of Cambridge and Lord Wolseley are not "military faddists," and whether the present defenceless state of Dover Castle does not prove that a tunnel would not make us a whit more open to invasion than we now are. Mr. Griffiths argues his case with the energy of conviction; he has the manufacturing world on his side. Mr. Slagg's evidence on this point is very important; so is Mr. H. Oakley's, and Sir B. Samuelson's, and Mr. H. Lee's, and Mr. Wedgwood's. Having to "break bulk" is such a disadvantage that many Continental markets are

practically closed to us. In Mr. Griffiths' opinion, "The matter ought to be discussed by the people." Besides answering objections, he gives a good account of what has already been done, and how, in the way of boring.

"Shelley, the Man and the Poet" (Ward and Downey) is a subject on which it seems we shall never get the last word. After Professor Dowden comes M. Rabbe, who is very angry with the unsympathetic Mr. Jeaffreson, but who does not mend matters in regard to the painful Harriet Westbrook episode. For Shelley to desert her "because she could not rise to his height, because her heart was inaccessible to the great passions that filled his own," was far worse than to fling over Miss Hitchener, whom, when he styled her Portia, he persuaded to give up schoolkeeping, but whom, with characteristic fickleness, he soon found to be not a Portia, but a "Brown Demon." Miss Hitchener, however, got her annuity, and went back to schoolkeeping; Harriet died, because it was past endurance that Shelley should be amusing himself on the Continent with Godwin's daughter. When Shelley heard of it he wrote a letter (as when he heard of Fanny Imlay's suicide he penned a stanza) about "the agonising contemplation of vice, folly, and hard-heartedness!" At the same time he was buying crayfish, and ordering his servant to carry them back to their lurking-places. No wonder "Jew Westbrook" (Shelley's gentlemanly epithet for his father-in-law) wished to rescue the children from one whose unkindness, palliate it as we may, had caused their mother's death. On all this M. Rabbe seldom makes any comment; but one feels that he holds genius to be above law; and he ends with the hope that "England will by and by atone for her ingratitude" by putting Shelley in Westminster Abbey. M. Rabbe thinks Shelley "the greatest English poet of the nineteenth century." He even takes the pains to unearth and analyse his boyish romances, "St. Irvyne," &c.; and he holds M. Taine's criticism to be unworthy as well as unsympathetic. Is the French Byron cult to be superseded by a Shelley cult?

In Parts XIX. and XX. of "The History of the County Palatine and Duchy of Lancaster" (Heywood, Manchester and London), the account of Manchester parish is brought down to to-day. The notes about the "Blanketeers" and Peterloo, and those on the Anti-Corn Law League are interesting; so is the description of the Art Treasures Exhibition, 1857, where Mr. Charles Hallé's permanent daily orchestra was one of the chief attractions. The engravings of old Manchester are in striking contrast with the streets as they now are. Those representing the ducking-stool and the scold's-bridle lead us to ask the whereabouts of these uncanny relics. Part XXI. shows us that Manchester has had at least three Exchanges. That built in 1729 by Sir Oswald Mosley was big enough to hold 700 people, and a ball was given on the accession of George III. In 1806 was begun what had grown by 1839 to be "the biggest exchange room in Europe;" but Manchester was not satisfied till the present building was erected in 1874.

Count Gleichen apologises for publishing "With the Camel Corps up the Nile" (Chapman and Hall), three years after the event. He also "craves merciful indulgence" for his sketches, to our mind the best part of the work (see, for instance "Ingratitude," page 59). The Count writes with *verve*, but most of what he says is very small talk. The serious part of the book is a record of military mismanagement; and to accuse Mr. Gladstone of "miserable vacillation and moral cowardice," because a lot of stores were pierced and thrown into the river, is about as mean as to call the Arab marksman who shot Ormiston of the Third Grenadiers "One of these brutes" (page 134). On the same page the Count had very properly characterised these men (who "would turn and charge the square singly, being mostly shot down long before they reached it") as "brave fanatics." Let us hope, therefore, that "brutes" in his vocabulary is less offensive than it would be in an Englishman's.

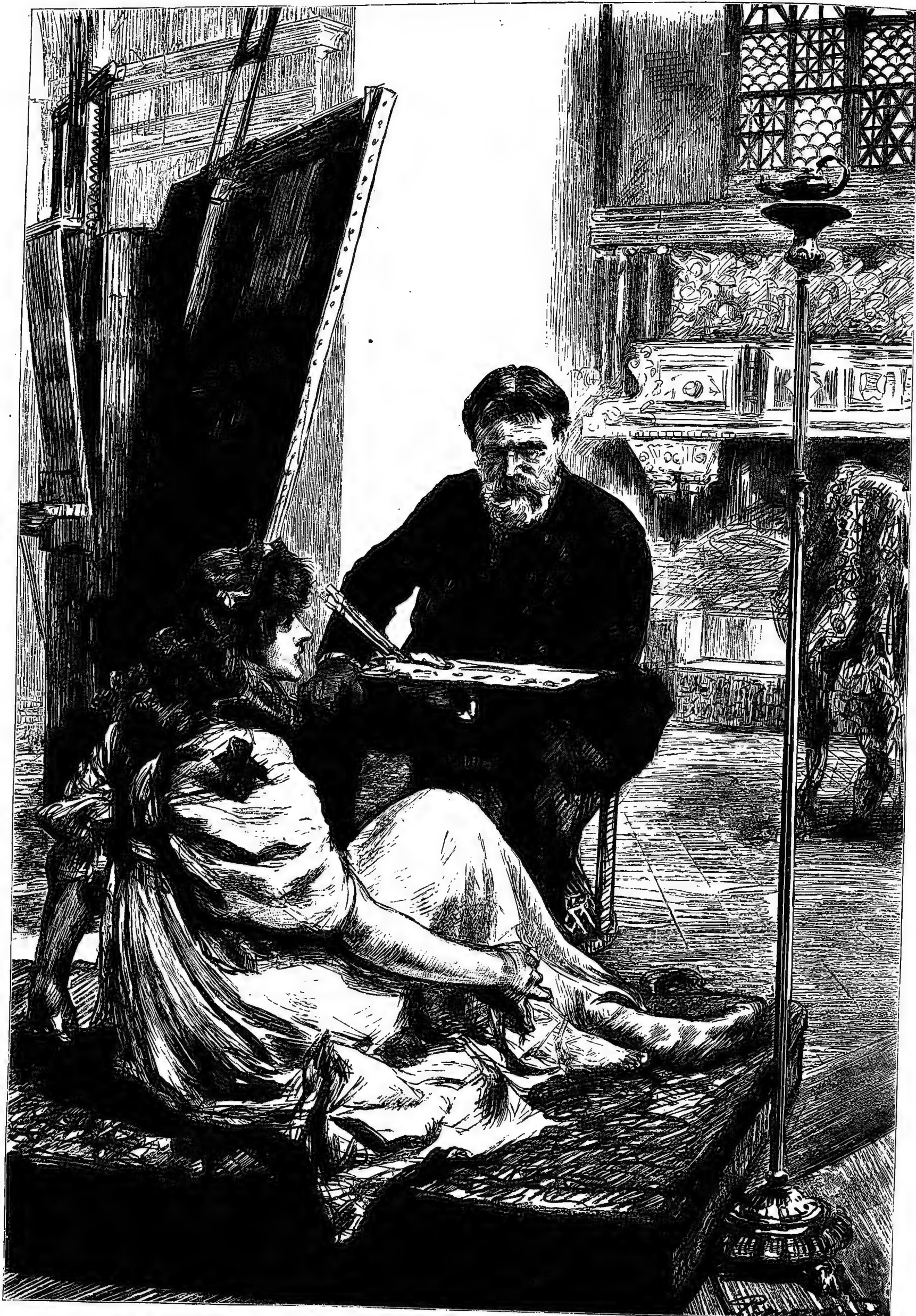
Mr. V. S. Morwood is not first in the field with his "Easy Guide to Scripture Animals" (Hogg). If we mistake not, the Religious Tract Society has done the same thing long ago. But his certainly is a very easy guide, and the questions and answers will be helpful to those who do not despise this most useful of all modes of teaching. We are glad to see that (despite the Revised Version) he includes among his animals the dear old cockatrice and the satyr.

Granted Mr. C. T. Drury's position that the "sports" of our ordinary ferns are as worth tabulating and reproducing as the varieties of our roses, and we at once admit that "Choice British Ferns" (Gill), was well worth writing, and the clear black-and-white illustrations worth making. But we wholly deny his position. We remember a fern-gardener at Ilfr, "ombe who had, years ago, about sixty different 'varieties' of hartstongue. To him our advice was to make haste and get them all back to the normal shape. So we say of Mr. Drury's polypodys and spleenworts; they are monsters, and most of them very ugly monsters. Were Mr. Darwin alive, he might have been able to get some good out of them—no one else can.

There can be no possible objection to Mr. S. B. G. McKinney symbolising the perfect harmony of intellect, emotion, and will by the double equilateral triangle of the Freemasons; and no healthy mind can find fault with his axiom, that "it is unscientific to ask a man to be content with unhappiness in hope of being comfortable after death." But, then, so few of us even pretend to rule our lives on scientific principles. That is why "The Science and Art of Religion" (Kegan Paul) was written. "Religion is the medical science of mind," and therefore we need a text-book of it, just as much as we do of physiology, as any one who has talked with educated heathens, with whom the argument from authority could not be substituted for an appeal to their reason, must have proved. Mr. McKinney believes in archetypes, and in consequence wholly rejects Evolution as inconsistent with any religion, seeing that we cannot in the least understand the next stage of Evolution, physical or mental. He is very severe on the scientists who dissuaded Mr. Murray of the *Challenger* from publishing his "Coral-Reef Theory," because it is dead against Mr. Darwin's; he gloats over the idea of "some noble-looking Dahomey merchant leading one of our philosophers by a string, as a white variety of chimpanzee;" and he thinks the Irish have adopted the Plan of Campaign because they have ceased to worship the archetypal mind (p. 132). Nevertheless, despite many crudities, a conscious or unconscious Platonist always deserves a hearing; and Mr. McKinney's "Art" of religion, beginning with Adam's symbolical pictures, described in the Genesis account of the creation, is certainly ingenious. It is rather hard that one who owes so much to Plato should say (p. 440), "There never were two more callous, heartless brutes on earth than he and Socrates." General Gordon's fall he attributes to his getting out of harmony with the archetypal mind, and sending false despatches, which deceived his friends, though meant to deceive only his enemies.

The famous German Galleries are an argument against over-centralisation. It is better, everywhere, that such treasures should be divided, than that they should be massed at one centre. "The Handbook of the Italian Schools in the Dresden Gallery" (Allen) will be a great help to those who go not only to worship the Sistine Madonna, but to study the best collection in Europe of the sixteenth and seventeenth century Italian masters. The pedigrees appended to the more remarkable pictures are very useful.

Mr. Walter Rye's "Records, and Record Searching" (London: Elliot Stock; Norwich: Goose) is enlivened with such amenities as "the pig-headed obstinacy of the Bank of England authorities." He is unfortunately right as to "the cramped and illiberal rules restricting the Cambridge University library." As to the practical value of his book, his name is a sufficient warrant; it is just what genealogists and topographers need.



PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS, VIII.—MR. ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.
DRAWN FROM LIFE

PAINTERS IN THEIR STUDIOS—VIII. LAURENCE ALMA-TADEMA, R.A.

THERE is no doubt that Mr. Alma-Tadema occupies a unique position in the world of Art. Others in the school of "Classicism" have oftentimes represented ancient life as it may have been, but Mr. Tadema has made us feel that he shows us ancient life as it *was*. The George Ebers of the brush, he stands proudly on a mighty pedestal that he has erected for himself; proudly—but simply, too, laughingly, easily, and unaffectedly—conscious of his just worth, but entertaining no exaggerated sense either of his powers or of the public estimation or appreciation.

And yet, I suppose, there is no painter in the country, or out of it, more widely or deeply popular than he. As cosmopolitan in his acquaintance as he has been in his homes, and as he still is in his linguistic acquirements, he has a crowd of warm friends wherever he has lived. This is easily to be understood, for there is that sort of magnetic sympathy about him which captivates at once. Courteous and friendly in manner, picturesque in gesture and expression, more given to laugh than to frown—yet by no means shirking the latter if occasion demands—he has little of the phlegmatic calm that is supposed to be the characteristic of his race. Original in most things, and energetic in all, he is direct, bright, and witty in conversation, as becomes a sunny nature; and then he talks in musical English—in demi-semi-quavers, one might say, freely interspersed with minims—startling one continually with refreshing and wholly unexpected observations and happy turns of thought. Add to that a complete knowledge of the world, an intense and absorbing passion for his art, and, like so many of the Old Masters (in spite of what our Art-visionaries so constantly and frequently deny in them), a shrewd eye for business, and the "spiritual man" stands before you.

Given such a man and given the worldly weal that has come to him, what sort of a house would he raise to himself? A simple rule of three, which may be worked out to a logical conclusion: a residence like no other on this earth. An original ground plan, a novel elevation, unheard-of arrangements, ornamentation unprecedented in modern buildings in boldness and chasteness of design and execution, give the sum total of this extraordinary dwelling. Whether you enter through the conservatory, arriving in the ante-hall—is that the proper definition, I wonder?—where each of the two-score upright panels is painted by a different artist of eminence (most wonderful and beautiful of autograph albums), or whether you straightway ascend the brazen staircase and enter the studio, the effect is equally surprising and pleasing. The walls of this vast chamber, pierced with many doors and openings, are decorated with infinite refinement; the great apse is lined with shining silver-leaf, which presents a brilliant appearance at night; and the celebrated piano in oak, mother-of-pearl, ivory, and I know not what besides, has, as it deserves, a niche all to itself. But more important than the case of this famous instrument is the interior of the flap which, on a parchment sheet affixed to it, bears the name of every musician of note who has played on it. And, greatest marvel of all in a studio, is the fact that the orthodox, inevitable top-light is for once heterodox, evitable and absent. And then the inscriptions about the house—what a delightful feature they are!—truly foreshadowing the bright hospitality within. From the "Salve" above the house-door, to the salutation over the ante-hall mantel, and those about the studio and elsewhere, they all breathe a love of Art and a welcome to the visitor. Outside the bed-chamber door is a God-keep-you, infinitely comforting doubtless to the devout mind; and facing, so that it may meet the eye on the occupant quitting the room in the morning, is a cheery good-morrow that should put him in a good humour for the day. And the fun of it all is that some of the letters are painted in scarlet, which, reckoning in the Roman fashion, literally mark red-letter dates in the Alma-Tadema family.

Precocity—that clarion of the great—marked out Mr. Tadema's future career. At the age of four so remarkable was his talent that he took drawing-lessons; at five, he corrected his drawing-master's work—that is to say, he pointed out faults that his astonished preceptor was forced to admit; and, as he grew up, he formed the determination to become an artist—a resolution which his prudent mother attempted to shake, and to which she only yielded when the doctors warned her that the boy was fretting himself to death. With Art as his goal he soon mended, and applied himself with energy to study, turning his attention principally to classics. But, as he himself has told me, while hating Latin and Greek for themselves, he loved mythology, and acquainted himself with the subject chiefly through the medium of the fancy sketches of gods and goddesses and their attributes with which he covered the margins of his books. He told me once how, during a grand school examination, with all the masters in solemn array, just as he was in the middle of a Latin speech, the sun broke in, lighting up the professors' bald heads with gold and striking upon the green curtains beyond. In a moment, all thoughts of masters, on-lookers, and examination vanished—he was struck dumb with the effect of light and shade, till a reproachful prompting voice brought him back to earth. Who, I wonder, among all that assembly, suspected the real cause of the boy's awe and astonished silence?

If Mr. Alma-Tadema may be called the Ebers of the brush, Herr Ebers may as appropriately be termed the Alma-Tadema of the pen, so that it is doubly fitting that he should have written a life of the artist—a fact, I believe, not generally known to the English reading public. From it I gather that Mr. Tadema early assumed the name and style of "Alma," partly for the sake of euphony and partly for the sake of lifting himself in Exhibition catalogues out of the T's and depositing himself among the A's, near the beginning: an arrangement of especial advantage in the Paris Salon. If this be true, I am surely justified in having attributed to him the discernment and sagacity belonging to the shrewd man of the world. He had now left his native village of Dronrijp and was a student at Antwerp, under Wappers, "David's antidote." He was a rollicking, hard-working student, always painting during the day, never reaching his ideal of good work, and as constantly destroying his pictures; but never discouraged, always striving. With the sole exception of "The Oracle," indeed, all his early works have been burnt by his own hand.

The discovery of some Merovingian antiquities near Dronrijp emphasised his taste for mediæval and classic themes, which was further fed by Professor Detayé, the Professor of History of the Antwerp Academy, who, warmed into enthusiasm by so apt a pupil, crammed his young head with archaeology of all periods. The young artist obtained possession of Gregory of Tours' "Historia Francorum," and on suggestions therein contained painted his two principal Merovingian creations, "Clotilde at the Tomb of her Grandchildren," and "The Education of the Children of Clovis," his first great success, purchased by the King of the Belgians for 64*l*. He was now in the studio of Baron Leys, and was working on some of the master's pictures when he began to turn his attention to Ancient Egypt, and laid the foundation of his reputation as the Great Apostle of Archaeology of our day.

He did not satisfy himself by merely skirting the fringe of the subject. He went thoroughly into Ancient Egyptian life, because upon that was founded all more recent civilisation, or, at least, it is that which forms a *point d'appui* for the student of customs; for as Mr. Tadema expresses it, Egypt is the portal to the road through Antiquity. The first important result of his study was "An Egyptian Festival Three Thousand Years Ago," a picture which gained a Gold Medal in Paris, and was bid for by Prince Napoleon at the

rate of a franc per "year ago;" but, as the price happened to be 4,000 francs, the Imperial offer was declined. Then followed, in 1863, the first visit to Italy—an expedition, be it observed, not undertaken till the young painter had firmly marked out his artistic path. I was once talking over this question of travel, and its educational value, with Mr. Alma-Tadema, when he spoke very emphatically, and to the point.

"What is the use," he cried, "of trying to graft the fruit-bearing branch on to a sapling if the sapling has no trunk to speak of to graft on to? Rubens, who followed that principle, after deriving benefit from his sojourn remained Rubens still; but what would he have been if he had undertaken the journey prematurely?"

At that time Mr. Gambart, the great picture-dealer (*il principe Gambart*, as he is still sometimes called in Nice), ruled the picture-market in Western Europe beneficently, and, no doubt, most advantageously to himself. When the cry was heard in the town that "Gambart is coming!" plots without number were formed by rising young painters to lure him into their studios to see their works, and bitter was the disappointment when the great man straightway departed after visiting the one or two artists he had come to see.

Young Alma-Tadema, who now had a studio of his own, had experienced his disappointment too, but through a kindly trick of Leys, who misdirected Gambart's cab-driver to his studio, instead of to another's, he received the prayed-for visitor, and when Gambart found out where he had been deposited, and saw the jolly, smiling young artist at the door, he could not find it in his heart to drive on, but walked in.

"Do you mean to say you painted that picture?" he asked brusquely, and with no little surprise, pointing to a work on the easel. Mr. Tadema bowed assent. ("That picture" was the "Coming Out of Church.")

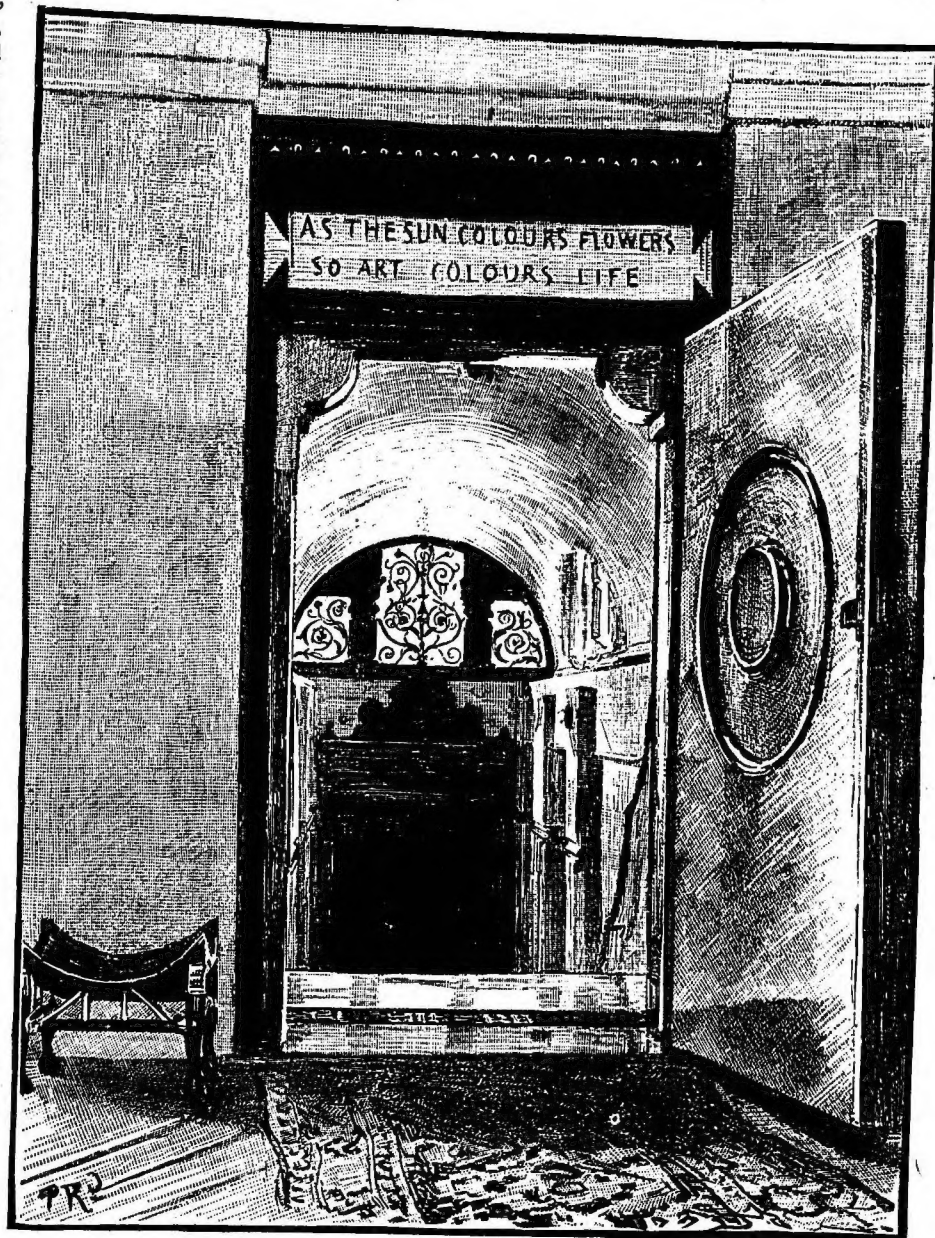
"Well, now," he said, after a few words as to price, "let me have twenty-four of them, at progressive prices for each six."

Here was a stroke of fortune! And, to make matters better, Gambart agreed, after much pleading, that instead of mediæval subjects the painter might go to antiquity. Some of Mr. Tadema's best-known works are among these pictures which had been ordered, like pairs of gloves, at so much per half-dozen. There was the "Three Thousand Years Ago," already referred to. Then came "The Egyptian Chessplayers," with its fund of quiet humour; then "The Pyrrhic Dance," a fine work, in which the attitudes of the chief actors were suggested by the figures on an antique vase. Of this picture Mr. Ruskin—a sincere admirer *au fond* of Mr. Tadema's work—told the Oxford undergraduates once that "the general effect is exactly like a microscopic view of a small detachment of black-beetles in search of a dead rat;" but, although he added that "it is the last corruption of the Roman State and its Bacchanalian phrenzy which Mr. Alma-Tadema seems to hold it his heavenly mission to portray," he hastened to bear witness to his tremendous ability by declaring that "he differs from all the artists I have ever known, except John Lewis, in the gradual increase of technical accuracy, which attends and enhances together the expanding range of his dramatic invention; while every year he displays more varied and complex powers of minute draughtsmanship, more especially in architectural detail, wherein, somewhat priding myself as a specialist, I nevertheless receive continual lessons from him."

So true is this with respect to execution, that I may quote as an example in point the astonishment of an Academician who told me that all the difficult silver-work, marble, and mother-of-pearl, with all their complexity of reflected lights and cross-colourings in a certain part of "The Roses of Heliogabalus," were painted in on Varnishing Day, while the picture was hanging on the Academy walls, and the artist, pipe in mouth, was keeping up a lively conversation with the little ring of men around him. When I brought up the matter afterwards, and asked him if it were true, he raised his eyebrows in mild surprise, and quietly said, "Why not? It was all thought out before."

"Phidias in the Parthenon" and "Claudius"—the latter so splendidly etched by the late Mr. Rajon—were also two of the pictures painted for Mr. Gambart; and when, after four years' diligent work (that is to say, in 1869) they were all completed, the dealer called again. "I want you to paint me twenty-four more," he said, naming prices, on the same progressive principle, but at a much higher rate. The artist agreed, and the first picture delivered was the famous "Vintage Festival;" but as it was so much more important than any that had gone before, Mr. Gambart insisted on paying for it at once at the highest price. He was a liberal straightforward man; and the artist tells with generous pleasure how, when the second consignment of pictures was finished, Mr. Gambart gave a dinner to the artist-colony of Brussels, Mr. Tadema finding himself the honoured guest of the evening, and, in front of his cover, a silver jug bearing a flattering inscription, while his napkin concealed a substantial cheque, all over and above the bargain.

In 1869, Mr. Alma-Tadema came to London, and paid the country the greatest compliment in his power: that is to say, he applied for Letters of Denization from the Queen. But, in truth, all that is merely a matter of form—for if he is a naturalised anything, he is a naturalised Ancient Greek, a Conscrip-t-Father of Rome, or a priest of Ancient Memphis, just as he pleases, quite as much as he is an Englishman or a Dutchman. Nor will those who saw him at the "Painters' Masque," held at the Royal Institute three years ago, readily forget how, attired in Classic garb, he so thoroughly appeared to the manner born, nor repress a smile in recalling how, when the summer dawn was breaking, he threw himself into a hansom-cab, *pièce-nez* on nose, cigar in mouth, and his rich but limp and fading rose-wreath drooping down at ear.



When Mr. Tadema was painting "The Picture Gallery," archaeological accuracy was with him hardly less than a religion—indeed, the correctness of the accessories in this remarkable work (which, by the way, was painted in response to a challenge) came to tell against the artist, for, as he himself reminded me, picture-buyers are frequently not picture-lovers, and still less frequently antiquity-lovers; and Mr. Gambart found that an intending purchaser finally refused the picture as there was "so much in it for a fellow to remember, and he did not want to look a fool over it." But, moreover, it is often impossible to be correct on points on which antiquity is silent; and it is so fatally easy to trip. In one of his Eastern pictures, for instance, he introduced a sunflower in the belief that, as it belonged to the "Jerusalem artichoke" family, it was sure to be right, and only ascertained too late that the sunflower is a comparatively modern importation from South America. Then some one discovered that the shape of the seat in "Sappho" dated from two hundred years antecedent to Pericles, and another objected that certain Greek letters on a pedestal ought to have been something else—although the artist had the British Museum at his back. So Mr. Tadema has come to the conclusion that archaeology must be absolutely correct only in so far as it forms part of the picture, and that if it be not expressive or necessary it need not be insisted upon. Once he painted a "Roman Widow" correct in every detail of costume, and as a result nobody wanted it. And what has confirmed him in his view is his growing interest in the human figure and his relatively decreasing interest in still life; for, after all, every artist must in time be subdued by the charm of humanity.

It is difficult to speak of Mr. Tadema's "method," as he is for ever changing—always trying something else, ever trying to improve. One of the problems he has set himself to solve is the relation of the column to the human figure, and the reader will have little difficulty in recalling a dozen pictures in which the artist has cunningly endeavoured, with a greater or less measure of success, to give an appearance of truth to the relative size of the column, which in reality does not (and within the compass of the canvas could not) belong to it. "A Connoisseur" is one of the many instances of this; "The Convalescent," too, and "After the Audience"—a picture which was painted for a collector who wanted another "Audience at Agrippa's." Then there is "Fishing," and many more, all with the same motive.

A custom of Mr. Tadema's, curious and yet logical, is this habit of his of painting in "classes." Thus, there are the "rose pictures"—of which I need only mention "Catullus at Lesbia's," "Cleopatra," and "Heliogabalus" (for the latter of which, the artist received two boxes of roses a-week throughout the winter, each flower being painted from a different model); and next year, a large temple-picture will derive a strong note of colour from the rose-leaves sprinkled on the floor of the *atrium*. Then we have the "poppy pictures" of which, of course, "Tarquinius Superbus" is the chief; the "circular-seat pictures," with "Sappho," "The Improvisatore," and "The Reading from Homer," at their head; the last great work being painted in the six weeks preceding the Academy Sending-In Day, as the picture it replaced, one to have been called "Plato," did not satisfy the artist after eight months' hard labour had been expended on it—the same amount of time required for the "Heliogabalus." That picture is on the easel in Mr. Tadema's studio now, its face turned sorrowfully and hopelessly to the wall, awaiting the fate its painter may decide upon meting out to it. Again, there are the "bridge pictures," the most important being "By the Bridge"—a sort of elaboration of "The Flower Girl;" and, finally, there are the three versions of "Claudius," of which "Ave Cæsar! Id Saturnalia!" is the most complete and the finest. I believe that, like Sir John Millais, Mr. Tadema has, on only one occasion, painted a full-length nude female figure, which, curiously enough, was intended as an object lesson for the Hon. John Collier. This was "The Sculptor's Model," the inspiration for which was derived from the recently-discovered "Esquiline Venus," and the aim of the painter

was to realise, if possible, the conditions under which that masterpiece was wrought.

Of Mr. Tadeuma's honours it is difficult, and surely unnecessary, to speak in detail—he must possess nearly all that the more important of the European Academies have to bestow, and is, besides, Knight of half-a dozen Orders. But these are purely personal. Of more permanent value and delight to him should be the knowledge that Aisma, the hero in the Art romance by the great Dutch author Vosmaer, who died but the other day, is drawn line by line from him; that a portion of Ebers' "Egyptian Princess" was suggested by his "Flower Girl"; and that a whole prose idyll by the same author was inspired by his "Question," the writer retaining its title.

The authority of Ruskin on the one hand, and—marvellous unanimity!—the voice of the public on the other, agree in declaring that Mr. Alma-Tadema's power is steadily increasing and developing with time. The hand might well be content to rest that wrought all those precious canvases displayed in the Grosvenor Gallery a few years since; but, happily, so long as it retains its cunning, so long will the artist labour at his beloved art. And let us hope that the time may be far distant when, from whatever cause, he will lay his brush aside; for no more powerful or more wholesome influence than his exists against the latter-day tendency to that superficiality and meretricious "sloppiness" which the public—ay, and artists too, sometimes—constantly mistake for "dash" and skill. No man has done better work in his time, not only as a complete expositor of the painter's art, but as a tilter—to use the words of Mr. Herbert—against "all that is cadaverous in Art." M. H. SPIELMANN



"JOHN WARD, PREACHER," by Margaret Deland (1 vol.: Longmans, Green, and Co.), is a crazy and ignorant bigot, who sends a most charming young wife away from him, under the most brutal circumstances, because she cannot agree with him, or rather with one of the shopkeepers of his congregation, about eternal punishment. It is a clever but repulsive story. It has already, we believe, had some success as a picture of New England life in some of its more remote aspects, and its microscopic pictures of the twaddling talk and tiresome tea-tables of a set of silly, but amiable, neighbours have unquestionably some of the quaint charm of pictures of still life, ably and carefully executed, until their monotony becomes wearisome. And there is, at any rate, one character, that of the helpless and child-like old lawyer, Mr. Denner, which has much true and pathetic humour. But, if such life be remote from current experience, the gloomy and savage fatalism which hangs over Helen Ward's married life is but little likely to come home to any persons likely to read novels, or to convey to them any meaning. And if it be true that John Ward and his Elders still have any domestic or religious influence within measurable geographical distance of the intellect of Boston, then every sort of reactionary craze in theology or metaphysics becomes amply accountable. There is just enough power about the novel to make one fancy that one is reading of the creeds and customs of savages, and not enough to make anybody comprehend that John Ward's behaviour is the outcome of anything but cowardice and cruelty. This is certainly not what Margaret Deland intends; but she is scarcely more fortunate in her other exemplification of strength of character, Gifford Woodhouse. He is a fearful, wonderful prig, and certain passages between him and Lois incline one to fear that, if his own pig-headedness came in the way, he would make no scruple of treating her as John Ward treated her cousin Helen. However, it is always a blunder to use fiction as an engine of doctrinal controversy; and fortunately it is not likely to fall into the hands of any whom the theology of Jonathan Edwards can really concern. We shall be glad to meet with the authoress again on more fitting ground; and if she would learn the crowning arts of compression and omission, we shall be gladder still.

Ghosts have of late become demoralised by psychology. The good old ghost was content to be nothing more than a simple bogey, strictly Conservative in his manners and customs, and never troubling himself about his "Why?" However, he has advanced with the times, and seems even to fancy that he has some sort of mission. Very much preferring his straightforward and easy-going predecessor, we are gratified, as well as surprised, to find Mrs. Robert Jocelyn, in "£100,000 versus Ghosts" (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), dealing with the simple old bogey in the simple old way. Her ghosts are very real ghosts, with no sort of psychological nonsense about them; and, if we must have nonsense—which her story unquestionably is—it is infinitely better when dressed and served *au naturel*. And her story has the further merit of exciting a certain amount of curiosity, which must be put to her credit, even though the curiosity cannot be said to amount to interest and remains unsatisfied. The love-passages, in which kisses are plentiful among the flesh-and-blood characters, give a mild flavour of realism to a story written apparently to prove that people need not be afraid of their shadows, and that goodness is the most effective form of exorcism.

Florence Severne must have written "The Pillar House" (1 vol.: Kegan Paul and Co.) for the sole purpose of making her readers miserable, as well as her characters. It is not pleasant; it is not instructive; it is not interesting; it is not amusing. It is even heavy. But it is ghastly—and, no doubt, there are plenty of people who are quite content with ghastliness of subject as the sufficient *raison d'être* of a work of fiction. The plot, about which there is no particular mystery, concerns an irreproachable young woman who commits a murder in her sleep; and, of course, being unaware of what she has done, innocently leaves her husband to be suspected of the crime. Finally, in another fit of somnambulism, she destroys herself, and her husband, who has discovered everything, is left to bear his unmerited burdens as best he can. Such a story as this evidently requires either exceptional literary skill or a great deal of relief to make it tolerable to anybody who is not content with a sense of general depression; and in these "The Pillar House" is unfortunately wanting. It leaves an unpleasant flavour, and a sense of relief that it is read and done with.

"Crane Court," by A. M. Monro (1 vol.: Griffith, Farran, and Co.), does not amount to much as a story, but it is written in a bright and lively manner, is often amusing, and is fairly interesting on the whole. The most generally, and deservedly, appreciated character will be "Fidge," the somewhat old-fashioned and altogether sympathetic child, with quaint and affectionate ways. He is so much one of those children who, when they enter a novel, always seem legibly labelled "To die young," that A. M. Monro's sparing him to grow up is quite a welcome stroke of originality. When a railway accident threatens him, one gives him up beforehand; but he gets off with nothing worse than a broken arm. His not dying has all the effect of a surprise.

Of the three tales contained in "Robert Holt's Illusion, and Other Stories," by Mary Linskill (1 vol.: Ward and Downey), the first two—the third being but a slight sketch—deal with an almost identical theme, that of the usual robbery by one woman of another woman's weak-natured lover, whose whole *raison d'être* seems to be to be pulled at like a doll by two quarrelsome little girls. They are not matrimonial stories, however, and both end happily, and so have an advantage over the usual treatment of this plot. Moreover, the

advantage is maintained in other ways, for both stories, to which, in this respect, must be added the third, are exceptionally well-written and gracefully told, and the contrasted women are as well developed as the short space occupied allows. Despite the antiquity and similarity of the plots, the volume cannot fail to give interest and pleasure.



CHARLES WOOLHOUSE.—"Album of Twelve Songs for Children" contains much that will amuse the little people, when sung by their elders; with a few exceptions the tunes are not melodious enough for children to learn by heart. The music is by J. Cliffe Forrester, the words are by various poets, all more or less known.—"Three Two-Part Songs for Female Voices," by Herbert F. Sharpe, are pretty, easy, and singable. For No. 1, "To the Crocus," the words are by Mary Paterson; for No. 2, "I'll Row Thee o'er the Learig," Burns has supplied the quaint poetry; whilst for No. 3, "Morning Song," Allan Cunningham has supplied the words.—A spirited and vigorous piece for the pianoforte is "Marche des Mousquetaires," by G. St. George.—Gilbert Byass has arranged his popular song "Beneath the Roses" in the form of a very danceable waltz.

THE VIADUCT PUBLISHING COMPANY.—A very charming song is "Ever Young," written and composed by the Rev. Stopford Brooke and H. Elliot-Button. It is published in two keys, F and E.—"Ronde Bretonne" (Dance of the Bretons), *pour le violon, avec accompt de piano*, by J. B. Tournour, is a very pleasing piece for after-dinner performance.—The same may be said of "Threads of Silver," a polka mazurka, by W. C. Levey.—Of two pieces by Georg Asch, the most attractive to the general public will be "Les Bedouins," a descriptive Oriental March, after the style of "The British Patrol," which scored such a success some little time ago.—The "British Prince March" will win its share of the approval with which this composer meets.—There is always a welcome for Moore's Melodies, in whatever form they may appear. Edwin H. Prout has arranged the most popular of these melodies as the "Shamrock Lancers." They will surely be in all the dance programmes of the season.—Two sets of very good waltzes are, "My Only Love Valse," by Odoardo Barri; and "May I? Waltz," by Luigi Berardi.

MESSRS. ELTON AND CO.—"At Last" is a sentimental love song with a satisfactory ending, words by John Muir, music by Paolo Maggi, a song by the above-named composer "Vola! Vola!" has already made its mark; the words are by G. E. Ducati, it is from the opera *Nel Seraglio*. This song has also been successfully arranged by its composer as a waltz. In commemoration of the Silver Wedding of the Prince and Princess of Wales, P. Maggi has composed "Lealta," a *Marcia Militare*, the elaborate frontispiece, printed in silver, is the best part of this publication. The music is commonplace.

MISCELLANEOUS.—"A Son of the Sea," written and composed by Benedict Bede, is a merry little song for a sea-side concert.—"The Cambridge March," by Sidney Ray, is a fairly good specimen of its kind. There is quite a rage for marches just now; they have taken the place so long occupied by gavottes (Messrs. Hutchings and Romer).—A brace of capital waltzes are "The Silver Stream Valse," by J. E. Arnold, and "Nadine Waltzes" by W. E. D'Arcy (Frederick Pitman).—"The Thistle Lancers," on favourite Scotch airs, by Scott Leslie, and "The Arrow Waltz" by Fabian Rose, will take good places in a ball-room programme (Messrs. Phillips and Page).

SOME SEA-BITS OF KENT

If you draw a tolerably straight line from Whitstable to Dungeness, you cut off the South-eastern promontory of Kent and of England. It is a fair and populous region, abounding with the old favourite watering-places known to all the country, and especially to Londoners, while here and there new watering-places are ambitiously pushing to the front. I have been working all along the coast line of this promontory, and omitting the localities where we have lingered on holidays, or through which we have rushed as highways to the Continent, there are some notes to be made on the newer watering-places. This sort of home travel, which really ought to be gone through before you have earned a right to embark at Folkestone or Dover, to a considerable extent should be done on foot. If you want some literature to beguile your time at your resting-places, or on a rainy day, have one of those volumes by Dickens or Dean Stanley which deal with Kent. Each of these illustrious authors made his home for years in the grand old county, and their references to it are numerous and most interesting. Kent is dreadfully cut up by railways, the line from Deal to Dover within recent years completed the continuity, and accomplished another blow at the picturesque. There is the compensating advantage that the localities which are left untouched by railways are, for the most part, necessarily rural and isolated. Indeed, in this populous popular county there are lone secluded ranges that might belong to Northumbria. Moving about among the Cinque Ports in the March of this year of grace we came to New Romney, where a friend had planned an expedition by walking and driving, but I regret to say that on this occasion the pedestrian disgracefully gave way to the carriage. It was worth while lingering at Romney to take a view of the church. According to the rigid Protestantism of our forefathers it was locked and padlocked, in order apparently to prevent villagers and wayfarers from having a quiet time for prayer and repose. The church tower is a very noble one, and worth more time than we could spare. On our way we caught a glance at Lydd Church, whose tower seemed very much like that of Magdalen College, Oxford, and we know that Cardinal Wolsey was Vicar of Lydd, and would have been much happier if he had been nothing more. The Cavendish who wrote the life of Wolsey, his old master, whether Sir Thomas or George, makes, however, no mention of Lydd, but speaks of Wolsey, when schoolmaster at Magdalen School, Oxford, as holding another benefice.

Dungeness was near at hand—as lonely a spot as could be desired on the Kentish coast; but it seemed that we should have to reach it across a monotonous flat of sand and shingle. The lighthouse is somewhat imposing, fitted up with the latest improvements, and curiously painted of divers colours. The great water-way of the Channel is now lighted up as if by lamps on either side by the succession of lighthouses. We drove along the sea-side, and that afternoon obtained some singular effects. The sea was intensely blue, like the Mediterranean, and the afternoon clouds took the aspect of a range of Alpine heights. Making a considerable allowance for the imagination, I was much reminded of Les Alpes Maritimes. The sea-view after a time was much shut out by the great sea-wall, which reminded me of the dykes of Holland, rising some twenty feet over our heads. The marshes lay on our left, with their scattered home-steads and pasturing sheep, a kind of country, beneath which a wide concave sky, which is not without a weirdness and picturesqueness of their own. The people of the marshes are greatly given to bee-keeping, and a good livelihood, or a help to a good livelihood, is to be made this way. The Martello Towers, which begin in Seaford

in Sussex—erected by Pitt, in the fear of a French invasion—appear in quick succession, clustering very closely as we come up to Hythe. There is a theory that can be strongly argued that Hythe and not Pevensey, was the scene of the landing of Julius Cæsar. While I am in Kent I believe in Hythe, and when I am in Sussex I hold me to Pevensey. Hythe is making convulsive attempts to become a fashionable watering-place; all the great railway-companies are turning innkeepers, and the South Eastern has built a large hotel at Hythe. Our solitary footsteps echoed faintly through the deserted halls. I found it very pleasant to run up to Shorncliffe and partake of the hospitalities of the camp. In the main street of Hythe I noticed a curious house, that has been known as the Smuggler's Lighthouse. Smuggling has always been an interesting and somewhat operative feature of the Kentish seaboard. The upper part of the house is run up so high that the lights would be seen far out at sea, and would be a great help to those who anticipated Bright and Cobden in the enunciation of the doctrines of Free Trade. An elevated branch railway brought us to more popular Sandgate; thence a walk to Folkestone, up and down hill. At Folkestone there is generally the happiness, highly appreciated by the population, of watching the sea-sick passengers disembark in various stages of misery.

Let me take another cluster of watering-places, through which I made tour of observation. I began at Whitstable, animated in part by the carnal intention of devouring oysters. I came in the afternoon, and was told that oysters were not sold after four. Moreover, I was told that I must take a large quantity, at least a hundred, which alike exceeded my financial and physical capabilities. There were very good "seconds," brought from Arachon, in France, where they sell for a penny a dozen, and which fatten very well in the Kentish waters. So I walked up and down the long street, and watched the vessels heavily laden with hops, as the water-carriage comes so much cheaper than the railway. Getting clear away from the harbour there was a pleasant enough sea-walk by Tankerton Tower, but one had to go five miles, or to Herne Bay, for a genuine watering-place. Now Herne Bay is a genuine Kentish watering-place for Kentish folk.

It has had its failures and struggles, but seems now to have come to a good time. I noticed with approval the well-kept beds of flowers which, for a long distance, are interposed between the houses and the sea. My movements were properly checked and timed by the clock on the pier, erected by the munificence of a worthy lady. It is a pity that our sea-people do not often perform what the old Greeks called "liturgical" services of this kind. Going inland to the little wooded village of Herne, perhaps so-called from the herons that haunted the place, I observed a notice on the church-door giving the times of running Sunday omnibuses from Herne to Herne Bay.

The most impressive sea-bit about here is Reculvers; there is a lovely poem on the Church of Reculvers in ruins. For Roman antiquities it comes near to Richborough, near to Cinqueport Sandwich, where about 110,000 Roman coins have been unearthed. The famous towers of Reculver Church, called "The Sisters," landmarks afar at sea, were erected by the Trinity Board; it is fondly believed in succession to those built by a holy Abbess in remembrance of a sister who was wrecked here. The admirable sea-defences are very interesting, and they guard jealously against encroachment on the coasts. Under the Board iron weather-cocks have replaced the steeple-spires that were blown off in a storm. Before the church was the palace which King Ethelbert built for himself, the King who brought Christianity to Kent and England, the sea being then more than a mile from Reculver, though since then it has advanced to the very edge of the cliff, and has swept part of the massive fortress into the waves.

Eight miles on I came to Birchington-on-Sea, which is mainly built on the great bungalow principle. These bungalows have low towers, and most of them, as might be expected, with rooms only on the ground floor. The cliffs are close behind, with striking chines and fissures running down from time to time into the sea, which here has a milk-like appearance. Mistaking some private grounds for a seapath I found myself accidentally in the "hut" inhabited for the season by friends whom I supposed to be far away in another direction. Birchington is a new creation, but the old parish of Birchington is as old as English history, and some rich traditions are immortalised in English literature in the "Ingoldsby Legends."

Westgate-on-Sea is only a mile or two from Birchington, and here, of course, we are close on Margate. If prosperous times continue the three places may well run into each other. I pushed on to Broadstairs, with the idea of sleeping near Charles Dickens' Bleak House. Kent is Charles Dickens' own county, and he has given us no end of pictures of its inland and marine characteristics. I get away from my pleasant quarters at St. Lawrence, to make for Pegwell Bay. All the Ramsgate excursionists know Pegwell. There have been great designs for making Pegwell a special bathing place, and large expenses have been incurred, but so far they have proved a miserable failure. But in these days the failures of one time become the successes of another. Hither come the tourists, consuming shrimps and bottled porter, and enjoying the view from the tea-garden at the back of the inn. To the instructed tourist the scene is very suggestive. "You all remember," wrote Dean Stanley, "the high ground where the white chalk cliffs of Ramsgate suddenly end in Pegwell Bay. Look from that high ground over the level flat which lies between these cliffs and the point where they begin again in St. Margaret's Cliffs, beyond Walmer. Even as it is you see why it must always have invited a landing from the Continent of Europe. The wide open plain; between the two steep cliffs must always have afforded the easiest approach to any invaders or any settlers." Here it was that Hengist and Horsa came with their two ships and their band of victorious warriors. And here, too, came St. Augustine with his band of monks and choristers and interpreters.

There is just one small practical matter on which I would advise the intending tourist, and that is, to make sure in good time of your quarters for the night. Sometimes there are a lot of us about, and those who lag latest are worst served. One day, having done some good tramping on Kentish soil, I drew near to the town where I proposed to sojourn for the night. As I passed an old church, with open doors, I heard a sweet voluntary playing. It is becoming a custom, much to be commended, that after evening service the organist plays a selection of sacred music. This was a late week-day service, and the organist, moreover, played on late. When I went to the principal hotel it was quite full, and so was a second, and a third, and I was in doubt where I should be taken in. I consulted a highly intelligent policeman whether he could inform me where I had any chance of being put up. The policeman, being of a satirical turn of mind, informed me that if I would commit a crime of any sort he would have much pleasure in locking me up. I met that policeman during subsequent fruitless inquiries, and told him it was only a matter of time, and I should perpetrate a violent assault on him with a view to the necessary accommodation. Happily, I was spared the necessity, as I was directed to a lowly little inn, where I found a humble resting-place. There was no carpet, a broken jug, and a dilapidated chair; the worst inn's worst room. I am bound to say that it was perfectly clean, and I had a sound night's rest. There was a plain good breakfast in the morning. My bill was exactly one shilling—sixpence for bed, and sixpence for breakfast. I might have found better quarters if I had been earlier, but I have often found that those who take to secluded ways must be content with the dignity of hardships. F. A.



Yes got it! — Yes happy now.

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THE Really Great
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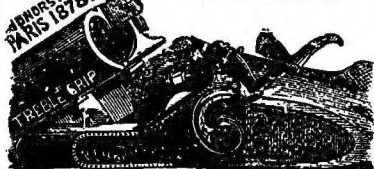
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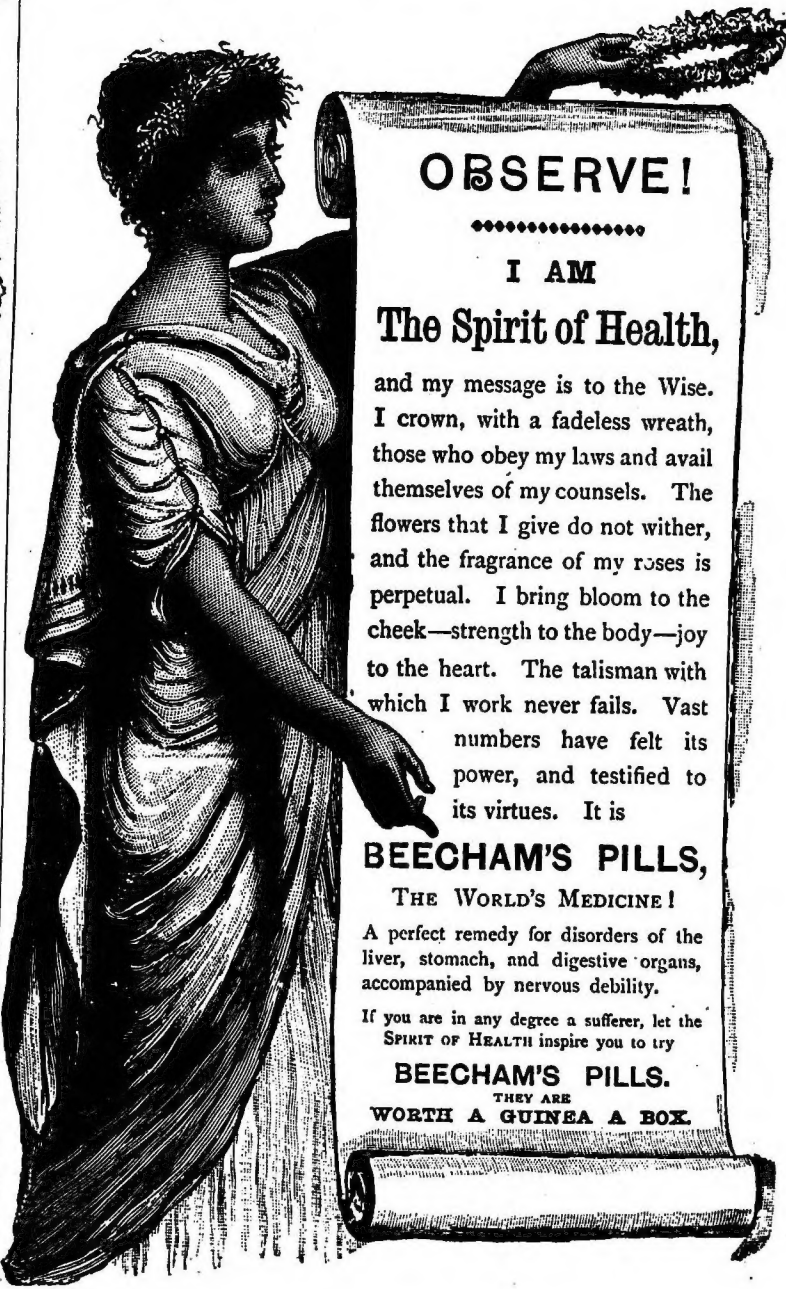
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